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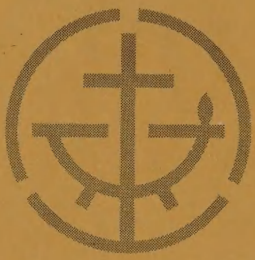
MYSTERIES OF THE SOUL



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MYSTERIES OF THE SOUL

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MYSTERIES OF THE SOUL

By

Richard Müller-Freienfels

TRANSLATED BY

Bernard Miall

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PREFACE

All human research has a twofold result: the further it proceeds, the more it increases our treasury of knowledge, the greater appears the number of things which are not and possibly cannot be known. The more powerful the telescopes we build, the more remote the regions which disclose themselves, the more stupendous becomes unexplored space, and the more numerous grow the nebulæ which fill our field of vision with unknown worlds. And when, under our microscopes, a drop of water is resolved into a world of minute living creatures, it is at the same time resolved into a world of new problems and fresh enigmas. The problems unsolved are to-day not less but more numerous than in the days when men were beginning to ponder the nature and the meaning of things.

The research-worker in the individual sciences can and must give his attention solely to the known and the knowable; but the philosopher must at the same time consider the unknown and the unknowable. With this twofold vision we shall in these pages apply ourselves to some of the problems of the soul; we shall seek to elucidate them, and to solve them, so far as this is possible in the present state of our knowledge; but we shall keep our minds on the alert for the unexplained and the unsolved. Our aim will be not a vague mysticism, but that learned ignorance, that *docta ignorantia*, of which Nicolaus Cusanus spoke: that recognition of ignorance which may and indeed must be based on our knowledge of the knowable. Such an outlook into the unknowable is a glance not into emptiness and nothingness, but into infinity: and it must be sustained by a reverence which has always constituted the best part of all religious faiths.

By "mysteries of the soul", then, we do not mean such sensational results as have been sought or produced by the

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occultists in their darkened rooms. We shall rather attack problems which are apparently illumined by the light of day, and facts which confront us all in our everyday life; and in so doing we shall try to show that things which are admitted may be very far from being recognized, and that behind what may seem to be the simplest facts of existence the profoundest mysteries may be at work.

To this end, we have deliberately chosen, rather than a systematic treatment aiming at completeness, the form of scientific essays, which, though they proceed from individual problems, nevertheless tend towards a central point of view. We shall begin with the problem of the nature of the human soul, which at once extends itself to the problem of the nature of the psychical, and indeed to the nature of the universe itself, since no complete and profound answer can be given to any individual problem unless at the same time we seek an answer to the ultimate metaphysical problems. In the second essay we shall deal with the problem of individuation, the problem of the individual soul and its destiny. In the third essay we shall still further particularize the statement of the same problem, inasmuch as we shall try to throw some light into the underworld from which the conscious emerges in the course of the individual life: the twilight world of childhood and youth. The fourth of our inquiries will move at first more on the iridescent surface of life: in this we shall undertake to show what a singular masquerade our everyday life represents; how it is like a play in which each of us is at once an actor and a spectator, but a play that has at the same time a metaphysical background. The fifth essay is devoted to an actual problem, the problem of that "Americanism" which we shall endeavour to understand as a transformation of the life of the soul in general. The last essay leads us back to the beginning, in that it seeks to comprehend the phenomenon of religion in the light of its psychical hypo-

theses, and to define the present and future possibilities of religion.

Although the author has taken pains always to keep his argument in touch with the latest results of science, it is not his wish to address merely an expert circle of readers. In this connection it may be noted that the internal coherence of the book makes it necessary to give precedence to the more fundamental and therefore the more difficult essays. The non-expert reader may therefore be referred, in the first place, to the later chapters, which will offer him easier reading, although for a complete understanding of these he must turn to the earlier sections. The expert reader will not fail to realize that beneath his occasionally conversational and even jesting manner the author is always speaking seriously.

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THE INFINITY OF THE SOUL

A CHAPTER OF METAPHYSICS

I, on the contrary, presuppose above all and in all places only that which all of us must often enough admit in our souls, namely, internal and spontaneous changes, and with this one mental hypothesis exhaust the whole sum of things.

LEIBNITZ TO DE VOLDER

THE INFINITY OF THE SOUL

Man and His Soul

It is a remarkable paradox that modern man, who has so thoroughly explored the external world, is by no means certain whether or not he has a "soul". And many people who are by no means fools are trying to prove, with all the faculties of what other people call the "soul", that no such thing as a "soul" exists.

Does not this dispute about the "soul" remind one a little of the story of Peter Schlemihl, the man who lost his shadow, and then concluded that it was impossible to live without one? We are not proposing to write a commentary on this ingenious story, and we do not even affirm that our interpretation is that which the author kept to himself, behind his ironical twinkle. For the comparison is not quite exact. Unlike the hero of the story, man, the representative of the species *Homo sapiens*, has not sold his ordinary shadow; but thousands of years ago he conferred upon himself a second shadow, which he put into his body and proudly called his "soul". For thousands of years he never had any doubts of this shadow-soul; on the contrary, he paid it divine honours, invested it with all the virtues, and insisted that it must be immortal. Only in comparatively recent years has he become doubtful of the existence of this inner *Doppelgänger*, this *alter ego*, and many learned thinkers have assured him that this shadow is only just a shadow: a phantom of the brain. This has made man unhappy, and like Peter Schlemihl he is doubtful of his human dignity, since he is no longer certain of his shadow.

We shall consider the problem of the nature of the soul with all possible earnestness. For we are dealing not with a mere fairy-tale, but with one of the most important problems with which man can be confronted, and one

which cannot be settled by merely thrusting it aside as an error that has survived for thousands of years. An error that has managed to subsist for thousands of years is deserving of respect; at the very least we must try to explain how such an error could have come into existence. And in any case, even a shadow is not a mere nothing; it is always the sign of a something that throws the shadow.

This something we shall try to discern, even if in so doing we are compelled to prove that the shadow *is* a shadow.

The Genealogy of the Shadow-Soul

As far as we can grope our way back into the past along the Ariadne-thread of history, man has assigned to himself a "soul". But the beginnings of the belief in a soul lie still farther back, in prehistoric ages, whose antiquity is perhaps to be measured by thousands of centuries. Nevertheless, we have, if not historical, yet psychological knowledge of many things relating to the primitive forms of the belief in the soul; for even to-day, aloof from the track of cultural development, such primitive notions are still extant; just as the lower organisms of the Palæozoic age have survived side by side with the more highly evolved species of later periods.

As is well known, E. B. Tylor discovered the belief in the soul in primitive tribes which were in no way related, and accordingly coined the word *Animism* (from *anima*, the soul). For a long time it was believed that animism was uniformly the primitive religion of all humanity. This opinion is no longer tenable. To-day we accept widely separated lines of development, which are distinct from one another even in the earliest stages; peoples indeed have been discovered in whom no trace of a belief in a soul, in Tylor's sense of the word, can be detected; which does not, of course, mean that

it has actually never existed, or that it has not survived, in a disguised form, in witchcraft, magic, or myth. It is extraordinarily difficult to illumine the twilight of the primitive mentality by the light of European science, or to represent the almost formless ideas of primitive peoples in clearly formulated conceptions, especially when they themselves have neither the power nor the inclination to express their most secret convictions. For let us be honest: how many Europeans would be able to give a really exact account of the fundamental basis of their religious and philosophical opinions?

Here we proceed from the fact that the majority of men, at all events, although they are present to one another, in the first place, as visible and tangible and otherwise sensually perceptible beings, do not by any means conceive of one another as merely physical facts, but imagine, in the body which is sensually perceived, a soul which is not sensually perceived. In theologians and philosophers this remarkable fact has led to the opinion that the knowledge of the "soul" must be an "innate idea" in every human being.

On the other hand, the more recent psychology has endeavoured to trace the belief in the soul to *experience*; to experience of a kind, of course, which must of necessity be experienced everywhere, and which for that reason is supposed to explain the "universality" of the belief in the soul. Above all, psychology points to dreams and to death; for primitive man explains dreams by saying that the soul leaves the body for a time, and repairs to other regions—to those, that is, of which it becomes conscious in its dreams. Death too is regarded as the separation of the soul and the body, which frequently leads to the belief that the soul continues to live, and to pass into other bodies, or proceed to other localities. Consequently, the conviction of the existence of a soul was bound up with precisely those cases in which the soul did *not* appear to be dwelling

in the body, but in which the body and the soul were separated.

However plausible this empirical derivation may seem, it must be admitted that the belief in the soul could never have held its own had it not received apparent confirmation in the waking life of man. We see in the "dreams and death theory" only *one* root of the belief in the soul. Even the waking man experiences moments in which a second power is active in his body, or actually opposed to it. It may happen that the body is fatigued, and that something in it fights against this fatigue. Everyone experiences conditions, especially in moments of passionate excitement, when powers are at work in him which do not seem to be part of himself; in which he feels himself to be "possessed" by an alien being; and this has led to the belief in the existence of "souls", and even of souls that wander from one body into another. What is experienced in such cases is only a more definite form of something that we feel as a fundamental experience in every conscious action, namely, that the body does not constitute our whole personality—that the experiencing, feeling, thinking, and willing ego is not identical with the material structure of flesh, skin, and bones, which I call "my" body.

If we now seek to define the primitive conception of the soul more precisely, we must not seek to demonstrate it as a thing free from contradictions, in accordance with the demands of scientific logic, nor must we try to read into it our modern conceptions. On the contrary, we must distinguish as such precisely those contradictions of which the primitive thinker is quite unconscious; for the actual facts have often been distorted by reading highly complex and philosophical conceptions into the primitive doctrine of the soul.

To begin with, such a distortion of the facts occurs if we describe the primitive "soul" as "immaterial". The contrast between material and immaterial (which has not

always been clearly grasped even by famous philosophers) simply does not exist for primitive man. On the contrary, in most languages the very name of the "soul" tells us plainly that men did not think of the soul as immaterial, but rather as consisting of a definite but refined substance. Thus, in the Indian doctrine of *Sankhya* the soul (Purusha) is called the "refined body"; and in European tongues men have retained, even in periods of advanced civilization, such names as *psyche*, *pneuma*, *spiritus*, *anima*, "spirit", and others, all of which denote the definite though invisible substance of the breath; which for the primitive thinker is not merely a metaphor but an actual identification, in evidence of which we speak even to-day of a man "breathing out his soul". It would be more correct to speak, not of immateriality, but of a special or at most a "crypto-materiality".

But the soul is assigned not only a breath-like materiality, but also a definite form. Sometimes it may be compared to a bird, a butterfly, or some other creature. But in the main the primitive mind has likened the soul to the shadow of its body. The shadow too is an entity which is in a certain sense incorporeal, since the hand cannot grasp it. By many peoples the breath-soul is distinguished from the shadow-soul, but as a rule the one melts into the other. If we attempt to define the vague notions of souls, phantoms, and demons, as they survived until the days of Homer and of Shakespeare, we must describe the soul as a shadow-like form of vaporous substance.

But by no means must we compare the presumptive immateriality of such souls with the consciousness as understood by modern philosophy. The primitive soul is not *only* the consciousness, nor is it always conscious. When it is released from the body its condition is as a rule described as unconsciousness. In many mythologies, as in that of ancient Greece, the soul drains a draught from the stream of oblivion. Other mythologies presuppose at least an almost

complete effacement of the memory. This is implicit in any belief in the transmigration of souls. For although the soul that has migrated to another body cannot be entirely devoid of memory (or how could the notion survive at all?), yet at the same time the self-consciousness of every individual must prove that the soul is never precisely conscious of its previous states. Hence the identity of the soul that migrates from body to body cannot reside in the consciousness.

Nor must we seek to discover in the primitive notions of the soul the *unity* so strongly emphasized by a recent philosophy. On the contrary, we shall often find a belief in a plurality of souls in one body, or at least in the divisibility of the principal soul. Primitive man spoke often of organic souls, a notion which survives even in our own popular psychology, which refers thought to the brain but emotion to the heart (which to-day, in the light of the Lange-James theory of affects, no longer appears quite absurd). By primitive man, of course, it is not the brain that is regarded as the seat of the soul, but rather the blood, the bowels, the loins, or the diaphragm. That the heart or the diaphragm should be regarded as the seat of the soul may be due to the fact that the breath is closely connected with these organs. That the blood should be regarded as the seat of the soul is explained by the fact that it gushes out in cases of violent death, and seems to bear the life with it. The loins are connected by primitive man with the act of procreation, and they, like the phallus, are representative of vital energy.

There is often a distinction between different kinds of souls, which inhabit the body side by side, and have lately been contrasted as the "image-soul" and the "life-soul". Genetically, the image-soul is referred to the shadow, while the life-soul is identified with the breath.

To this we must add that the soul of primitive man cannot be called *individual* in the modern sense of the word. Since the Christian doctrine implies the individual immor-

tality of the soul, this conception has often been attributed to primitive animism. Now and again, no doubt, the belief has been held that the soul retains some part of its individuality in death; but if we examine the matter more closely we find that it is rather the moral or social type which persists. Spirits are divided into good and evil, superior and inferior. Sometimes only the good and aristocratic souls continue to exist, while evil souls and the souls of slaves die; sometimes, on the contrary, the good souls find rest, while the souls of the wicked pass into animals, or wander restlessly, or undergo a process of purification. Many peoples have regarded only the souls of men as immortal, while those of women were believed to perish. When the life-force and the image-soul are distinguished, the latter alone is individualized. Any doctrine of the transmigration of souls must greatly diminish the individualization of the soul. Moreover, where a belief exists in the survival of the soul after death, this survival must not be regarded as equivalent to "immortality". Many peoples admit that the soul may hover for a time about the dwellings of the living, or the grave, and sometimes even that they may wander away to a distant kingdom of the dead; but they seldom speak of actual immortality.

In short, even though the later conceptions of the soul are transformations of these primitive notions, we must be most careful to refrain from trying to rediscover these later conceptions in the original forms of belief. Even though recent animal species have evolved from unicellular organisms, we cannot say that all later formations are "pre-formed" in the primitive cell; as little, then, must we expect to find all the more recent theories of the soul in the primitive notions. If we wish to form a conception of the primitive doctrine of the soul we must accept indefiniteness and inconsistency as inherent in the definition. The conception of the semi-material shadow-soul will assuredly

not provide us with a correct definition; nevertheless, the shadow-soul is no mere phantom of the brain, but an erroneous interpretation of facts which every science must admit. The very thing that makes the concept of the soul so contestable from the logical standpoint makes it in practice susceptible to a thousand illusive explanations. Its very incomprehensibility makes it invulnerable. For this very reason the priests of every nation have with conscious or unconscious cunning employed this iridescent notion in the service of manifold ends.

The Shadow-Soul in Civilized Peoples

Generated in the darkness of primitive imaginations, the "soul", that invisible, impalpable, phantasmal *alter ego*, has accompanied man through all the stages of his cultural evolution. To write the history of man's belief in the soul one would have at the same time to write the history of the whole human race. For the shadow-soul is by no means a mere passive shadow; it becomes a parasitic formation which drains the concrete reality of man of the best of its powers. Strangely enough, the actual reality is transferred to this shadow! The body often appears to be no more than an ephemeral refuge; even, indeed, the prison of the soul, which existed before the body and will outlast it, as the subject of a universal realm of the spirit, the kingdom of the gods, who themselves are ultimately "souls". The belief in the soul is inextricably bound up with the religious, ethical, and scientific evolution of man; yet hecatombs of blooming life have been offered up to this belief. The history of the concept of the soul is no cheerful history; it is profoundly tragic, even cruel and horrible.

True, the doctrine of the soul has been used to mitigate and banish the pain and terror of reality, but it has also invested reality with unheard-of terrors and agonies, with

devilish phantoms and the dread of hell. If we should seek to determine whether the belief in the soul has produced more consolation or more terror, we could hardly say to which side the balance inclines.

The whole terrestrial globe is interwoven with the mysticism of the soul. Not only men, but animals and plants, mountains and rivers, stars and winds are "animated". When anything could not otherwise be explained the phantasmal "soul" served as a makeshift, a *Deus ex machina*; even the gods, indeed, are only promoted souls, with intensified faculties, but like human beings, even when they are regarded as the souls of the stars, or the winds, or other natural phenomena.

It would be an impossible task to describe the myriad figures which have developed out of the primitive shadow-soul. The forms of organic life are hardly more numerous than the creations of religion. It is true that other sources also have fed the belief in the gods: Nature and history have lent them shapes, but in their essence even the nature-gods and the heroes are souls. Only by endowing them with occasional invisibility and non-spatiality could man accept their ubiquity.

If we follow the belief in the soul down the path which we somewhat bombastically call the history of the world, we must, as usual, begin in ancient Egypt. The Egyptian doctrine of the *Ka* is one of the most intricate forms which the primitive belief in the soul has ever assumed. This *alter ego* of man is born with him, but does not die with him. The grave is the home of the *Ka*, although this latter is dependent on the preservation of the body, for which reason the corpse is mummified. Even the gods possess a *Ka* in addition to their bodies of wood or stone. In this respect both gods and men are subjects of a common realm, which becomes more and more remote from the concrete world, and assumes the character of "the world to come". A complicated ritual ensures the continued existence of

the soul, which is by no means a purely immaterial being, but will have need, beyond the grave, of food, drink, clothing, weapons, and adornments.

Curiously enough, in the Jewish religion, the parent of Christianity, which so strongly emphasizes the doctrine of the soul, there is little appearance of animism. That the Old Testament can scarcely be said to teach the immortality of the soul is a fact which Christianity has been wont to pass over in silence. It is true that the concept of the soul (*nephesch*) existed in this religion, but the word is employed with reference not merely to men, but also to gods and animals. It admitted, moreover, a place of the dead, Sheol, where the souls of the dead dwelt as unconscious shadows. But immortality in the Christian sense was not a Jewish doctrine.

The Indo-Germanic mythologies, however, have a firmer animistic foundation than the Semitic. Many of the customs of the ancient Greeks point to a cult of the dead and a belief in the soul. This pre-Hellenic folk-belief survives in Orphism and the Mysteries, in which it attains to fixation as a hope of immortality. From these depths the doctrine of the soul has found its way upwards into philosophy, and both the Pythagoreans and the Platonists accept the shadow-soul in their scientific systems. And hence the doctrine of the soul, amalgamated in Hellenism with Egyptian and other Oriental traditions, made its way into Christianity.

Christianity is therefore the heir to the ancient mythologies of the soul, but at a later period it adopted also the animistic notions of the Germanic peoples. The fantastic demonology of the Middle Ages is largely of Germanic origin. But in all the transformations of Christianity the doctrine has persisted of the shadow-soul, which dwells in the body only for a season, and after death enters upon an immortal existence, whether in eternal bliss with God or in everlasting damnation in hell. However exalted the Christian belief in the soul

may be in the ethical sense, it is—psychologically speaking—a survival of primitive animism. Here and there, it is true, we find that in Christian philosophy certain objections are raised—which derive more particularly from Aristotle—as to the existence of a special substance of the soul; but popular faith, and the theologians of every sect, cling fast to the substantial soul.

Not only in the West, however, but also in the great civilizations of India and Eastern Asia the primitive belief as regards the soul survives in many different forms. We must not suppose that animism is found only in the early stages of human development, and is afterwards superseded; on the contrary, it lingers everywhere, even where other beliefs have evolved beside it or have been superimposed upon it. Just as in the adult individual childhood and youth have not been "superseded", but only built over by later phases of development, so with the early stages of our human culture. Even in our enlightened civilization there are naïve persons who are still animists. Our nursery tales see to it that our nurseries are full of the belief in spirits and phantoms; and humble folk, particularly in the country, still cherish their superstitious notions as a secret treasure; while in the cities also, and even among so-called educated people, new forms of animism, such as spiritualism and occultism, still find a receptive soil. And that Christianity should still survive in the midst of a scientifically regulated civilization is due chiefly to the circumstance that it contains elements which are in harmony with the primitive tendency to animism.

True, we are doing something more than making a comparison when we liken the "soul", which is conceived as a sort of internal "shadow", to the external shadow of the man. The belief in the soul is inseparable from man; it follows him wherever he goes, intrudes into his daily activities, and even lays claim to be the actual reality. Hence there

is danger when this faith begins to waver, as is happening now. Our whole civilization threatens to crumble if the belief in the soul on which it rests, or seems to rest, should prove to be erroneous.

Materialism *versus* the Shadow-Soul

However venerable the antiquity of the doctrine of the soul, however it has been hallowed by the priests of most of the religions, there has never been any lack, in the more highly civilized nations, of heretical thinkers who were conscious of its weakness. It is true that by no means all of them have entirely repudiated the concept of the soul, but they have done their utmost to conceive of it more clearly —with the result that it has usually escaped their grasp and disappeared. We do not propose to write a compendium of the scientific theories of the soul. We will single out only the two most important variations of the concept of the soul, to which we may attach the ready-made labels of the *materialistic* and the *consciential* theories.

The primitive doctrine of the soul, like its developments in almost all religions, was dualistic; it opposed the sensual and material world by the crypto-material world of the soul. That this dualism, which was anything but a plain contrast, was untenable, was apparent to most of the philosophers; there is scarcely a single system that has not attempted to overcome it. We have already mentioned the two principal methods available: either men accepted the sensual and material world, and sought to analyse the soul of this world, or they sternly contrasted the soul with the crude materiality of the world, so that they sought to refine its crypto-materiality into an actual immateriality; and in such a way that the soul was regarded as equivalent to the "consciousness", while they sought to classify the rest of the world as the "content" of this consciousness.

Let us first of all consider *Materialism*, that is, the attempt to explain the soul in terms of substance. If we except the attempts made in India and other countries to conceive the soul materially, we find that the first to concern themselves with this particular problem were those half-mythical thinkers with whom we are agreed that the history of philosophy began. It was, indeed, a long while before they escaped from the spell of the conception of the soul as breath; nevertheless, they attempted to incorporate it in a materialistic system of the universe. Thus, Anaximenes of Miletus taught that his primordial substance, the air, was likewise the substance of the soul. Heraclitus, too, who described the soul as a "fiery vapour", does not seem to have freed himself entirely from the doctrine of the "pneumatic" soul. And even in the forefather of atomistic materialism, Democritus, we still find a trace of this popular belief, inasmuch as he attributes the life of the soul to the breath, by which the flux of psychic atoms into the body is maintained. Incidentally, of course, we have here a conscious materialization of the soul, for the soul consists of atoms, which one cannot observe only because they are too small. The spiritual heirs of Democritus, the Epicureans, developed this theory further: the atoms of the soul are round and smooth, while the soul itself is a finely divided body, dispersed through the physical body, and of a gaseous nature, in that it is mingled of fire and vapour and a special fourth substance. But the essential fact remains: the soul is substantial, material, built up of atoms. And in the materialism of their doctrine of the soul the Stoics, the chief adversaries of the Epicureans, agree with their opponents, even though they do not accept the atomism of the latter, but introduce a special psychic substance, the "pneuma". In short, the principal philosophies of late antiquity declare the soul to be material.

The materialism of a later age is sharply distinguished from animism by the fact that it ceases to compare the soul

with vaporous or gaseous substances, while at the same time the soul assumes a substantiality of its own; or rather, it regards the soul as an attribute or effect or concomitant phenomenon of material substance. For example, if we are to believe Hobbes, who attacked all the Christian doctrines with a frigid cynicism, there is no such thing as an individual soul: there are only sensations, of which the more complex experiences of the consciousness are supposed to be compounded; but these sensations are nothing but movements towards and in bodies; mechanical events, and nothing more. It is true that the later English philosophers—as Locke, for example—returned to the notion of a psychic "substance", while Spencer even speaks of "mind-stuff"; but the French materialists of the eighteenth century, and the German of the nineteenth, still further developed the theory that there is no separate soul, and that all consciousness is the mechanical movement of physical atoms. This materialistic doctrine of the soul is formulated in such sayings as "Without phosphorus, no thought", and "All thought is movement"; though, strictly speaking, it is not a doctrine of the soul at all, but the mere denial of everything that was formerly defined as soul. If we turn to Haeckel, as the last representative of materialistic monism, we find in his philosophy an energetic denial of the existence of any "psychic substance", a denial which finds its climax in the dogma that the soul is the sum of its physiological functions.

Materialism has been bitterly opposed, especially by the theologians, with the result that in colloquial speech the word "materialist" has become a term of abuse. In materialism its opponents saw an intellectual tendency which, inasmuch as it disputed the doctrine of the shadow-soul, was seeking to shake the foundations on which the Christian doctrines of God and immortality were built. It is true that materialistic thinkers, in demolishing the Christian dogmas,

destroyed at the same time many values which the Church had bound up with these dogmas. Nevertheless, this is a one-sided way of regarding the matter, for the materialists have also destroyed a great proportion of the horrible superstition which likewise proceeded from the primitive belief in the soul. Picture to yourself the world of the late Middle Ages, with its epidemic belief in phantoms, with the grotesque demonology which surrounded our Christian forefathers from the cradle to the grave, and followed them even beyond the grave with its atmosphere of terror, and which sent hundreds of thousands of innocent men and women to the rack and the stake! It was not the theologians who cleared the air of these spectres! With the aid of the Catholic and Protestant priesthoods, these superstitions grew and flourished century after century. The men who exposed the imps of the night and the demons of the darkness as phantoms of the brain, and made the burning of witches for ever impossible, were the sworn enemies of the theologians, were those apostles of culture who derived their weapons and their tactics from a science whose basis was materialistic.

Moreover, if we consider the materialistic doctrine of the soul from the philosophical point of view, quite apart from its cultural significance, we must give the materialists credit for carrying their line of thought to its logical conclusion, although the only positive result is that their theory, in its very consistency, leads to a *reductio ad absurdum*. For their theory of the soul is not really a theory of the *soul*, and the solution which it offers overlooks the actual problem. For the later materialists are at one with their opponents, the conscientialists, in this: that they conceive of the life of the soul as "consciousness"; but they differ from them in this, that they conceive of consciousness either as movement simply, or as the concomitant phenomenon of movements. It may of course be granted that we know consciousness

only in connection with material movements; nevertheless, this does not prove that consciousness *is* movement, nor does it explain how material movements become conscious. The materialist may twist and turn as he will, but there is in consciousness a *something* which does not fit into the system of mechanistic materialism. Precisely because a consistent materialism must give prominence to the special nature, the immateriality of the consciousness, it has, without intending it, contributed to the building up of a philosophy which undertakes to explain the nature of the soul, and in the last resort the whole universe, as *consciousness*.

The Definition of the Soul as Consciousness

It is the supreme achievement of Descartes that he contrasted matter not with the semi-material phantom of the soul, but with thought, which he defined as completely immaterial, whereas the definition which he gave of the concept of matter was that of *extension*. It is true that he is not always consistent in his doctrine of the soul, and in respect of the problem of the interaction of thought and extension he involves himself in the most painful difficulties; nevertheless, the sharp discrimination between the two was extremely fruitful. For that thought, or, as we say, more comprehensively, the consciousness, is something fundamentally immaterial, is the corner-stone of most of the more recent philosophies. Hence we cannot wonder that men have strenuously endeavoured, while renouncing the semi-material shadow-soul, to conceive of the soul as consciousness and *only* as consciousness. Since the older names of *idealism* or *spiritualism* do not quite hit the mark, we call this tendency *conscientialism*.

Most of these thinkers, of course, do not proceed from the individual soul, but from "consciousness in general", which is by no means identical with the individual soul.

How the individual soul is individualized inside this general consciousness is a problem which Kant, Fichte, Hegel, Schopenhauer, and many more have approached but done little to solve.

However, the hypothesis has been advanced that the soul is essentially consciousness. On this point many opponents are agreed, whose opinions in other respects are very dissimilar. The chief point at issue is: *what kind* of consciousness is meant—whether rational thought, or sensory perception, or the will constitutes the fundamental element of the consciousness? For in accordance with the answer to this question we must conceive of the soul as *reason*, or as a bundle of sensory *perceptions*, or as *will*.

Let us here consider the one thing which is common to all these solutions, namely, the hypothesis that the soul is consciousness. But whether the rationalists or the sensualists or the voluntarists are right in their particular solution of the problem, this is a hypothesis which cannot possibly be maintained.

To all three of these theories we must object that while the soul does indeed *develop* consciousness, it can never *be* merely consciousness. The more recent investigators have indeed admitted as much, in that they have perceived that while the soul is constantly *experiencing* definite sensations or thoughts or movements of the will, it is nonsensical to regard these momentary, definite contents of the consciousness as equivalent to the soul itself. On the contrary, the consciousness of self-perception is seen to be the kaleidoscopically changing resultant of the most varied and dissimilar experiences of the consciousness, which nevertheless have little coherence among themselves, even though they may at times pursue logical ends or follow volitional directions, or unite into a temporally and spatially ordered whole. Meanwhile, this very order itself cannot be explained by the contents of consciousness alone. On the contrary, the attempt

to conceive of the soul as an integral being leads us of necessity to deduce the existence of an unconsciousness or a subconsciousness behind the consciousness. We will call attention here only to the more important consequences of perceiving in the soul something more than a result of the contents of the consciousness.

The highly specialized and ramified "psychology of action" lays particular stress on the fact that only the *content* of the sensation, thought, or will is conscious, but never the *act* of sensation, thought, or will. In order that we may be able to feel, think, or will at all, we must add to the momentary psychic experience a "faculty" which is not identical with these experiences. If the soul perceives a red flower, we must admit, in addition to the sensation of red and the concept of a flower, the faculty of feeling and the faculty of thinking—faculties which can be directed to other contents. Moreover, they are by nature unconscious in their workings. Only the momentary content is conscious; the faculty, the act, the function, the disposition, or whatever we choose to call it, remains in every case unconscious. Only that which is perceived or thought or willed is conscious; but the perceiving, the thinking, the willing—which alone permit the content of consciousness to become conscious—these remain unconscious. If, then, we wish to understand the consciousness, we are confronted by the necessity of supplementing it by unconscious acts and tendencies. Moreover, these acts and tendencies, however we may conceive of them, do not exist side by side incoherently; on the contrary, they reveal a continuity and coherence which is by no means fully conscious, nor is it completely unconscious. They all refer to a single point of reference, which we call the ego, and which stands behind all individual acts of consciousness, even though it may never become wholly conscious. All the consciousness of which we know, even the thought or perception which is directed upon an object, is

at the same time a self-consciousness, in which the self, as the co-ordinating centre, is merely the necessary supplementary hypothesis of the activity of consciousness.

Moreover, this self, this ego, has at its disposal contents which may indeed become conscious, but are by no means always conscious. No one doubts that even when the consciousness is completely "filled" with a perception or a thought or an effort of will, the ego at the same time has at its disposal innumerable ideas, thoughts, and volitions which remain lurking in the darkness, and yet influence in a thousand ways the contents which are fully illumined on the stage of the consciousness. No one doubts that there are cellars below the stage of the consciousness, in which "the memory", and all sorts of dispositions, instincts, and tendencies lie in wait, always in readiness to force their way into the consciousness, and which for this very reason we cannot regard as being of an entirely different nature to the conscious content of the soul. So we have to base the consciousness on a *sub*consciousness, inasmuch as we speak of subconscious or completely *un*conscious conceptions, thoughts, or volitional impulses; that is, of *un*conscious psychic data. Nevertheless, we must examine this notion closely. We shall find that this conception of the unconscious psychic act is a highly contradictory conception, if we persist in defining the soul as the consciousness; for we now have an unconscious consciousness! The moment we admit that the memory, or the unconscious instinctive tendencies, have their place in the soul, the definition that seemed so neat and methodical —that soul=consciousness—crumbles into nothingness.

If we admit that the consciousness itself tells us that it is dependent on the bodily organs—that the senses presuppose sensory organs, and the act of thinking a brain, and that these physical organs are thus the essential hypotheses of the consciousness of the soul—it follows that the soul cannot in any case be defined as mere consciousness. Thus con-

scientialism demands unconditionally, in addition to the consciousness, a non-conscious principle!

The Relation between the Body and the Consciousness

Materialists and conscientialists took the field in order to banish the primitive shadow-soul; the materialists because to them it was not palpable—that is, not sufficiently material—and the conscientialists because to them it seemed all too material. But however they strove to emphasize the dualism of matter and consciousness, there was always left an irreducible remainder. If matter is made the denominator, consciousness is left, which is not material. If all things are conceived in terms of consciousness, then consciousness has to be supported by a Something, which, whatever else it may be, is assuredly not conscious, even if one insists on the immaterial nature of this "supporter" of consciousness and the subconscious. That the consciousness has relations with the body—that is, to extended matter—cannot be denied. In any case, then, the dualism between matter and the phantom soul has merely been replaced by the dualism between matter and consciousness.

Now we are not obliged on principle to deny any sort of dualism. It is not inherently impossible that the order of the universe should be a dual order, and that all things should happen as the result of the co-operation and interaction of two principles. As regards man, however, any theory of dualism confronts us with very great difficulties, because we have direct experience of the fact that the body and the consciousness co-operate, which is hardly possible if they are to be so far divorced from one another as dualism commonly divorces them.

We may pass quickly over the extreme solutions of the problem of the body and soul. The materialists declare the consciousness to be a superfluous hobgoblin which plays

its pranks in the cranium as a concomitant phenomenon of the ganglionic processes. They really attribute to it little more significance than to the noise made by a machine. They are unwilling to allow that it can play any part in the chain of physical causality. Yet if the consciousness were merely an indifferent concomitant phenomenon, it is impossible to see why it should exist at all; moreover, this theory is contradicted by experience, which tells us that our transactions are accompanied and to some extent conditioned by acts of consciousness. On the other hand, the doctrines of the radical conscientialists are not much more plausible. Some of them go so far as to resolve not only the soul, but the body also, and with it the whole material universe, into consciousness. According to the more rationalistic or sensualistic thinkers, physical existence, and the body with it, exists only in being thought or perceived. They insist that there can be no means of proving that our bodies are more than a hallucination of our consciousness. In addition to all the reasons which we have already adduced against this doctrine, and which compel us to accept the existence of non-conscious actualities, we will add only the fact that no conscientialist has ever yet attempted to live as though his body were merely a hallucination. It does not occur to him to nourish it only with imaginary foods, and if he has toothache he runs to the dentist and allows himself to be treated precisely as though the tooth and the body to which it belongs were realities apart from the consciousness!

Against these radical thinkers, who are to-day rare in both of the opposing camps, various reconciling theories have been proposed in explanation of the problem of the body and the consciousness. The best-known of these is the theory of *parallelism*, which states that all conscious process is "parallel" to physical process. As to whether, conversely, every physical process is associated with a conscious parallel, opinions are divided. However, this theory of parallelism

is the ideal example of a verbal solution which in reality explains nothing, but merely camouflages the problem with a word. We do not deny the value of the theory as a temporary working hypothesis; but more than this it is not. We cannot comprehend why the consciousness exists at all if it does not enter into the physical causal connection, and if this is to be regarded as imprisoned in itself. Moreover, the "psychic" parallel is extremely incomplete, and if we call upon unconscious psychic processes to fill the gaps, we must either cease to regard the psychical and the conscious as equivalent, or we must introduce the impossible conception of an unconscious consciousness. But parallelism is vulnerable in yet another respect. Conscious transactions appear to us as unitary acts, with which we must nevertheless associate enormously complicated processes in the brain and nervous system. We speak of the "creative synthesis" of the consciousness, which, of course, amounts to a denial of parallelism in the strict meaning of the term; for the unitary act of the consciousness is opposed to the multiplicity of physical processes. At all events (and this is a conclusion to which we shall come at a later stage), we must not regard the body as an atomistic mechanism, but rather as the vehicle of a comprehensive vital energy; whereupon the "body" ceases to be merely matter, but is conceived as being "animated".

In opposition to parallelism, and in recognition of its weaknesses, which here are no more than indicated, some thinkers have recently revived the theory of *reciprocal action*, inasmuch as they establish the "psychical" as a factor in juxtaposition with the physical causal continuity. True, they do not admit an actual irruption into the physical continuity, but they speak of a "guiding", "leading", "directing", by which the law of the conservation of energy is not infringed. This theory, whose merits and defects we shall not discuss more exhaustively at present, conceals a danger: that the old shadow-soul may be reintroduced in disguise. In any

case, it is compatible with the equivalence of consciousness and soul—that is, with the separation of consciousness and body. It must inevitably admit of unconscious psychical activities—that is, it must accept the consciousness as a special form of an "energy" which develops consciousness only under special circumstances, but which nevertheless influences even the unconscious functions of the body. But the body ceases to be merely matter, merely mechanism. Thus understood, this doctrine, which after all is now no longer the doctrine of the "reciprocal action" of two substances of different nature, leads up to the solution for which we have been making: that of *dynamism.*

The Soul as Living Force

However reasonable the antithesis of matter and consciousness may appear at first sight, directly we attempt, on this basis, to solve the problem of body and soul, we are involved in inextricable difficulties. Unless we are willing, like Descartes and his disciples, to appeal to God Himself as a *Deus ex machina* in order to explain the co-operation of body and consciousness, there is nothing left for us but to abandon this divorce of the body and the soul.

As a matter of fact, there are many objections to a radical separation. The dead substance of the materialists, whose being consists merely in extension, and which is susceptible only to mechanical agitation, is an abstraction which has no counterpart in reality. It is true that the natural philosopher ascribes to it manifold and extremely complicated "powers"—in particular, the chemical affinities. Yet at the same time it cannot be denied that so-called inorganic matter can enter into organic creatures, and that it then ceases to be inorganic. If the living body of the animal and of man consists of matter, this matter is no longer a mere extended and mechanically agitated mass, but is

interwoven with that continuity of events which we call "life". But in so far as consciousness (as our own inner experience tells us) appears inside this continuity of life, which expresses itself, in the first place, in the formation of the organism, and is necessary to the maintenance of life, there is a continuity which leads from matter to consciousness, through this connecting-link of life, which on the one hand builds itself up out of material substance, but on the other, in special cases, develops consciousness.

If, conversely, we begin with consciousness, we are then compelled to establish the fact that we always find consciousness bound up with a living body. We know nothing of consciousness without life. What this life is we cannot readily explain; but it is, in any case, a continuity of events, which requires material substrata for its operations. These, however, are by no means of a perfectly specific nature, but are highly complex combinations of chemical substances which we find also outside the life-continuity. So, if we proceed from the consciousness, a path leads through the connecting-link of life, down into the world of the molecules and atoms of which the "matter" which is erroneously opposed to the consciousness is composed.

And now at last we see a possibility of arriving at a conception of the soul! Let us remember how mankind came to form this conception. Not in order to explain the "consciousness" (for the "soul" can exist without consciousness), but in order to make comprehensible that complex continuity of activities which we call *life*, mankind created the conception of the soul. We have already stressed the fact that in all primitive cultures the "soul" is by no means identical with the consciousness, and that this equivalence is a late philosophical reservation. As a matter of fact, what primitive man understands by "soul" is what we to-day call "life". "Animated" and "alive" are, as conceptions, completely identical, just as the conceptions "inanimate" and "dead"

are identical. The Greek word *psyche* does not by any means signify merely consciousness, but can usually be translated simply by "life", and similarly, in many cases the German words *Leben* and *Seele*, as the English words "life" and "soul", are interchangeable.

In a certain sense, then, we go behind the false and sophistical division of matter and consciousness, and the equivalence of soul and consciousness, and, like primitive man, and like even the pre-Cartesian philosophers, we once more identify the soul with life. Nevertheless, we differ radically from the theory of the phantom-soul, in that we do not think of the soul and life as *material*, nor do we regard them as identical with the breath, and imagine a semi-corporeal thing which dwells in the body like a shadow. On the contrary, we can better express the conception "soul", and also the conception "life"—since the word denotes activity—by the infinitive. For the soul is for us no *thing*, but a *happening*, a continuity of activities of an extremely complicated kind, which we are able to observe everywhere in ourselves, and in other animated creatures.

In this, however, we are at one with both the main tendencies of recent philosophy. Even the later materialists had come to admit that the soul is not a substance, but that the psychical processes occur in substance, and they therefore regarded it as equivalent to "motion". On the other hand, the conscientialists also regarded psychical processes as "events" which they had somehow to bring into relation with physical movements.

We accept both these notions. What we call "soul" is neither an extended "substance" nor a thinking "substance"; it is not "substance" at all, but a highly complicated event, a continuity of effects, which reveals itself on the one hand in the building up of the body, and on the other in the consciousness.

Nevertheless, this doctrine of ours, which does not divide

the universe into substance and consciousness, but places a connecting-link between the two, which on the one hand reveals itself materially, but is also the hypothesis of the consciousness, differs from both materialism and conscientialism in this, that it does not conceive of the soul as existing in substance alone nor yet in consciousness alone. On the contrary, both consciousness and body appear to us only as effects of a third thing which comprehends them both, producing the consciousness and also giving form to the raw material. We have already seen that the consciousness must necessarily demand such a profounder "being", whereas the materialistic theory demands a formative "power", which forms the body and with it the soul. One might call this theory "monistic", though it avoids one-sidedness just as it avoids dualism, only that the conception has been overworked, and both the consciential theory and the materialistic theory are—though, after all, incorrectly—described as monistic. We call the theory towards which we are working the *dynamistic* theory, because it represents the nature of the soul as *directed* force; and we may also call it *vitalistic*, because this force, which gives the body form and engenders the consciousness, proves to be identical with life.

As to the nature of this *life*, we have hitherto said, in a negative way only, that it is not a thing, nor even a breath or shadow; but we have also employed the expression "force". We do not use this word in the sense of modern physics, in which it is defined as the cause of acceleration, but in the sense which is given to it in everyday language and in philosophy, in which it means the cause of an effect; not always a mechanical effect merely, but any effect whatever, and even those highly complex effects which we call phenomena of life. When we speak of "vital force" we mean thereby that unitary cause which we must accept for the formation and maintenance of an organism.

Thus, if we decide to give the name of "force" to the

final and unitary cause of associated effects, we may also add that life is "force". Life does not *exist*, but happens. There is no vital substance, for it is precisely the substance that is continually changing in all living creatures; nevertheless, there persists a sequence of effects which, though it is continually assuming new forms, is yet coherent and continuous. If we wish to think of the life of a plant, an animal, or a man as a unit, we must think of it as a unitary force, possessing an inherent power of direction, which we shall regard as the cause of the myriads of single events which we comprehend in the conception "life". We might also make use of the term "entelechy", which has been employed by Aristotle, Leibnitz, von Hartmann, and the latest vitalists; "entelechy" meaning something that contains an aim within itself, a purposive, unitary process. We will not for the moment ask whether this process can finally be resolved into a mechanical causality, as the opponents of vitalistic dynamism assert, though up to the present they cannot prove as much. The fact is that it is not possible for us to think of the plants, animals, and human beings which evolve from a germ, maintain themselves in the world by their own activities, and develop sensory reactions to the world, otherwise than as units and wholes, while we accept a purposive and active force as the cause of the life-process. This effective continuity of the manifold life-units is no artificial subtlety, but an immediate assumption philosophically expressed, a "category" in which we can conceive both our own life and that of alien creatures, and which simple-minded persons, primitive peoples, and children have uncritically attributed even to dead objects.

In thus introducing life—that is, a purposive continuity of effect—as a connecting-link between matter and consciousness, and identifying the "psychical" facts with this connecting-link, we do not claim that we are producing a completely new theory, for we are merely falling in with

that great tradition which leads from Aristotle, through Leibnitz, Lotze, and von Hartmann, to the latest "vitalistic" philosophy, the original intellectual utterance of our own time. We have already seen that Aristotle introduces the idea of entelechy, which for him is the formative principle, and identical with the "soul". The "monad" of Leibnitz is likewise a purposive and active force, to which this stupendous thinker also has given the names of "entelechy" or "soul", and which is by no means exclusively conscious, but in its unconscious form constitutes what to our dull eyes appears as matter. Lotze, too, although he attacked vitalism in its older form, was convinced that the soul is a monad—that is, a purposive and active force. And von Hartmann has defined life as a purposively active "super-force", which is partly conscious and partly unconscious in its working, and is identical with the soul. One thing is common to all these thinkers: they regard life and soul as identical, perceiving in them neither the mechanical motion of dead matter nor merely consciousness, but the "force" which gives form to the body, and is at the same time the hypothesis of the consciousness; which is not separate and independent, but exists as the servant of life. This idea recurs in all the representative thinkers of our time—in Nietzsche, Bergson, James, Driesch, Becher, Keyserling, Spengler, and many others—and the present writer has discussed it in a wider connection in several philosophical essays.

We must then accept it as certain that all that we call "soul" is observable only in connection with life, and that to believe in souls released from this connection with life is merely to believe in ghosts. We may call a corpse either lifeless or soulless. We may equally well say of all living organisms that they are animated or that they have souls, provided that we do not, when using the word "soul", think merely of the human soul. For this there is absolutely no justification.

It is true that when we nowadays employ the word "soul" we are accustomed to think more especially of the phenomena of consciousness, although, as we have seen, the most radical conscientialist is obliged to accept the fact of an unconscious psychical life, so that the soul is assuredly not *only* consciousness. If we also admit that the conscious soul of man has its forerunners in the life of inferior creatures, from which man must have evolved, but concerning whose consciousness we know nothing, we find ourselves obliged to declare that consciousness makes its appearance as a special phenomenon of life at a certain stage of development. But it is open to dispute whether we should give the name of soul to the mere consciousness of evolving life; and even then we must reckon the unconscious phenomena of life as psychical, so that it is impossible to determine the stage at which consciousness makes its appearance. We must not, of course, ascribe to the lower animals a human consciousness, but neither can we to-day, with Descartes, regard animals as unconscious machines. As likely as not, indeed, the lower forms of animal life, and possibly even plants, have a dim consciousness of pain and pleasure. In any case, the consciousness is not a criterion that will permit us to separate life and soul.

We must also decline to answer the question whether man *has* a soul. The problem is wrongly stated: in the background is the simple doctrine of the objective "soul" which man might "have" or not "have", as he might possess or not possess a house or a cigarette-case. We reply, that man *has* not a soul, but *is soul;* for *his whole life is the unfolding of the soul, while in the last resort soul is only a special aspect of life.* Soul is life considered in its manifestation as consciousness, though the consciousness is never the soul, but only a partial manifestation of this soul, which operates even in unconscious life.

It is true that we apparently destroy the religious value

of the doctrine of the soul, but actually we are destroying only that form of the doctrine which the implicit faith of the Christian has constructed on the basis of the primitive theory of the objective soul. Our doctrine of the soul opens up the possibility of a religious reverence wider and deeper than the Christian belief in immortality, according to which every Smith and Jones, if he has lived in accordance with the catechism, is to persist for all eternity. Our doctrine is wider and richer, since it conceives of soul and life not in the individual sense, but in a super-individual and cosmic sense. In the place of the immortality of the soul we set the doctrine of the infinity of the soul.

The Unity of "Body" and "Soul"

Regarded from this dynamistic-vitalistic standpoint, the problem of body and soul discovers a new aspect. No longer does the body appear as a clod of earth into which the soul has been breathed from without; it is no longer the despicable prison of the soul, a mechanism which the soul somehow controls; no, for the body is itself "animate", is an outward manifestation of life or the soul, a miraculous structure built up by the actual psychical energy of the soul inextricably interwoven with it. But even the soul is more profoundly conceived; it is no longer an amorphous, vaporous form, no longer an empty shadow, no longer a bundle of ephemeral data of consciousness, or a conceiving mechanism, but a creative, controlling force, a formative entelechy, whose internal aspect is the consciousness, and its external aspect the body. Our life is neither an external parallelism nor an incidental reciprocity between two separate substances, but a unity of soul and body; a unity which is more than matter and more than consciousness.

In proof of the close connection between body and consciousness, on the basis of the life which manifests itself

in both, I will adduce, firstly, a fact which is completely irrational in the light of any materialistic or conscientialistic theory of the body and soul, and is indeed from their point of view quite unintelligible: the fact, namely, that we are able with certainty to read the processes of man's consciousness from his physical exterior. How should that be possible if the body is only a mechanically operating apparatus, or an unessential vehicle of the consciousness, in which the ego has taken up its temporary dwelling?

And yet it is possible, for anyone who keeps his eyes open, to read another person's moods and thoughts, and even his permanent character, from his face and gait and bearing! The slightest movements of the consciousness are reflected in the expression. Often against a man's own will a barely perceptible quiver of the mouth, a wrinkling of the forehead, a knitting of the brows will betray his ill-humour, while a blush or a lighting of the eye reveals an unspoken love. We can never solve the problem if we ask, in the light of the old psychology of the consciousness, how it is that the consciousness can reveal itself in bodily "expression". The very question involves the false hypothesis that a human being is divided into consciousness and body. The fact is that it does not lie within the power of the consciousness to express itself or refrain from expressing itself; that the bodily expression is not an arbitrary appendage of the consciousness, although, of course, it can be to some extent modified by the will. In the consciousness, indeed, we see the same life-process manifested as in mimicry. There is the same tendency to the preservation of life which, in the case of a sudden explosion, makes us start, and permits the sense of fear to be echoed in the central consciousness. The acceleration of the heart-beats in joy or fear is not a consequence of that affect, but neither is it (as James and Lange would have it) a cause; on the contrary, the relation of cause and effect is here quite inapplicable, since the unitary

life reveals itself in a different manner in the bodily movement and in the consciousness.

"Nothing is inside, nothing is outside, for what is inside is outside." This inward identity, which signifies both the animation of the body and the incarnation of the soul, is the basis of that wonderful harmony of soul and body which enables us to perceive "soul" in every bodily manifestation.

As a further proof of our vitalistic theory of the soul, as against those philosophers who believe that the consciousness can be understood in and by itself, we have the fact that the consciousness can only be understood at all if we regard it—at all events, in the first place—as a means in the service of the preservation and manifestation of life. As against the older type of intellectualism, the conviction has already long prevailed that man does not possess his consciousness in order to make for himself an abstract picture of the world, and to devise philosophic systems out of a purely theoretical interest. On the contrary, it is irrefutable that the consciousness, and even its organization in knowledge, serves practical interests: the urge to preserve life and to acquire power over the environment. It is true that in civilized mankind these relations have grown more complex: nevertheless, we see plainly to-day that even at the back of abstract philosophies, or apparently pure theoretical research, wish-fulfilments and other vital factors are operative as motives. What are sensations? They are signals that blaze up in the consciousness, in order to orientate the ego in its environment! What are ideas and recollections? Material stored up to make previous experiences available for present transactions! What are conceptions? Schemata which serve to order our emerging motives with a certain amount of method, and to direct our behaviour accordingly! What is the consciousness of pain and pleasure? It is a sign of encouragement or warning to determine our attitude, accordingly as the thing perceived is conducive to life or not! In short, all the contents

of consciousness can be brought into relation with life, and, indeed, they have no meaning until they subordinate themselves to life as serviceable members—to life considered as that creative force which strives to unfold and maintain itself in a myriad manifestations.

But in emphasizing the biological significance of all consciousness we do not by any means except intellectual and spiritual life. We recognize that a special world is building itself up in the human consciousness, a world of the intellect: the world of art, the world of science, the world of religion. But even art and science and religion are not withdrawn from the complex of life; they take their place in the unfolding of life, as manifestations of the soul; and not alone of the individual soul and the individual life, but of life and the soul in that cosmic sense towards which we are feeling our way.

The Soul as Primordial Mystery and Primordial Knowledge

Now that we have attempted to define the nature of the soul as living force, and have traced some of its phenomenal forms, let us frankly ask ourselves the question: whether in so doing we have really thrown any light on the mystery of the soul.

Our opponents will object that in defining the soul as "force" or "life" we have only referred back an unknown quantity to an equally unknown quantity. What "force" is, what "life" is, we do not know. These are only words with which we label certain facts without "explaining" them.

We do not assert that we have "explained" the soul by defining it as "life" or "force", as a chemist, for example, might explain a chemical compound by resolving an unknown substance into known elements and processes. To "explain" means to refer the unknown to the known, in which con-

nection it may be remarked that a thing which is "known" to us is not therefore "apprehended" in the profoundest sense; for we say that we know only those matters which are so familiar to us that we forgo further explanations. If we endeavour really to *understand* matters, in the sense of becoming completely acquainted with them, we are confronted in all directions with uncomprehended premises, so that all real understanding is in the last resort a *regressus in infinitum*, a going back to ever more remote positions; which we may express also by saying that in order completely to understand and explain the smallest detail, the knowledge of the whole of the rest of the universe, at least of its profounder "nature", would be a necessary hypothesis.

Inasmuch as we ask the question, what the soul, what life, what force may be, we are approaching this whole; here it is no longer a matter of referring an isolated fact to another fact, *known* but not apprehended; here it is a question of apprehending it in the sense of the latest hypotheses to which we have been able to attain.

And here we are confronted by the surprising fact that the latest *knowledge* to which we can attain is at the same time the profoundest *mystery*, inasmuch as we can no longer explain this knowledge in the sense of referring it still further back. We can equally well say that our conceptions of "soul", "life", "force", are the profoundest mysteries, and that they represent our latest knowledge. They are at the same time the primordial mystery and the primordial knowledge. They are not to be explained, because everything else has to be explained by them. Yet they can explain all particular circumstances, because they are the primordial basis of all our knowledge.

We define as "force", as "life", as "soul", the cause—which we assume as axiomatic—of the fact that there are such things as unitary and complete continuities of action. *How* these come to be we do not know, but that they do

confront us everywhere is our primordial knowledge, and the primordial mystery. We experience this continuity not only *outside* ourselves, but above all *in* ourselves; for that we are able to speak of ourselves at all, that we can ascribe to ourselves life, soul, and active force, presupposes that we ourselves *are* life and soul and force in the sense of an entire continuity of action. This is our primordial perception and our primordial knowledge, which is inherent in all particular perceptions and in all particular cognitions, and is the basis of them. Here we have reached the very matrix.

And when we employ different expressions for this primordial experience, we are only stressing different aspects or different manifestations of the same ultimate fact.

When we say "life" we mean a force in the sense of the *entire* cause of a continuity of effects, which manifests itself as an inner purposiveness in the organic world, and is engendered by a certain stage of development in consciousness, if not actually human consciousness, and which might therefore be called "soul" in the stricter sense of the word.

When we say "soul" we mean a purposive force, or a life which develops consciousness, though we cannot say where the lower limit lies beneath which life and force cease to be conscious.

When we say "force" we extend that categorical assumption of an ultimate cause of unitary continuities of action to the province of those facts which we call "organic", and which present themselves to us, if considered in isolation, not as purposive, but as merely causal, as mechanical; but which, considered in connection with the whole world, are also conditions for the occurrence of life, and are likewise inherent in the purposiveness of life. For the mechanistic philosophers are assuredly right when they say that many things even in "life" may be comprehended as mechanical force; there is, nevertheless, another way of looking at the

matter: we may say that mechanical forces enter into the purposive continuity of life!

From the standpoint of the world as a whole, it is perhaps possible to regard all "forces", and even the processes of life, if we isolate them, as mechanical; yet, regarded as a whole, even mechanical events acquire a purposive value, and even they prove to be subordinate to life and contained therein!

Soul and Universe

So far we have achieved, on the one hand, the exclusion of all theories of the soul as a *thing*, and on the other the recognition of the cosmic continuity in which we must perceive all psychical phenomena. The defect of primitive animism, and of the pure consciential philosophy, was that it assumed a psychical life which could be detached from physical existence; the defect of materialism was that it identified the substantially conceived body with the soul; while we, of course, speak of souls only in connection with animate bodies, and do not regard the body as the cause of the life-and-soul process, but as its effect; for the body does not create life and soul, but is created and maintained by them. The life of the soul confronts us everywhere in the life-continuity, in that stupendous continuity of effects which has come down to us from unknown beginnings—beginnings, perhaps, as remote as the world itself—which has unfolded itself for countless centuries on the surface of the globe, emerging first in the lowest forms of life of the Palæozoic period, and then unfolding itself in the gigantic forms of the Mesozoic, until, in the Neozoic, it brought forth the animals we know to-day, and finally man himself; yet we are not in a position to reconstruct the complete genealogy of the forms of life, nor can we say that evolution has for all time attained its final goal in man. "Our soul" is part of a mighty stream, concerning which we know not whence

it comes nor whither it goes; we know only that it is flowing onwards.

Thus the problem of whether man "has a soul" enlarges itself to enormous dimensions so soon as we attempt to plumb its depths. The problem to be solved is no longer that of the individual man; inasmuch as we identify the soul not with consciousness but with life, it is a problem that extends far beyond the circumference of human individuality. For life is not an isolated phenomenon of the individual, but rather of that continuity in which all individualities are comprehended, and which, along the causeway of fertilization and conception, transmits itself continually to ever new forms; and of this process we can see neither the beginning nor the end. Even the "species" or other groups of types have no special and final existence; but since biology has taught us that even species merge into one another, we must regard life as a stream whose continuity flows through and over all differences of species. But inasmuch as we know nothing of any life that does not co-operate with inanimate things and conditions, depending on the latter as its inevitable hypotheses, the problem of the soul extends itself even beyond the conception of life; it embraces the problem of the universe itself.

Thus, the problem of the nature of the soul can only be solved if at the same time we can solve the problem of the nature of the universe itself—the whole organic and inorganic universe. For whatever the soul may be, it is at all events part of the universe, a fictively isolated portion. We must therefore ask ourselves whether, conversely, the universe can be conceived as "soul".

Let us ask the question first of all in the narrower sense of the concept "soul", according to which only that can be counted as "soul" which may have consciousness, even though it *is* never completely conscious. In this sense we attribute a soul to man, although the whole man is

never conscious in all his vital processes. In the same sense we might say that the universe has consciousness and soul, and it may even be—though this we cannot know—that there is no higher form of consciousness than the human. And we might indubitably say that the earth has consciousness, since man is part of the earth; we might say this just as we say that man is conscious, although his consciousness operates only in portions of his nervous system and his brain, while the greater part of his body, his bones and muscles and bloodvessels, have no immediate share in this consciousness.

In the same sense we might say that the earth is *animated*, because all life on the earth is indeed part of the earth; and we might say that the universe is animated, even though life and consciousness existed on no other heavenly bodies, but only on the earth, which is, to say the least of it, improbable.

We need not, however, and indeed we must not place the so-called inorganic forces in radical opposition to life; for we have no right, nor is it even possible, to separate life from the inorganic forces, since these are the indispensable conditions of life, and therefore appertain to life itself. That there is a sun, which by the force of gravity holds the earth revolving round it in regular ellipses, and transmits its warmth to the earth; that the earth conceals stupendous quantities of caloric energy in its interior, which find their way to its surface; that the earth is surrounded by an atmosphere and a watery envelope, from which, as from the surface of the earth itself, chemical actions are continually entering into life—these and a thousand other "inorganic" facts are indispensable conditions of life itself, whereby they appertain to life; they are drawn into its purposive dynamics, and thereby themselves acquire purposive significance. Only by the separate consideration of the organic and the inorganic—which is quite unjustified—can we

regard them as separate in the world; in reality there is only one unitary world, in which the organic and the inorganic are inseparably combined.

From this point of view stupendous perspectives unfold themselves. It is in the highest degree improbable—even though we cannot for the time being prove that it is so—that the universe, this stupendous system of fixed stars and their systems, of suns and planets, should have attained their highest consummation precisely on our tiny earth, and just in our present stage of development; that is, that the human soul should be the final goal of evolution toward which this endless host of suns and planets are tending. We will not prophesy, nor will we construct theories which are not susceptible of proof; but it is a prophecy, and an absolutely unprovable and highly improbable assertion, to say that the human soul is the utmost summit of the universal process, beyond which there can be nothing higher. Looking back into the past of our earth we can nowhere see a beginning of life and consciousness; peering forward into the future we can see no end, even though we may foretell the end of human life, and the death from cold of the whole solar system, so far as it is known to us. But before that far-off event there are still unimaginable possibilities of development.

It is at all events a tremendous outlook, far more sublime than the prophecies of the Christian doctrine, which tell us that the souls of mortals must experience, beyond the grave, an immortality of their limited individualities. An immortality of the individual life and the individual soul as such is hardly to be expected; but life and soul—the soul being understood as the conscious form of life—must be conceived in their wholeness, as an unending stream, "which as it flows teems with ascending forms" (Goethe).

Let us, in conclusion, state yet one more problem; one which is most intimately connected with the problem of the

soul: the problem of the nature and the existence of God. The conception of God appertaining to most religions and systems of metaphysics is formed in accordance with their conception of the soul. That is to say, God is the cosmomorphosed shadow-soul. Man has always created his God after the image of his own soul. According to the doctrine of Christianity, God is a phantasmal substance, which is able to think, feel, and will in a human fashion. That there should be such immaterial substance *in addition to* the universe is just as improbable as that there should be an immaterial psychical entity in addition to the body. And that this phantasmal God should have made the world as a mechanic builds a machine, and should constantly influence its progress by all sorts of interventions, is as contradictory to all knowledge as the belief that the phantom soul creates and maintains the operations of the body.

We do not believe that it is blasphemous to dispute the existence of a God conceived after the analogy of the shadow-soul. On the contrary, we believe that we are exalting the conception of deity if we divorce it from the now impossible conception of the shadow-soul. If—as we should, for this is the profoundest meaning of all the conceptions of God which obtain in the higher religions—if we regard the word "God" as the epitome of the highest values, of the value-creating principle immanent in the universe, then we must not oppose God to the universe, but must identify Him with it. For the universe, conceived as a process always ascending to higher forms, is also the epitome of all values, whose total meaning cannot be grasped by man. Perhaps—and there is more in favour of this view than against it—the highest values which the world, and life, and the soul bear within them have by no means been realized as yet. We have said that it was a ridiculous presumption to suppose that the infinite universe can have reached its highest level in our day and on our tiny planet. It may be that one day

the species *Homo sapiens* will perish as the ammonite and the ichthyosaurus have perished; but new species of ascending life will replace it, or, as may indeed be noted even in the brief period of our so-called world-history, the capacities and powers of man may be so increased by co-operation that entirely new relative values may come into existence; so that God, as the epitome of the highest values, should be sought not in the beginning of the world, but in the future; so that God *is* not, but is *becoming*.

Totality and Individuality

It may seem, perhaps, that we have wandered from our path. We set out to ascertain whether the individual man has a soul, and have come to the conclusion that we must regard the whole universe as animated; that is, that in the last resort "soul" and "universe" are almost interchangeable, or at least correlated conceptions, inasmuch as we can only speak of "soul" in connection with the universe, just as we cannot conceive of the universe without soul.

But have we thereby obtained an answer to the question, whether man has a soul? Yes and no! No, in so far as we have repudiated the statement of the problem which supposes that man could "possess" a soul. Yes, inasmuch as we found that man cannot be conceived of at all as without a soul; not, of course, in the sense of the primitive shadow-soul, but in the sense of that formative force without which he is not man. Man does not *possess* a soul, but the soul, as a formative and maintaining force, *produces* the creature that we call man—produces it in connection and in co-operation with that stupendous system of forces which we call the universe. Man cannot possess an isolated soul as an isolated being, because he is only a fractional creation which is part of the animated universe—that is, a universe which develops forms and consciousness.

It is of course true that the consciousness of the individual man is—at least, apparently—opposed to the universe, and that he lives a life which—apparently, at least—maintains itself *against* the universe and apart from it. These two notions have led man to regard himself as a being capable of isolation from the universe, and to believe that he "possesses" a soul and "possesses" a body; but the question still remains, *who* this possessing subject really is. We are moving round in a circle: either we say that the individual soul possesses a body, or we say that the individual body possesses a soul; but there is no soul without a body, and there is no living body without a soul (a corpse is no longer a man!); consequently there can be no question of "possessing".

On the contrary, we must answer the question whether the individual body has an individual soul by saying that there is no individual body, nor is there an individual soul; there is in truth only one animated universe inside which, and in inseparable connection with which, individual human beings are formed, who possess neither an individual body nor an individual soul, but are, as it were, special impressions within the animated universe, which, in their consciousness, erroneously believe themselves to be isolated and capable of isolation. We do not live our "own" life; our life is a part of the life of the universe; and "we" do not think, but the universe thinks in us; and it is not "we" who build up our individual bodies, but the universal life works in and through these bodies, which can in truth exist only within the universe.

In other words: the individuality is a fictive isolation of a partial system within a whole system, without which it cannot be conceived. It is true that we can regard the whole world as the sum of individual men, animals, plants, and things; but we are still inevitably conscious that not a single one of these "individuals" can exist without the entire

world, and the world in just that constellation of which it forms a part. Individuality and totality are inseparable; they are only different aspects of the same unitary fact, the universe.

Nevertheless, we will once more examine the reasons which have led to the postulation of an individual soul: that is, an immaterial, unitary, enduring, and individual entity housed in the body and strictly differentiated from the rest of the universe. We do not by any means deny that this view of the ego is relatively justified. The universal appearance of the belief in the soul tells us that the consciousness of individuality is a primordial experience, and although it was justified at first in a primitive manner, it has a claim, in its purer form, to the philosopher's closest attention. We have already admitted that the closely related conceptions of "soul", "life", and "force" are categories—necessary forms of thought, in accordance with which we form our image of the world.

The problem of the soul, which we have hitherto regarded from the standpoint of its nature, of its substance, now leads us to the problem of its individuality. In our solution of this problem we need not surrender the conception of the soul as totality; on the contrary, it may be demonstrated that the notion of individuality—that is, our representation of the fact that individuation which undeniably exists in the universe, side by side with totality—is not, indeed, entirely in accordance with the facts, but that it is a fiction of enormous practical importance, inasmuch as it is necessary for the preservation and development of life. The notion of the independent, unitary, enduring, and isolated individuality was next extended to the body. For this too is observed as a unitary and permanent thing, which is differentiated from all other bodies, and manifests its independence in self-movement and self-centred activity. We admit that for the practical purposes of life the body may

and even must be regarded thus. But philosophic consideration must show that all the criteria which we have mentioned are merely relative, and that regarded from the standpoint of totality the body already assumes quite a different aspect.

Consider, first, its *independence*. In order that "I" should exist to-day as a physical being, it is by no means sufficient that this body should merely exist, for it exists only because atmospheric air is incessantly pumped through its lungs and the exhausted gases expelled; because vegetable and animal constituents are ingested into it and other substances excreted; it exists only because it has the earth as a basis beneath it, and because the sun warms this earth; because an order obtains in space, which holds the earth and the sun in their orbits, which again is only made possible by the co-operation of innumerable "heavenly" bodies. It is by no means absurd to say that each individuality requires as the hypothesis of its bodily existence no less than the entire universe, and not the present constellation of the stars alone is the condition of my existence, but the constellation of the stars millions of years ago was already the hypothesis that I should exist to-day. Above all, I, like every other human being, am the heir of innumerable species which have preceded me. In order that we to-day might have eyes and ears and a brain, the innumerable developments of the primeval world were necessary, from the unicellular organism upwards, until somewhere, thousands of centuries ago, a species emerged which we can call human. Against all these conditions of our being what does it signify that we can move freely on the surface of the earth, or that the form of our body adheres approximately to a given pattern—though this, alas, is only too easily destroyed? In view of these facts it is hazardous indeed to speak of independence!

It is the same with *individuality*. It is true that our body is spatially and substantially differentiated from other bodies,

but it is, in addition to its individuality, a *type*, that is, it possesses its form in a very high degree in common with other representatives of the species *Homo sapiens*; it even possesses many attributes in common with the higher animals, and indeed with animal life as a whole. If we regard its common attributes, we may regard the individual as "fortuitous", and—like so many philosophers—ascribe a higher individuality to the unindividual, the typical, the "general".

And is our body really a *unity*? Considered from the biological standpoint, does it not resolve itself into a structure which consists of millions of cells? It is true that there is an external unity, to which the many cells, tissues, and organs are subordinate; at the same time, however, these live their own life, and make war upon one another, so that the newer biology speaks of "the battle of the parts in the organism" as an essential factor of all life. We do not deny that there is, beside and above these parts, an effective unity; nevertheless, we insist on its relativity, and on the possibility of conceiving the body also as a plurality; so that the "individuality" has only a strictly limited right to this designation, which really means "indivisibility".

And the unity of the body in time, the *duration* of the body, is likewise very relative! Are we really to-day "the same" as we were twenty years ago? Materially we are assuredly not the same, for our life consists of an incessant change of substance. And does even the form persist? Certain broad features persist; but most men would fail to recognize themselves in the street in the form which was theirs at the age of ten! Continuity is a fact, but is this identity? This, too, is disputable; even the identity and the "duration" of our body exist only within certain limits.

But it may be demurred that all this may be granted of the body; that what does persist is precisely the "soul"; and the critic may point to the consciousness, which permits

us immediately to experience our separateness, individuality, unity, and persistence.

Let us once more begin with *separateness*, which in our consciousness represents itself as the division into subject and object. It ought to be clear that this very apparent division presupposes a previous *union*. Even if we ignore physical facts, we possess consciousness only in contact with the universe. Here are some facts in proof of this assertion: If we cover the eyes and stop the ears of a man who is completely anæsthetic he loses consciousness. In order to remain awake—that is, in order to possess consciousness—we need the continual stimulation of our organs. But this stimulation is the union of the ego with the world. Our sensations are bridges to the external world; they are not "in" us, as in a closed container. We do not see things on the retina or in the optical thalamus, but outside us, in the world; the tree is outside our window, the sun is in the sky. It is not an absurdity to say that our ego reaches to the stars when we observe them with our eyes. Our consciousness is not locked up in our cranium, but is consciousness of the universe in general; inasmuch as it passes the presumptive boundaries of the ego it is at once self-consciousness and consciousness of the universe. I may say that I become conscious of the universe, and I may equally well say that the universe becomes conscious of itself in me.

For the ego as consciousness and soul is never merely "I". What we are "spiritually" we are not of ourselves alone; we are the spiritual heirs of the countless lives that preceded us. We become ourselves only in co-operating with other egos; and we are the vehicles of forces that operate beyond us, far into the future.

It may be that we are proud of our thought and knowledge, but are they really "our" thought and knowledge? Do we not hold them in fee from humanity—from the world—from God, if we prefer the mythological term? Are not the con-

ceptions in which we think the legacy of countless generations? And do not they become living in us only in co-operation with others? And do they end in us? No; they continue their activities into the incalculable future. It is not our ego that has created our ideas; they are creations of the type, and we possess our intellectual faculties in common with all other human beings, and to some extent even with the animals. It is true that every man thinks and feels after his own fashion, but this does not mean that he is, intellectually, completely separate; he is always at the same time the vehicle of the type. No: even in respect of the consciousness the term "separateness" is subject to strict limitations.

And are we psychically always a *unity*? Is not Faust too moderate in his reckoning when he says that he has "two souls"? Are not the contradictions in every man far more numerous? Do not the most varied instincts and tendencies exist in every soul, often in painful conflict? Do we not often enough commit actions which we can no longer understand on the morrow? Are there not in every brain the most singular conflicts of thought?

And even the *persistence* of the soul is only apparent. Not only does the content of our thinking undergo continual change, but even our functions alter. We think and feel and will, at the age of four, not only other things, but in other ways than at the age of ten; and at ten we think and feel and will other things and in other ways than at seventy. Even the memory, that deludes us for a time, is not immune from alteration; even its contents are subject to change.

In brief: whether we consider our individuality under the aspect of the body or under that of the consciousness, we cannot possibly regard it as absolutely separate, individual, unitary, and persistent. If we wish to characterize it, we can do so only under forms which I have called *the para-*

doxes of individuality. Every individuality may be described as follows:—

1. As separateness, in manifold union with the whole universe;
2. As individuality, with manifold relations to the type;
3. As unity, with incalculable multiplicity;
4. As persistence, together with incessant change.

These paradoxes, which are indispensable to the characterization of all individuality, compel us to regard individuality as "irrational"; that is, as refractory to conceptual comprehension.

What is here significant for us is the fact that we cannot possibly regard the "soul", which we have defined as the creative force of the body and the consciousness, as "individual" in the sense of absolute separateness, uniqueness, unity and persistence; but that we must rather accept, when defining it, all those limitations which we have attached to both its manifestations; that the aspect of individuality requires, for its completion, the aspect of totality.

The Individuation of the Soul

In emphasizing the fact that all isolation of the individuality is erroneous, we do not seek to dispute the fact of individuation as such. We merely state that the comparison of the individuality with a "thing" which has fixed boundaries is false, in respect of the body and the intellect alike. But we must add that every individuality, metaphorically speaking, has a centre, though no circumference. The individuality is a centre of force, which radiates in all directions and is reflected back again, but can nowhere be precisely delimited.

If we think of it thus, we may say that life, which we regarded first of all as a totality, is really known to us only in its individualized form; in the shape of individual centres

of action, each of which, though they co-operate in a myriad ways, has nevertheless a centre, and it is in this centre, and not in the periphery, that the essence of the individuality exists. But "centre" and "periphery" are only inadequate metaphors. The essence of the individuality is not a permanent thing, it is constantly undergoing change; but this change follows a more or less definite direction. We have expressed this by saying that the soul does not *exist*, but that it *happens*; but we must add that it happens because of its internal "disposition". All the metaphors by which men have tried to express the nature of life are insufficient. The soul of man has been likened to water. We may compare it to water inasmuch as we may regard it merely as an upwelling spring in an endless stream; for the river of life is endless, but it is composed only of springs. Yet the soul of man is more than an ephemeral spring, and the stream of life is of infinitely finer structure than a mass of water mechanically propelled.

It is true that the universe is a totality, but it is a totality not in the sense of a massive rock, but in that of an animated organism, which internally is infinitely individualized. This totality must be conceived as an *ensemble* of innumerable individualizations, which are superimposed or subordinated to one another in an infinity of stages. We must not ask how or why the totality is individualized; the individuation is as old as the totality, and exists only within the totality, just as this exists only as the co-operation of individualizations. The universe is infinite in the direction of greatness; it is also infinite in the direction of minuteness, or infinite, at least, for our finite power of comprehension.

In both directions we are faced by an unfathomable mystery. If we look at the universe from "our" ego, with the faculties of "our" soul, we perceive that we are parts of an infinitude; and if, on the other hand, we look into our ego we are again gazing into an infinitude, which our conscious-

ness erroneously takes to be a compact unity, because it can act externally in a unitary fashion, and because it is governed by an order which permits multiplicity to conceive of itself as unity. We must accept both totality and individuation. But we must understand them as correlated concepts. Neither totality nor individuation is "absolute"; as we are obliged to refer the individuality to the totality, we must accept individuation, although both are only relative, inasmuch as all totality comprises individuality and all individuality totality. The old conceptions of macrocosm and microcosm acquire a new significance when we realize that all separate souls exist only in connection with the animate macrocosm, but that we know even the macrocosm only in individualized form.

So far we have emphasized the relation of each individuality to the totality; we will now turn to another aspect of the matter: the individuation of the totality. Whenever we speak of soul, life, and force, they appear—even though they are always in continuity with the universal—as independent things, and their independence finds expression in their tendency and ability to maintain themselves in their separateness. We must not assume a concrete totality as a beginning and then ask how individuation can come to pass. Only the separate forms of individuation have a beginning and an end; the individuation itself existed always; indeed, as far as we are able to survey the world-process, it is always assuming new and more strongly individualized—that is, more independent—forms. From the atom upwards, through molecules, crystals, cells, organisms, and social structures, the world is individualized. And each of these forms strives to maintain itself in existence, although at the same time it enters into more complex forms of being, which are themselves individualities with their own tendency to maintain themselves. Whenever an individualized structure is destroyed, it changes into or

enters into other individualities. We may erect a hierarchy of forms of individualization, whose rank will be distinguished by increased independence of the outer world, which at the same time comprises new forms of relation to the totality. The human individuality is distinguished, on the one hand, by the greatest independence, and on the other by the closest relation to the whole that is known to us. In comparison with plants and animals, we have singular powers over our environment; nevertheless, above all through our consciousness, our relation to the totality of the universe is incomparably more extensive. We may well be proud that we are the independent microcosms which we know; but we are forced to realize that this independence is possible only by virtue of our more abundant and extensive relations to the totality.

We are more strongly individualized in the sense of *uniqueness* also—that is, of differentiation from type. This difference exists in our physical being, and even more in our consciousness. How far the lower forms of individuality are individualized beyond spatial and temporal separation we can hardly determine. But of man we know that he knows himself, in virtue of his consciousness, to be qualitatively differentiated from all other creatures; indeed, we know that this consciousness of differentiation is intensified with the progress of civilization, so that we can point to an intensification of the consciousness of uniqueness during the historical period. The will to individual immortality is a special form of this tendency. The higher civilization is even closely connected with this "will to individuality", inasmuch as all the greatest achievements of civilization, apart from their significance for the type, are bound up with the "will to perpetuation" of the individual life-urge. The greatest achievements in art, science, politics, and administration have all at least *one* source in egocentric efforts. "The trace of my days on earth shall not perish for ages." We

must acknowledge this, although in so doing we must never lose sight of the standpoint of the totality, inasmuch as all the achievements of the individual can only acquire significance if they are at the same time values for the type. Once more we are confronted by the fundamental limitation of life—that uniqueness and type are correlated conceptions, that uniqueness is hypothetically opposed to type, and that all the values of individuality are values only because they are at the same time values for the type. Even in the intensification of the consciousness of uniqueness the relation to totality does not disappear; it only alters its form. In primitive man the gulf between individualization and type is not very wide, as is apparent from the fact that he does not ascribe to himself an individual soul. In civilized man it is true that we have on the one hand an intensified consciousness of individuality, but on the other his life is in other respects much more strictly conditioned by his living as a member of the community.

The same thing may be said of the *unity* of the individuality. This too is immediately experienced by the consciousness; it is an experience that must be recognized, despite the fact that no individual is only a unity, but is always a unity in a multiplicity. If we follow the forms of life upwards, from the plants, through the animal kingdom, to man, the tendency of nature towards an ever greater complexity and co-operation is unmistakable. Plants, and many of the lower animals, may be divided in such a way that the severed parts continue to lead a separate existence and to form new wholes. In the higher animals, and of course in man, this is impossible. Only here is the individual really in-dividual, indivisible. And the function of consciousness is to a great extent the one unitary control in the multiplicity of the organs. The consciousness, by virtue of its "narrowness", makes possible the unitary behaviour of the individual, and it is precisely on this consciousness of unity that the

conviction of the individual soul is largely based. In the same way, the history of States unmistakably shows the tendency (in spite of retrogressions) to an ever more extensive and self-contained co-operation. But here again it must be noted that the unity of life is never an absolute unity, but always a unity within a multiplicity.

And the same is true of unity in time, of *persistence*. Even here our consciousness tells us directly that continuity exists beyond all change. This is a matter of course, even if we cannot regard continuity as equivalent to identity. And this form of unity also is intensified in the course of evolution, since in particular the consciousness of it—the memory—is intensified with the higher development of the forms of life, and quite peculiarly in the case of mankind, which, over and above the memory of the individual man, builds up a "history" in its social communities—that is, the consciousness of the unity and duration of whole peoples. Man, indeed, though mistakenly, pushes the demand for continuity and duration even beyond the grave, in that he wishes to preserve his individuality in its finiteness, instead of its continuity with the totality.

Thus we recognize the individualization of the individual soul as relative independence, relative separateness, relative unity, and relative duration, but we place emphasis on its relativity—that is, on its relation to the whole. For individualities exist only within the world, and in the closest relation to it, just as the world, on the other hand, is built up of individual forms. The human soul, regarded as a life-principle, must be conscious of its individuality; at the same time it must always remember its implication in the totality of the world. The "evolution" of the world has a twofold direction: on the one hand it tends always to more definite individuation, and on the other to an increased totalization. Of all the forms of life known to us, the human soul is most strongly individualized, but it is also that form

of life which by virtue of its consciousness approaches most nearly to the totality. Whether the next evolutionary phase of life, the "superman", will bring only an intensification of individuality, as Nietzsche insisted, or whether it will perhaps involve a retrogression of individuation in favour of social integration, is one of the most absorbing riddles of the future.

We will now return to our point of departure. We there compared man to that Peter Schlemihl who was in despair because he had lost his shadow. For man to-day is actually in the position of having discovered that the shadow-soul which for thousands of years he believed himself to possess is merely an empty phantom. There is no help for it: he is compelled to surrender the childish belief that a shadowy being dwells in his body, and that in and by this he thinks, feels, and acts. But he would actually be a "Schlemihl" only if this loss were to fill him with despair.

For it is not the fact on which this idea of the shadow-soul was based that has perished, but only the false image of it. Man without his shadow-soul is not a clod of earth, as many declare. He remains an animate being. He retains his soul: not as a shadow, but as a reality, as an activity, as life, that builds him up and sustains and maintains him, and creates all the values that make it worth while to live. If on the basis of our present knowledge we dispute the existence of the shadow-soul, we shall make him not poorer but richer. We can and will teach him to conceive of himself as something that is much greater than what he in his crazy pride used to call his individual soul, and for which he demanded immortality; we can and will teach him to think of himself as part of a universe which is infinitely more extensive and richer than that which he used to call the universe. He who attaches all values to this shadow is building in the void. But man can and must acknowledge as reality that

which he perceives as "activity" in himself: the soul as life, as creative force, which he does not, however, "possess", but which, on the contrary, generates him, and which is part of an eternal continuity; which man, within the confines of his individuality, may indeed surmise, but can never survey in its entirety.

We set out to plumb the mystery of the soul. We dropped our plummet into the depths of our consciousness, but we found no bottom. Our lead sank into infinity, into depths that went back to the beginnings of the earth, and beyond our planetary system, even to the universe itself, to speak of whose "beginning" is meaningless. Has our soul then existed since the beginning of time? No, it was not present as "our" soul, in its present state, but the hypotheses that it would be were there; just as the oak is not present in the acorn, but the hypotheses that an oak will come into being; and these hypotheses, of course, include not the acorn alone, but the earth and the sun and the other stars, in whose cosmos the earth and sun find their paths and have their being.

The ancient wisdom, thus considered, reveals a new countenance. Brahman and Atman, the All and the Self, the *Πᾶν* and the *Ἕν*, are one and the same, perceived under different aspects. Soul and Universe are not opposites, but are different ways of regarding the same fact. The soul does not dwell in the universe like a stranger in a tavern; the soul itself is universe, and the universe is animate, is soul, life, creative force. This wisdom is primeval, although it was always the possession of only a few, while the crowd preferred to cling to the idea of the shadow-soul, which was able to maintain itself simply because it was so primitive. This knowledge is primeval, but it must be given a new form, in connection with all other knowledge; it must be built up until its content is more logical, more ethical, and more æsthetic. But this no individual thinkers can do; it must be the work of many generations. This is a great, a stupendous

task. The doctrine of the shadow-soul has attained its cultural importance only because for thousands of years it has been made the basis of the creation of values in all civilized countries. This basis has become untenable. A new basis is needed. To-day there can no longer be any question of the immortality of the individual soul; the basis can and will be only the infinity of the soul, which is indeed individualized, but in its individuation is never discontinuous with the totality of the universe. As cognition this standpoint is irrefutable. It will be the task of the future to build the social, ethical, and religious values of humanity on the infinitude of the soul, of life, of the universal process, instead of on the delusive immortality of the individual soul.

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THE INDIVIDUAL AND HIS DESTINY

A CHAPTER ON THE PSYCHOLOGY OF EVOLUTION

Geprägte Form, die lebend sich entwickelt . .

GOETHE

THE INDIVIDUAL AND HIS DESTINY

Destiny and Character

Very ancient indeed, perhaps scarcely younger than humanity itself, is the conviction that the fate of individuals and nations is guided not by mere chance, but that a destiny, a necessity, a providence rules over all events. And as ancient as this conviction is the desire of humanity to peer into this destiny, to lift the veil of the future, and to foretell what will come to pass.

It is not easy to determine whence these hopes arose. From time to time, of course, it was possible for shrewd thinkers, on the grounds of their regularity, to prophesy the future occurrence of certain phenomena. It was possible to determine beforehand the changes of the seasons, the phases of the moon, and many other things of the kind. Beyond this, men of peculiar insight found it possible to foresee the eventual consequences of certain causes; which to other and less clear-sighted persons must have seemed like a magical clairvoyance of mysterious connections. Priests and shamans have often exploited the interpretation of the future as a means of power and exalted it to a religious exercise.

Of late man has grown more sceptical. He no longer believes that the future can be foretold from the entrails or the flight of birds. But he has not therefore abandoned his hope of penetrating and controlling the future. Now, however, he does not seek beyond nature, among the gods, Fates, or Norns, the powers that shape the future, but in nature itself. He is convinced that fixed laws rule all events, and one of the most important tasks of science (as prominent thinkers have repeatedly declared) is prophecy—that is, the possibility of foreseeing the definite consequences of given causes. And as a matter of fact, science has to a great

extent succeeded in revealing the laws and the causality of the physical world. We can calculate the orbits of the stars for thousands of years hence; we know what happens if we mix chemical substances in test-tube or retort; and many modern physicists are already foretelling, on the basis of the law of entropy, the death from cold of the universe.

This knowledge of the laws of inorganic nature has led to the belief that the whole universe may be subject to discoverable laws, may be completely determined, and that it should be possible to foretell the future of the organic and spiritual world. If its primitive causal determination is less easily discovered, this is not because of its fundamental difference, but because of the greater complexity of the interacting train of causes. Above all, the claim is made that it is possible to predetermine the future from its beginnings in a given situation in the present. The ideal form of prophecy would be a mathematical formula which would comprehend the future development of each living unit.

As a matter of fact, the so-called positivism which represented the prevailing intellectual tendency of the second half of the nineteenth century did claim to make the evolution of organic life, and human evolution in particular, intelligible on a strictly causal basis. It had an astonishingly convenient formula for all the problems of evolution, a simple equation, which seemed to solve every problem. It ran thus: The individual is the product of heredity and environment. By this formula the positivist "explained" the biological, psychological, and historical facts. Even the poets of the period allowed their creations to march in time to the same formula. We were given numerous biographies of eminent men, in which human development seemed to be completely revealed and explained by this formula: the inheritance to which the individual was supposed to be born was determined from the character

of the parents, and it was then shown how the adolescent acquired, through the influence of environment, those traits which distinguished his subsequent character and activities. It is true that positivism refrained, as a rule, from applying its formula to a life that was not yet closed and foretelling the future; it confined itself to delving into the past and arranging what had happened in accordance with its formula. The principle, however, is the same: the conviction that it should be possible to give a causal exposition of even organic and spiritual evolution, inasmuch as it was shown that by heredity and environment the events of life could be explained with the same exactitude as the events in a chemical retort.

My task in these pages is first of all to criticize this alleged positivism, and to show that the whole mathematics of evolution, which I have here briefly described, is a mere juggling with facts. It explains an unknown quantity by two others, which are still more unknown, and which cannot even be definitely isolated. All, of course, was done in the best of faith. The positivist had no suspicion of the difficulties which each of these conceptions concealed, had no idea of the mysteries by which we are confronted once we begin to deal with such conceptions as heredity and environment.

At the same time, even if we do not adopt the positivist division of character into heredity and environment, the idea of this division is in itself correct; only, the two components are incorrectly conceived. It is correct that in every life two causal orders are at work, which we may separate, on principle, into *subjective* and *objective*, although we believe that we can prove that they are much more closely interwoven than was admitted by the positivists. From time to time the two orders, whose separation is only fictive, have been opposed as *character* and *destiny*, and it has been asked whether character shapes the destiny, or

whether destiny, in the sense of external events, forms the character. It is in this direction that the aim of our inquiry lies, for we shall attempt to elucidate the connection between that which man calls his ego, his soul, his character, and that which he calls his destiny. For that the destiny of man has not been thrown to him by the gods in capricious sport, although it may sometimes seem to have been so, was long ago obvious to intelligent minds. But the association is far too intricate, far too finely meshed to permit of its division into two neatly separated factors, as we separate a woven fabric into warp and woof. We shall trace out this entanglement, and we shall find in it an arrangement which differs in essential respects from that of the positivist.

We need not waste any tears over the positivist formula; its apparent lucidity has pitifully vulgarized the great mystery of life. All its "explanations" were *vatrocinia post eventum*, expositions of which the result was known, the hypotheses of which were subsequently constructed, and—as a rule unconsciously—corrected and set in order. They explained, at best, that the man whose destiny they claimed to deduce from these hypotheses *was able* to become what he was, but never why he *must* have become what he was. But they believed, and asserted, that they were expounding an inner necessity and causality, and therein lay their mistake.

The Heritage of the Past

If we are seeking to determine the destiny of the soul, we must go back to those beginnings of the soul in which it had as yet no destiny, and at the same time we must ascertain the hypothesis of its future life, which it then bore within itself. We agree, of course, with the positivists, that the more essential of these hypotheses are inherited. The mistake of the positivists, and of those who think with them, consists

in this: that they believe this inheritance to be a value which can be plainly determined, and which can serve as a definite basis for the calculation of the subsequent life of the soul. This is wrong. In the first place, it can hardly be decided just when the newly formed individual really "begins" to be an individual—that is, to have "a soul of his own"; in the second place, however complete we may believe our knowledge of the parents to be, it is impossible to determine how much of their nature they bequeath to their son; and in the third place, we must take into consideration not merely the heritage acquired from the parents, but the inheritance from remoter generations. When we take all this into consideration we see that "inheritance" is a profound mystery.

First we have the problem: When does the individual begin to be an individual? And then we have the problem: When may the heritage received from his ancestors be regarded as an accomplished fact? In this connection all that we can say definitely is that the day which a man celebrates as the beginning of his life, as his birthday, is *not* the real beginning of his life; that the hour when the childish body breaks away from the mother's womb depends on all sorts of contingencies; that in any case the new human being has already been living for nine months as a parasite on his mother's body. If there is any moment at all that should be celebrated it is the moment of conception, the moment when the male spermatozoon combines with the female ovum. But this moment is unknown—unknown to the father, unknown to the mother, and absolutely unknown to the being that now grows out of two other beings. But is it already an independent being? That is a question for the doctors! At all events, the inheritance is not yet definitive; on the contrary, even after conception the embryo is constantly subject to the influences of the maternal body, and according to the popular belief the suckling may even

continue to absorb idiosyncrasies with his mother's milk. This may be a mere legend, but it is nevertheless certain that hereditary transmission does not proceed purely on physiological lines; that even by way of the consciousness the child "inherits" many idiosyncrasies; of which more later. In any case, enough has been said already to show that it is impossible precisely to determine the point at which the subjective disposition of an individual—that is, what we call his "soul"—is to be understood as a definitely transferable object.

But even if we could determine this moment, we should by no means be clear as to the extent of that which the individual received as inheritance. The procedure of the older writers who dealt with this problem was unintentionally dishonest. As a matter of fact, they did not determine the subsequent life from the heredity-complex; they determined the heredity-complex from the subsequent life, in that they noted certain characteristics in the adult individual, which, if analogous characteristics could be detected in the parents, were without more ado regarded as "inherited". It is quite usual in the older biographies, if the father of a poet has written verses, to regard the son's talent as having been "inherited". Even the older biologists took it for granted that every characteristic could be inherited, and spoke of inheritance whenever a characteristic made its appearance in several successive generations. On the other hand, of course, this was bluntly contradicted, inasmuch as the neo-Darwinism of Weissmann flatly disputed the inheritance of acquired characteristics, and admitted only the transmission of qualities from germ-plasm to germ-plasm.

The fact of inheritance, which is apparently so simple, and concerning which unhesitating opinions are expressed in every family, is actually full of profound mysteries. Above all, the division of characteristics into maternal and paternal inheritances, which is encountered in every family,

and even in scientific biographies, is merely a superficial self-deception.

Let us begin with the question: What *is* inherited?—a problem which is closely related to this other question: What is *not* inherited? In order to separate these problems, recent biologists have created the conceptions of *genotype* and *phaenotype*. Only the genotype is inherited; the phaenotype, on the other hand, pertains to the individual alone. The mistake of the older writers on heredity was that they believed that the inheritance could be referred to the phaenotype of the parents, and unthinkingly concluded that everything that was observable in the parents could be inherited; just as they accounted for all similarities between children and parents as inheritances.

A well-known example, which we will borrow from the botanists, may help to elucidate the problem. Nägeli was the first to investigate the changes undergone by certain alpine plants when they are removed from the dry air and the innutritious soil of the high mountains and transplanted in the richer soil of the valleys. A new type of the plant appears, which recurs in all its offspring. A superficial observer would naturally say that this was due to inheritance. As a matter of fact, the original type recurs directly these offspring are returned to an alpine environment. If the modifications were really inherited, this reversion would be impossible. Consequently, these modifications pertain not to the genotype but to the phaenotype. They were not inherited, but acquired in the course of the individual life. Beneath the phaenotype the genotype continued to exist; characters which were apparently inherited were not inherited at all, but were produced by the descendants in accommodating themselves to their environment. As to what is inherited, we are still completely in the dark, for the characteristics which we observe never constitute a pure inheritance, but always a modification of the inheritance.

The difficulties of the problem of inheritance are appreciably increased if we remember that we inherit not only from our parents, but also from remoter ascendants—very often, it seems, leaping over whole generations. With this complication the path of life seems to lose itself completely in the dark. Long ago cases were known in which the characteristics of the descendant were demonstrable only in the grandfather or great-grandfather, and not in the parents; and these were said to be cases of atavism. The researches of the Mendelians have thrown a new light on this problem, but have at the same time disclosed fresh problems. It is perfectly apparent that there are laws of inheritance, but we are still far from being able to make the knowledge which we have acquired available for the investigation of human heredity. Mendel's famous experiments have demonstrated that if we cross beans having a violet flower with beans whose flower is white, we shall first of all obtain a generation of beans with light-violet flowers, but that in the following generation only half the flowers are a light violet, a fourth being white, and another fourth the original violet. From this discovery we adduce, for the moment, only the fact that in order to understand the inheritance we must acquaint ourselves not only with the preceding generation, but also with the remoter ascendants; that there are in each generation characters which do not become manifest, but which may show themselves again in subsequent generations. At the back of all individual variations the type reveals itself as an independent and persistent quality. The parents alone are not the "origin" or "cause" of the individual, but the whole race or species from which it proceeds, the race or species as a supra-individual concept, which permits us, irrespective of, or rather including its individual representatives, roughly to delimit and define the general inheritance, although within these limits individual peculiarities are constantly inherited, concerning which we cannot definitely

trace the line of inheritance, or say what factors condition their appearance.

So, if we seek to determine the origins of an individual being, we find ourselves gazing into unfathomable depths. We have not exhausted what we call a man's inheritance when we have established the character of his parents, especially as many of the characters which we observe are quite certainly *not* inherited. Inheritance is like a subterranean stream, of which we see only subsidiary manifestations, which are not the stream itself. But this stream has flowed hither from the bodies of immediate forbears; an elusive power, the "type", manifests itself through inheritance, the type which amidst all individual variants preserves a certain uniformity. What we call our individuality is not merely a heritage of parental individualities—it is the inheritance of a type; we are the heirs of the whole human species, which of course comprises highly specialized subtypes, to which we may give the names of races, peoples, and families, but which are nevertheless so inextricably intermingled that the plexus cannot be unravelled. But unless we are willing to admit that the species man, whose heritage is operative in us, has come into existence out of nothingness, we must admit that it has descended from other types of life, whose heir it is, which complicates matters infinitely. For we are the heirs not merely of one individual species; we are also the heirs of the countless other species which preceded us. Who knows what strange species of fish or amphibia, infusoria and amœbæ we ought to include in our pedigree! It may be that we count among our ancestors creatures that breathed with gills, or did not even possess a nervous system! And when in a museum we see the forms of primeval life embedded in chalk or impressed on coal, who knows but that it is their blood that has found its way, by an infinity of circuitous paths, through millions of other animal bodies, into our own arteries? Whether we account

for the transformations of this strange series of ancestors by sudden mutations or by gradual evolution, we must once more accept what seemed so problematical after the researches of many of the more recent biologists, the inheritance of acquired characters. For unless we believe that a god one day moulded new forms and endowed them with new faculties, as a toymaker might fit a mechanism into a doll, we must admit that in the older species new faculties gradually or suddenly came into being, and were then inherited.

One thing, however, is certain: "hereditary transmission" is not a firm foundation on which we can build the life of the future; on the contrary, what positivism falsely regarded as a clearly definable hypothesis of given quantities reveals itself as a series of causes which loses itself in infinity, and of which none is the actual and primordial cause. We can only say that we *do* inherit, but not *what* and from whom and according to what *laws* we inherit, even though recent research has thrown fresh light on individual points of interest.

The Heir as the Vehicle of the Future

Behind us lies infinity, and before us also. We are not only the heirs of the past, we are not merely the present, we are also the vehicles of endless possibilities. Even if we accept the fertilized ovum as the starting-point of the individuality —and this after the foregoing exposition is a deliberate truncation of its history—we must nevertheless perceive the germ of the future in the extremely complex predispositions of the past, which, as we have seen, will to a very great extent be manifested not in the life of this individual, but in the lives of his descendants. This tiny being, not a twelfth of an inch in diameter, is a miracle of a delicacy and fragility almost beyond human conception. In the Middle

Ages monks were said to have busied themselves in writing the five books of Moses on a nut; but even had they succeeded in doing so, what would this have been as compared with the infinite complexity of this much smaller ovum, in which the past and future of a whole human life, and indeed of a whole series of generations, lie enclosed! But this future life is not concealed in the ovum like a rigid mechanism, or rather, like the melodies in a musical-box; since in its preparedness for the future it conceals innumerable possibilities, which may at any time develop, in co-operation with external circumstances, in such a way that it seems subsequently as though they must have been adapted beforehand to precisely this or that environment. And yet other circumstances might call forth quite other possibilities, and these likewise would have made a self-contained whole of uniform structure. Not only quantitatively, but qualitatively also, the stream of life that flows through us is infinite, but by no means amorphous, since it always bears within it a "directivity".

We are confronted by a fresh mystery: side by side with the agglomeration of an extremely intricate past we have the agglomeration of a no less incalculable future; and even though the two are in some sense united in a momentary present, they can never be deduced from this present alone. Even if we had ultra-microscopic eyes and could see into the heart of the living embryo or child, how could we disentangle the temporal succession that is contained in this spatial juxtaposition? Does not "time" enter into all life as a factor of peculiar significance—time, which alone can bring the germ to maturity?

When we attempt to follow the gradual development of this miraculous being, the fertilized ovum, a favourite word of the nineteenth century places itself at our disposal: the concept of "evolution", which is applied not only to the individual history, but also to the racial history—to

ontogenesis as well as to phylogenesis. Popular as this term has become, it is as a rule very loosely conceived. Literally it means *e-volution*, a bringing out, an unrolling or unfolding of something that already existed. We may exemplify this concept by the perfected flower, which is formed in all its parts in the bud, and merely unfolds itself. And as a matter of fact there have been biologists who believed that the completed human being was preformed in the fertilized ovum, which—since the man is an epitome of his race—would mean that he must in some way have been preformed even in those hypothetical and primordial creatures of the Palæozoic age, from which the higher animals and the human race are descended. Only this doctrine of preformation is in the true sense of the world the doctrine of evolution.

At the same time, of course, there is the doctrine of *epigenesis*, which hesitates to say that the adult individual is in some way preformed in the fertilized ovum, but on the contrary regards the whole formation of the individual as a new formation which occurs during the course of life, and in which previously indeterminate relations gradually come into existence.

Modern biology has offered us no certain solution in this dilemma. There are eminent scientists in both camps, and on both sides they point to experiments which seem to confirm their several opinions. While Roux' first experiments with frogs' eggs, which he partially destroyed, resulted in the production of half-embryos only, and therefore seemed to speak in favour of rigid determination in the organization of the egg, Driesch and others succeeded in quartering the eggs of sea-urchins and obtaining four perfect sea-urchins from the parts; which does not speak in favour of preformation, and was energetically exploited by Driesch in favour of the doctrine of epigenesis. Above all, the organism's power of regeneration—that is, of restoring destroyed members—seems to speak for epigenesis, as Driesch and

Hertwig maintain. On the other hand, biologists of the rank of Roux and Weissmann explain even this power of regeneration in the sense of preformation, believing that every cell contains, in addition to its rigidly determined plasm, a reserve plasm, which under special circumstances is able to undertake the task of regeneration. As against this, the epigenetists insist that we must in any case accept the existence of a "whole", of a complete plan, which accomplishes itself, even in opposition to external encroachment.

As far as we can judge to-day, it is scarcely possible to come to a definite decision in the dispute between the preformists and the epigenetists. It may be that the opposition of the two doctrines has been exaggerated by the way in which the problem is stated; that it admits not of alternative but of concomitant solutions. But even the epigenetists cannot deny that a certain general preformation must exist—if not in the sense of a microscopic reduction of the subsequent result, yet in the sense of a quite special correspondence of definite portions of the ovum with the subsequent parts of the organism. On the other hand, the preformists must admit that the preformation must in any case be to a great extent plastic; that it is not a rigid system, but one that is within certain limits flexible.

In any case we have to find an answer to the question: what are the factors that cause evolution, whether this be the realization of the preformations existing in the germ, or—as the epigenetists maintain—the new creation of differentiations which did not previously exist? Here two possibilities seem to offer themselves: either the evolution must be evoked by external stimuli, or it must be the result of internal and formative stimuli which occur in the process of growth. As regards such external influences as temperature, touch, light, or chemical action, it is of course admitted that they are important "releases", which, generally speaking, enable something to happen, but that they are quite insuffi-

cient to explain the particular nature of the development. It is true that there is a certain parallelism in the development of two germs which are subjected to precisely the same external influences. If we plant an acorn and a beech-nut in the same field there will be certain external parallelisms between the resulting saplings; but the acorn will still become an oak and the beech-nut a beech-tree. No external intervention can develop a beech-tree from an acorn, or an oak from a beech-nut.

Whether we decide for evolution or for epigenesis, we are obliged to attribute a certain "directivity" to every living being; we are obliged to see in it a causal continuity which proceeds in relative independence, though always in association with the environment. Every germ bears locked within it at least a portion of its future destiny. Even the mechanical evolutionist is forced to admit that life may be regarded "as though" a purpose, a striving towards a goal were at work in it. As compared with this internal orientation, external influences produce only slight modifications; besides and in despite of them the inner purpose is infallibly accomplished. As far as the developing individual is a type, the orientation can be roughly predicted. If we except special pathological cases, we can define the progress of life in every human embryo—to begin with in its various embryonic phases—but we can also predict approximately when the child, after birth, will begin to move spontaneously, and to walk and speak; when sexual differentiation will appear, and when the phenomena which we know as the climacteric, senility, etc., will set in. Since these forms of evolution appear, on the whole, independently of the environment, although they may be modified in detail, we must regard the predisposition to these forms as purposiveness or "directivity" in the embryo itself.

Although we are still very much in the dark as regards this predestination of development, which is indubitably con-

ditioned by an internal predisposition of the organism, we find that recent research has thrown a good deal of light on the problem. It has given us the notion of "formative stimuli", the successive occurrence of which brings about the formation or transformation of the organs. Research into the nature and function of the internal secretions has in particular yielded extremely valuable information. The public has learned of these results chiefly from Steinach's experiments, by which it was hoped to effect rejuvenation by operative intervention. Indubitably Steinach's experiments, which must be considered conjointly with the work of many other investigators, have proved that the secretions of the testicles and ovaries are very essential for the production of the secondary sexual organs. Steinach was able, by removing the testicles from male cats and guinea-pigs and implanting ovaries, to obtain the mammary glands of the female, a deeper layer of adipose tissue, and other transformations of a specifically female character, thereby proving that the ovaries do actually influence the formation of these organs. Similarly, the influence of the thyroid on the stature and the development of the brain and other organs is admitted. Thus, the organism, in the course of its development, itself produces the means which effect its transformation. Even if we were to describe living creatures as mechanisms, we could not for that reason regard them as rigid structures, like the machines constructed by human beings, since they bear within them the possibility of transforming themselves, and—most remarkable of all—of transforming themselves in various ways in adaptation to external circumstances; for which reason even the epigenetists refrain from defining them as "mechanisms".

Even these cursory indications will reveal the existence of a very contradictory state of affairs. On the one hand, we are obliged to regard the individual heir of every living creature as the "orientated" or "directed" germ of a determinate

evolution, a systematic or purposive structure that of its own accord strives towards a determined formation, which is itself roughly circumscribed by the "type". On the other hand, we must grant the inherited disposition a considerable mobility, and we must admit also that the self-realization of the individual includes incalculable further possibilities —some of which, it is true, remain within the limits of the type—but which, at the same time, while they first of all produce the individualization within the type, also, at times, overstep the limits of the type.

We become what we are; but we are only what we become. On the one hand, our ego exists within a self-directed evolutionary series; on the other hand, it is continually influenced by external circumstances which are not in themselves dependent on the ego, but which are drawn into it. We are perfectly justified in regarding the development of an individual as a relatively closed and "directed" causal continuity, but only up to a certain point; for in addition to the inner causality an external causality is always intervening, which would naturally turn the first into a chaos were it not able to assert itself against the invasion. And this, of course, is the case. However highly we may estimate the influence of the surrounding world, of the milieu, we can never explain the transformation of the organism by means of this alone. On the contrary, there is between the individual and "its" environment a peculiar and harmonious relation which cannot indeed be dismissed as mere "chance", but which confronts us with problems of a quite special nature.

The Concept of the Milieu

Inasmuch as we have admitted the influence of external circumstances on development, we have arrived at the concept which the positivist introduces as the second principal factor in his equation: the milieu, by which the positivist

does not mean the "middle", though this is the real meaning of the word, but simply the environment.

While the positivist will perhaps admit that inheritance has its mysterious secrets, he will insist that a person's milieu can be much more definitely known, since it is possible to describe it with exactitude. Here we are obliged to differ from him. On the contrary, the explanations which the positivist deduces from the milieu can only yield a mere semblance of knowledge, because this notion is so comprehensive, so vague, and so complex, and may be used to "explain" such a vast variety of facts, that it does not really give an unequivocal explanation of anything whatever!

Let us briefly test the value of a few such "explanations". A well-known writer of literary history had the misfortune, in an essay on Wieland, to confuse the place of his birth, Biberach in Upper Swabia, with Biebrich on the Rhine, and accordingly gave a brilliant description of Wieland as a genuine child of the sunny, vine-clad Rhineland. The equation was brilliantly worked out; its only defect was that it was incorrect. If such a writer had taken it into his head that Nietzsche had sprung of a family of soldiers instead of being the son of a pastor, he would have proved, with the same literary elegance, that the warlike spirit of his youthful environment had worked itself out in Nietzsche's whole character. If Schiller had been the son of an actor, his "sense of the theatre" would have been attributed to his milieu. This explanation would have passed, as every such explanation passes: by the theory of the environment everything can be explained, for which very reason all such explanations are highly suspect.

Let us now take some actual cases, in which the correctness of the explanation seems to be susceptible of proof. Writers, for example, are fond of maintaining that in Nietzsche's life the atmosphere of Schulpforta, and in Bismarck's career that of the students' corps, was of lasting

effect. This, of course, is not entirely untrue, but it is quite possible to hold the contrary opinion—that the individual is not to be explained by the environment, but the environment by the individual. For would Bismarck have remained in the students' corps, would he not, like Nietzsche, have broken away from the students' organization, had there not pre-existed an inner kinship between the spirit of the feudal confederacy and his own nature? And conversely, why did not Nietzsche break away from the philological atmosphere of Schulpforta, from which he had not entirely freed himself even when he resigned his chair in Basle University on the grounds of ill-health? For whatever he was besides, he always remained something of a philologist in his worship of literary Hellenism, and in his manner of "commentating" on books and circumstances. Without a doubt, Nietzsche had already the nature of a philologist before he ever entered Schulpforta; and Bismarck was a feudal Junker, not as a result of external influences, but by descent.

We might express our most immediate objection to the older form of the theory of the milieu by saying that a man, excepting in his earliest youth, is not confined, like a plant, to a fixed environment, but is able to seek his milieu ("his" milieu—that is, the milieu which intrinsically belongs to him). Only in early childhood does man find his milieu prescribed for him; but at this period he does not experience the characteristics of the milieu—that is, he does not experience what an adult would regard as its characteristics—but lives in a childish world of play and imagination, which often has little relation to reality.

And here we come to a second objection: that the grown man does not merely choose his milieu externally, but also *internally transforms it.* We have just as much right to say that the man forms his environment as we have to say that his environment forms the man. The complex structure to

which positivism referred is not in reality, regarded from the standpoint of the individual, "a" milieu, but it includes precisely as many separate milieux as there are individuals living in it. We have not achieved very much when we have explained a character by reference to a provincial town, for even the smallest provincial town is not a compact unit, but affects every person in a different way. One person will be affected by the proximity of the country; another by the stuffy atmosphere of the small town houses; a third will find the life one of idyllic comfort; and each will build "his" own world within the same little town.

There is also a third objection to the theory of the milieu. What it calls "influence" is not by any means a unitary process; it is not, first and foremost, the action of the environment, but the *re*action of the ego. The ego, however, does not react always in the same manner, but in a number of very different ways. Let us take the stagnant atmosphere of a Philistine little town for granted: one person will find it oppressive, another will be scarcely affected by it, and a third will rebel against it, and develop himself in direct opposition to it. From the mere existence of a milieu we can never guess how it will affect the individual; that depends on the individual himself, on the internal orientation of his character, which develops itself *against* the milieu, but is never merely formed *by* it.

In any case, the doctrine of the influence of the milieu on the individual, as usually conceived, must undergo a profound transformation. The old mechanical notion must be replaced by an organic conception, which has for its central point the creative, selective, formative activity of the subject, which does not subordinate the subject to the object, but sets it above the latter. Just as certain qualities of soil and climate will affect plants, so the environment affects the human being. Yet this effect is not the action of the environment on the subject, but the reaction which is essentially

conditioned by the individual nature of the subject, and may equally well consist in aversion, rejection, or self-seclusion, as in surrender, acceptance, and servile submission. For human beings differ from the beginning in the manner in which they allow the impressions of the outer world to affect them. There are persons who seem to evolve independently of their milieu, and indeed in constant opposition to it; and there are others who set their sail to every wind, and whose life seems to be determined not from within but from without. Merely to establish the influence of an environment on the ego counts for nothing; we must know *the manner and the intensity* with which the ego reacts to the environment.

And now we are confronted by a strange cross-current of influences. The ego itself shapes its environment, while it forms itself upon the environment. The idea of the positivists was that the ego was mechanically formed by the outer world like a lump of clay which a potter presses into a mould. But this is not the case. It is true that the outer world supplies "formative stimuli", but the ego decides whether it will accept them, and how it will respond to them. And even when the outer world imposes itself by violence, it is never possible to predict exactly how the ego will react.

Far from being a compact, ascertainable quantity, the "environment" really resolves itself into precisely as many separate environments as there are beings to inhabit it. Only from the most general standpoint can the flies, the dog, and the human beings who live in the same room be said really to live in the *same* room. In actual truth, each lives in his own world. We cannot explain the living beings by the environment in which they live, but only by the subject in the midst of the environment. We should have to know the flies and the dog before we could know how much they perceive and experience of their environment

(although we know very little indeed of *how* the flies and the dog experience their worlds). What do we know of the environments in which even those human beings most intimately related to us live, particularly as their outer world is not completed until it becomes also their inner world? "Living" is not merely the emergence of innate predispositions; it is also the absorbing of circumstances which are external to us, and which we make our own, building up out of them the environment which we need.

The defect of the positivist theory of the milieu was its crude materialism. It held that the milieu of the human being was built up of the external existence of things: climate, landscape, social relations. But these are, so to speak, only raw material, which the ego does not encounter merely, as a rock meets the wind and the rain, but which it mentally assimilates. Needless to say, the physical environment is not a matter of indifference to the individual; he is influenced by it in many ways, but it is never by itself the decisive factor. In actual reality, the milieu is above all a *spiritual* fact, and a man's environment does not merely surround him, it is also *within* him; that is, it does not become his environment until he absorbs it into his own life and *lives* it.

The Forms of Experience

The new psychology has replaced the so-called positivistic (but, in reality, crudely materialistic) theory of the milieu by the theory of *experience*, which has the advantage of stressing the supremacy of the subject. Nevertheless, the concept of experience is a very comprehensive summary, and must be split up into narrower concepts before it can actually throw any light on the special life-formation of a human being.

Let us, to begin with, define the concept of experience. Its hypothesis is the ego, as a whole with manifold predis-

positions, faculties, and instincts, which, as we have seen, do not exist merely in juxtaposition, but enter into action as an ordered succession, gradually building up the body and its organs, and, at the same time, developing the consciousness. If we call this succession life, we must at the same time admit that life without experience, without the inclusion of manifold stimuli from the outer world, is impossible; that every living being requires environmental stimuli in order to unfold its life. But no stimulus is experienced unless the necessary disposition pre-exists in the ego; at the same time, of course, the nature of the experience is dependent on the quality of the stimulus. The self-developing organism creates formative stimuli with the aid of the outer world, to some extent, at all events, seeking them for itself, and in every case transforming them independently—that is, enabling them to become experience. The totality of the objects experienced forms the environment of the ego, and only that which the ego experiences—that is, only that which acquires an internal relation to the ego—belongs to its personal environment.

We may illustrate the problem of experience by an example which occurs in all of us in the full light of consciousness: the experience of sexual attraction. We will even imagine a boy who has hitherto been indifferent to girls, apart from the occasional and precocious excitations which occur in every life. In order that any profounder experience may occur a predisposition of the ego is a necessary hypothesis. So long as this does not exist, the loveliest girl will fail to attract the boy. None will become "experience" for him. Nevertheless, the moment comes when the predisposition to experience is present, and then, unconsciously, the ego seeks an object, seeks that "formative external stimulus" which is conformable to its predisposition.

At the same time, different "constellations" occur, in accordance with which we distinguish different types of

experience. The most favourable case is that of the *directionally adequate experience*, in which the ego finds an object which is conformable not only to its sexuality, but to its whole nature; for the experience is never merely a matter of one isolated instinct, but always of the entire personality. This is a case of "fortunate" love; and here we use the word "fortunate" not merely in the sense of a sentimental gratification of desire, but in the sense of an adequate congruity between the subject of the experience and the object.

This, however, is an ideal case, which the reality does not always offer. In most persons the choice of an object of experience is limited, so that instinct of necessity directs itself upon an object which is not fully adequate to the direction of the subject's life. At the same time, a number of possibilities exist.

To begin with, the subject can *make* the object adequate, inasmuch as the ego—as a rule unconsciously—transforms it in imagination. It is not the existence of the object, not its "reality", that matters, but the image which the subject forms of the object, on the basis of a partial sufficiency. I will call this case one of *semi-imaginative* experience, as I shall later have occasion to distinguish it from freely imaginative experience. Most experiences of love are to some extent at least imaginatively conditioned or qualified. The young man finds a person of the other sex who attracts him for some partial reason—perhaps because of a pretty face—and now, in his imagination, he transforms her into the epitome of all that he longs for in virtue of his "orientation". It may be a very long while before he perceives the difference between the reality and the imagined image, though sometimes the awakening is sudden.

And yet this need not always happen. Sometimes, particularly if the orientation of the ego is not very rigid, and if the inadequacy is not too great, adaptation occurs; the inner orientation transposes itself, and the originally half-

imaginary experience becomes a *re-orientating* experience. That is, on closer acquaintance the imaginative embellishments grow fainter, the reality insists on its rights, and finally a compromise is effected with this reality.

But in the entire absence of a stimulus which is in some degree congruous with the predisposition to experience (as, for example, in a boarding-school, or in solitary confinement), either we have a *free imaginative experience*, an "imago", a purely imaginary experience, or the instinct fixes on a quite inadequate object and becomes perverted. These cases of disorientated experience may lead to tragic and morbid forms of development, as happens, for example, in a case of "acquired homosexuality".

Naturally, in all experience the *intensity* of the inner orientation plays a part. Weak natures are easily diverted; strong natures find it possible to hold to their course even against external compulsion. They help themselves by inner rebellion, by over-compensation. Experience becomes a reaction. We may see an example of this in another sphere of experience; in the case, for instance, of a naturally proud individual who has perforce to live in a humiliating social position; his pride, in defiance of his environment, may become greater than ever, until he finally throws off the yoke. Here we have *rebellious* experience.

But if his nature is not strong enough for victorious rebellion, the experience-tendency may be repressed, suppressed, or transformed. It masks itself in other forms. Pride becomes hatred and resentment, and love turns to bitterness. Hatred is often only disappointed love, and atheism only piety in disguise. It is one of the merits of psycho-analysis that it has cast a ray of light into this dark world of suppressed and disguised experiences.

This process, of which we can give only a few examples here, may of course occur in the case of all the instincts, tendencies, and faculties. What we are seeking to demonstrate

here is the fact that the development of a human being is never conditioned by the existence or non-existence of this or that object; that an object, in order to become effective, must first become experience; that is, that a relation must develop (conditioned predominantly by the subject) to the particular orientation of the ego, of the will to live; but that nevertheless this relation is never unequivocal, since according to the vitality of the ego it may lead to adaptation, or divergence, or even to reaction, to the rebellion of the subject.

Consequently the "world" in which a man lives is never "explained" by enumerating the things which surround him; we must know *which* of these things he experiences, and *how*. He does not find his environment ready made; he builds it up and develops it, inasmuch as he imbues it with sentiments and ideas, organizing and arranging its contents, all of which, however, are related to his ego. While all sorts of relations may exist between the worlds in which different individuals live, the fact remains that each lives in *his* world, the world which corresponds with his ego, and is indeed its counterpart. This world changes with him, and ceases to exist when he dies. This is what we mean when we say that man forms "his" environment.

Only if we presuppose the formative power of the ego can we grant that the environment is significant in the development of the individuality. But it becomes influential only in so far as the raw material which it provides is elaborated spiritually, and assimilated to the nature of the ego. How this is effected can never be foretold from the mere existence of the relations between the environment and the ego. We shall show presently that up to a certain point the particular quality of experience which we call the "style" of the individuality may be determined. Nevertheless, we may admit that those "experiences" which are partly conditioned by external circumstances may pro-

foundly influence the development of the individuality, inasmuch as they lead to transformations of the whole intellectual structure of the ego. At the same time, however, the ego is always *active*; the process of transformation is never passive and mechanical. It is not the environment that shapes the ego; the ego shapes itself against the environment, and this "environment" is not merely a material, but above all a spiritual fact.

The Spiritual Inheritance of Man

To insist that man experiences his milieu not merely as a physical, but, above all, as a spiritual fact, is to insist that the individual exists not merely in physical, but also in spiritual continuity with the rest of the world. We are not simply component parts of a physical environment; we live also in a spiritual world. Going back a little, we must now enlarge the concept of inheritance—which we conceived at first as a physiological continuity—on the spiritual side. We are not heirs of the flesh alone, we are heirs also of the spirit, even though the spirit must to a certain extent become flesh in order to be ours.

We must not regard inheritance merely as a biological fact, even if science has so restricted the conception. "Inheritance", according to its derivation, is by no means a biological conception, but rather, in the first place, a juristic notion, which signifies the transmission of external possessions from one individual to another. We do not "inherit" merely biological dispositions from our ancestors; the inheritance is not settled at the moment of conception or birth, but continues even after birth. There is a *psychical* inheritance which is transmitted during the course of the individual life by way of the consciousness. This psychical inheritance is the continuance of the physical by other means. Thanks to this, parental qualities are transmitted to man which in

animals are passed on by physical inheritance. The animals, and expecially the lower animals, leave the maternal womb far more completely equipped than man. Every animal inherits, in the form of instincts, a number of valuable modes of behaviour which man has to learn after birth from his parents—that is, by way of the consciousness.

This psychical inheritance proceeds in such a way that some qualities of the father or mother are transmitted to the child after its birth; the child acquires the characteristics of its parents by observation, imitation, and assimilation. Popular opinion is inclined to attribute all such acquisitions to biological and physiological inheritance, and assumes, for example, that Beethoven inherited his musical gifts from his father as a natural predisposition. That musical talent in particular is "hereditary" is one of the most widespread opinions in this connection. People point to the numerous families of musicians—and, above all, to the Bach family—in which this talent has been transmitted for generations. Modern biology, however, is obliged to regard such inheritance as doubtful. The physical inheritance of musical talent would be demonstrated only if the son of such a family, transplanted into an absolutely unmusical environment, were nevertheless to develop his musical talent. Such a case, however, is unknown. On the other hand, we have the fact that the child of a musical family is subjected to musical influences from an early age, accepts the high valuation set on music in his parents' house, and by assimilation and imitation, and even by compulsion, acquires a knowledge of music. And there are cases of highly musical persons who have come of families in which the parents have displayed no particular talent for music.

If we now turn to the instruments of psychical inheritance —the teachers—as in the case of physical education, we must include not only the parents, but also a number of other persons, who consciously or unconsciously play their part

in the education of the child. We are the heirs, through our consciousness, not of our parents alone, but of the whole community to which we belong, which is itself the heir of earlier communities.

We may illustrate this by one of the most important intellectual inheritances: *Speech.* The physical faculty of speech is of course innate, but the use of a certain language we learn from our parents. They, on their side, have inherited this language from countless generations, not only of their own people, but of many generations of civilizations long dead. For none of the so-called national languages is the creation of one people only, but is interspersed with all sorts of borrowings. If, for example, I say "To-day is Thursday", I am employing a conception which dates back to the old Scandinavian days when the god Thor was worshipped. At the same time, Thursday is only a translation of the Roman *dies jovis*, which takes us back to the erroneous comparison of Thor with Jupiter. But even the Romans did not originate this designation; they inherited the calendar of the seven-day week from the East, by way of Greece and Phœnicia, so that we too are the heirs of the ancient Babylonians and Sumerians, who were themselves perhaps the heirs of other peoples. Here we have an intellectual continuity which extends over thousands of years! And we do not inherit words only, but with words we inherit ways of thought, and the concepts and schemata by which we subdivide and order the world; and when we learn to speak, we learn also to think and to systematize and control the world. Speech is an inheritance of inestimable importance, without which we should not be human in the true sense of the word, an inheritance which each individual administers in his own way; for within the typical forms it is quite possible to acquire an individual style of speech.

As we "inherit" speech, so we inherit all the rest of human culture: art, science, customs, and the practical conduct of

life. What we call "education" is the deliberate transmission of definite life-forms to growing human beings. But even the contents of education are not passively accepted; they too have to be "experienced", that is, actively received by the ego; they must be included in the orientation of the soul, or they remain inert. The more independent the individual is and becomes, the more independently he handles his "inheritance", improving and transforming and extending it. Once again we come to the reciprocal relation by which, on the one hand, the individual is formed by civilization, while on the other hand he himself transforms civilization.

If we include in "inheritance"—as the general use of the term would compel us to include—all that we receive from our ancestors by psychical methods, the continuity of mankind is enlarged in an extraordinary degree. To blood-relationship we must add a psychical relationship whose range by far exceeds that of blood-relationship, although even this is, as a rule, far more extensive than our pedigrees would suggest. All tradition is psychical inheritance. Every modern European—to name only a few examples—has inherited, by psychical means, the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman cultures, and millions of men and women long dead have contributed to his shaping; for the acceptance of a tradition is not the mere external acceptance of its intellectual contents, but implies the structural modification of the whole character.

The Concept of Individuality

If we now look back on the foregoing chapters, we shall see that we have come to the conclusion that it is not possible to calculate the development of an individuality from the factors *heredity* and *environment*. On the contrary, we found that the living structure which develops itself into an individuality is a stupendously complicated product of

absolutely incalculable inherited influences, which "grows into" a world from which it absorbs an incalculable number and variety of stimuli. Instead of the mechanical obedience to the law in which the positivist believes, we discovered a different order, of which it is possible to trace the main features. On the one hand we have a directive subjectivity, an orientation of subjective events, and on the other hand the faculty possessed by the ego of accepting from the environment and experiencing such stimuli as are adapted to it, so that there is, so to speak, a reciprocity of life between the ego and its environment; for while the environment becomes a part of the ego, the ego likewise becomes a part of its environment.

The ego lives its own life, but it also lives in the life of the world. No life is lived in monadic isolation; in being *lived* it *becomes*, especially since the environment works upon the subjective life by means of conscious education, and, above all, because the social environment draws the individual ego into life-currents which are of a supra-individual nature, and within which the ego must at once assert and accommodate itself.

Thus every individual life may be regarded from two different standpoints. On the one hand, every life is a constituent part of the world: it grows out of past times which do not form part of its ego, and unfolds itself through interaction with an environment which at first lies outside its ego. On the other hand, from these pre-individual life-currents emerges a happening, a force whose direction is roughly determined, which opposes itself independently to the environment and builds up a world of its own. Contradictory as it may seem, every ego is on the one hand independent, and on the other hand a dependent and constituent part of the world. It depends on our point of view whether we say that man shapes his fate, or that fate shapes the man. Both points of view are possible, both are justified.

Only if we take the two together can we comprehend that most remarkable state of affairs which we call "our" life, which is never merely our life alone, but only a constituent part of the life of the whole world.

My ego, then, is never merely my ego, but is always part of a non-ego, a super-ego. If, in considering this state of affairs, we enter into particulars, we are confronted by those apparent contradictions which I have described as the paradoxes of individuality, and which must be understood if we wish to understand the irrational fact of individuality.

What we so proudly call our ego is, to begin with, a product of factors which are external to it, but which it assimilates, by virtue of an internal orientation, in such a way that its life receives an individual stamp. It is independent, but only on the basis of complex relations with the outer world. This applies in particular to that impalpable power which is active in every human being—the "type"—or, more exactly, to a highly complicated typicality within which the human ego asserts itself as an absolutely unique being. I, while I am an ego, am not only representative of the type "man", but am at the same time the representative of a sexual type (man or woman), an age-type (a young or old man), a national type, a period type, and a class type, all of which are impressed upon my physical and psychical habitation, despite the fact that I am differentiated from all other representatives of these types. Furthermore, there is in truth a certain unity in this orientated happening which I call my life; yet this unity is nothing absolute, but is a constantly self-modifying equilibrium in a great complexity of instincts, tendencies, faculties, etc. The problematic nature of this unity is perceived not only in respect of coexistence, but also in respect of succession. It is true that there is a continuity in our life, which presents itself to us as "permanence", but this permanence consists only in progressive change.

To summarize our findings: we are obliged to define our ego by the four paradoxes of independence within manifold relations to the non-ego, uniqueness within the type, unity in multiplicity, and permanence in change. Because these apparently contradictory results can never be reduced to a completely fixed formula, but merely mark the limits within which life revolves, we call individuality irrational.

To this, however, we must add that every individuality strives to rationalize itself: that is, it tries increasingly to emphasize its independence, its separateness, its unity and its permanence. That part of the individuality which is evoked by social life we call "personality", to distinguish it from individuality pure and simple. One "is" an individual, but one has to become a personality. Our individuation is not a completed fact at our birth; it is a process which continues all through life. It even reveals itself externally in the facial expression. The physiognomy of the child, the young man, or the young woman, is far less individualized, is in a higher degree typical, than the face of the old man or woman, for which reason such artists as Dürer or Rembrandt, who have depicted individual character, have preferred to paint the portraits of aged persons. Here, however, the outer man is only an indication of the psychical. Even the psychic individuation completes itself only during life.

The "Style" of the Individual Life

To begin with, then, man appears as a highly irrational creature, who can be defined only by paradoxes. But what have we gained thereby? Have we not found a chaos where we looked for a cosmos? Have we not discovered a wild irregularity where we looked for obedience to law?

To this we reply that we have truly found no cosmos, if by a cosmos we understand only something which can be mathematically predicted. Man is not a cosmos in the sense

of a clockwork mechanism, but he is far from being a chaos. We cannot write down an algebraic equation for his destiny, but we can often—on the plane of intuitive insight and sympathy—foretell very largely what form his destiny will assume.

Here I should like to introduce a new conception, in order to define the order of a human being's fate. I will borrow an expression from the artist, and call it his "style". That is, we will think of a man not as a mechanism, but as a work of art, in a sense which I will presently explain.

In applying the concept of style to human life in general, we are not introducing a concept external to life and of alien character; on the contrary, we are but extending the application of this concept from a part of life, from artistic activity, to human life as a whole. That inner, irrational order and unity which men have long been accustomed to perceive in the life-work of artists we now assign to life itself. Not only does the artist display "style" in his productions, but every man displays "style" in all his expressions of life.

But what do we mean when we speak of the style of an artist's works—that is, in the last resort, of the style of his individuality? Well, we can here draw upon those conclusions by which we lately characterized the human individuality. If we wish to characterize the "style" of a Dürer, a Schubert, or a Schiller, this means that we must point to a unity in the multiplicity of their numerous works, a permanence in change, a separateness within a type, an independence in their accommodation to the influences of the environment. We can never explain in an intelligible manner why we at once recognize a certain melody as originating with Schubert, or why we can state, with equal certainty, that it is *not* the work of Bach or Wagner. We do not deny that it is possible to approach the problem more closely, but in practice our attribution of the melody is not made

on the basis of intelligible considerations, but on the grounds of intuitive recognition, which can offer no particular reasons, but comprehends the melody as a whole. Anyone with an understanding of music will perceive the individual peculiarity of style as an immediate experience—that is, as a perception which cannot be supported by intelligible reasons. Without being clear as to our reasons, we hear in the melody that elusive something which we associate with the name of Schubert, and detect more or less plainly in all his work; something that is permanent in all the variability of the work; something that constitutes his "apartness", although similar things occur in the work of contemporary masters; something in which we recognize the specific Schubertian manner of expressing himself, in the realm of tone, within its laws of composition.

We maintain, then, that style reveals itself not only in works of art, but in the whole life of every artist, and, indeed, that every man reveals such "style" in all the expressions of his life. This means that the course of a man's life, his "fortune", is not ordained in the sense of being mathematically predicable, but that it has "style". Just as it has long been recognized that the style of the Gothic or baroque period is not displayed in churches or paintings only, but that the clothing, social manners, politics, and philosophy of these periods all possess the same physiognomy, which has its source in the uniform psychical attitude and conception of the whole life of the age, so it has long been perceived that in the case, for example, of Goethe, the houses in which he dwelt, the men with whom he associated, the philosophical ideas which he entertained, and the women whom he loved, all, despite their differences in detail, possess his specific "style", which changes in a peculiar parallel fashion, while always preserving a deep-seated continuity.

One of the most refined pleasures of artistic appreciation

consists in perceiving how the uniform features of the "style" reveal themselves in despite of variability, just as in music we can follow a unitary and fundamental theme in all the variations, inversions, and modulations of a composition. The similarity to music extends still further: for not only is the whole life, like the sonata, built up on one basic theme, but it frequently contains a number of contrasting themes, which attain a higher unity by their very opposition. To the senses they are often connected only by community of tone or rhythm, but intuition surmises that they are far more profoundly related.

The existence of this "style" may be proved by reference to phenomena which are familiar to all. If we live in a house with other people we can tell by their "step" which of them is passing down the corridor. This is possible only because every person has his own particular gait, which belongs to him alone; and this is because it has "style", the individual style of the person in question. However crude this expression of life may seem—an expression which reveals itself in rapidity, rhythm, and intensity of sound—nevertheless, the "whole man" is in the sound of his footsteps.

Or let us take the handwriting. When we receive a letter from a friend we do not need to read his signature, we recognize the writer immediately by the formation of his handwriting, and we do so because the handwriting, like every expression of life, is in his style. On this is based the possibility of graphology, that is, the art of reading the character from the handwriting. This is possible only because the handwriting, of inherent necessity, has its origin in the character of the writer; because it has style, a specific peculiarity, which a sharp eye will detect even when the writing is deliberately disguised. The central fact of our whole system of credit—that we are able to accept a man's signature as legal proof of his intentions—is based on the fact that the whole man may be recognized in his handwriting.

In one thing, it is true, life and art, the style of art and the style of life, are distinguished—and here we find the reason why style was perceived in art much earlier than in life: in art it makes its appearance in a purer form, more readily, and more uninterruptedly. In the rest of life the external impediments are much greater; external compulsions intervene which are lacking in art; and compromises have to be made with reality, which the artist can treat with greater indifference. Here we find the explanation of the fact that in many artists the style of their art differs so greatly from the style of their life: they are not capable of bending the realities of life to their style, and therefore escape from the limitations of the senses into the freedom of ideas. This way of escape is denied to men whose creative faculty is small: for them nothing remains but to impress their style—as well as they can—on life and the world, and to bear along with them the unresolved remainder, and suffer under it. The suffering of life is mostly due to the facts that the crude reality will not accommodate itself to the formative powers; that the ego cannot contrive to live in the world and yet live it under; that it cannot impose its law upon things, but, on the contrary, is itself subjected to the law of things. But even in his suffering, and in the things which make him suffer, the character of the man is revealed. He is often more fully conscious in deprivation than in possession of the direction of the "life-will". Suffering is an incongruity between the direction of the individual life and its external realization. We must learn to understand affliction not as an unpleasant concomitant phenomenon of life, but as a guiding and warning signal to life itself.

But while we speak of style in the life of human beings, and thereby understand an obedience to internal laws, we must clearly distinguish these laws from those which are stated by natural science. Both the mechanical causality of physics and the organic causality of life are forms in

which we, as observers, perceive an order at work within the multiplicity of events. The laws of physics are laws of space, of simultaneity, and will always operate again under similar conditions; the causality of life unfolds itself in time, revealing an order of succession, and is bound up with a certain point of time, though it may become to some extent typified.

These orders, however, like the concept of style, are never wholly individual, but are at the same time super-individual. A work of art possesses style in the higher sense of the word only if it is not merely a personal expression of the creator's individuality, but is at the same time an expression of the super-individual tendencies of the period, and of historical necessities, in which the individual is active only as an operative factor. This is true both of life and of art. The individual life acquires fateful significance only in so far as it becomes the vehicle of super-individual necessities. This is less obvious in ordinary men than in the leaders of humanity; but where there are leaders there are also those who are led; they must exist, in order that the leaders may exert their powers. In so far as individuals are subordinated to one another and associated with one another, without surrendering their individuality, their life acquires style in this further sense, in which not only individuals, but also periods and peoples, and even history as a whole, possess style. And when we say that the individual lives not only his own life, but also a super-individual life, it is in this sense that our statement is to be understood.

The Individual and "His" Vocation

We will now apply our main argument—that in spite of all opposition, the human soul stamps its individual style on all expressions of life—to the relation of the individual to his "vocation". A fine word, this word vocation, iridescent

with many meanings, and revealing, in its different applications, something of the psychology of civilization. It may mean the *inner vocation*, the destined "mission" of the man, which destines him for the performance of some important task, as Beethoven was destined to compose music, Goethe to write poems, and Napoleon to rule and conquer. In general, of course, we conceive the same idea in a more commonplace fashion, inasmuch as we understand by "vocations" the different external careers, the predetermined tracks which the individual may select for his path through life. And these are two very different things. A man "chooses" his external vocation, but he must "possess" his inner vocation. He is "called" to the one, if he is called at all, by some authority; but the inner vocation is innate in him.

Our problem would be no problem if the inner and the outer vocation were infallibly the same; if the inner voice of destiny were infallibly to direct each of us to one of those paths which society has constructed. Unfortunately such harmony is non-existent. There are probably more persons who are in the wrong vocation than persons of whom we are completely convinced that they might, as we say, have been created for their calling. How many judges are really judges, how many physicians are really physicians, how many teachers are truly gifted teachers, and how many generals are real army leaders? Are not most of the representatives of all vocations at the very best respectable workers whose acquired technique enables them to do their job indifferently rather than well? Does not many a preacher give us the feeling that he would be better on the stage, or the cobbler's bench; and in the case of many another man does it not seem that his vocation must have been forced upon him as a punishment to himself or others? Do not many men flounder about in their vocation like a drunken man in a pond? And how many, instead of considering what demands their calling will make of them, think only

of the income and comfort and social consideration which they demand of their vocation!

Thus, it is no very cheerful picture that we behold when we look into our public life. The fact that countless men put up with their professions, that they feel that they have missed their true vocation, confirms, at all events in a negative sense, our theory that most men bear their vocations within them. On the other hand, it is necessary to understand the reasons which lead to such mistakes, which make it possible that so many men should adopt not "their" true vocations, but false ones.

Let us first of all try to ascertain what relation the vocation to which a man is destined bears to the "inner vocation". That it is not easy to reduce to a simple formula what is meant by this term is especially obvious if we consider the most conspicuous cases of such inner vocation, the instances of men gifted above the average, of the so-called "geniuses". When mythology was a living faith it was believed that the gods themselves had appointed these men to their vocations, and permitted good fairies to endow them with special faculties. But even in our own more sober age the "genius" is surrounded by a halo of mystery, of dæmonic powers. The genius seems to have received from Nature a special endowment, denied to other men, a kind of divining-rod, which leads him to the springs that will well forth at his touch. If we question these men of genius—artists, scientists, or statesmen—they often enough reply, with great modesty, that "genius" is diligence, determination, or an absorbing interest; and assuredly the life of most great men points to the erroneous nature of the popular belief that genius is divinely bestowed.

If we try to reconcile these apparently contradictory accounts, we may venture to say that the inner vocation is a constellation of the psychical predispositions, to which, however, a specific will-power must be added if it is to

reach accomplishment. If this specific fitness for life is absent, the most gifted nature will accomplish nothing. On the other hand, energy and diligence are often able to perform great things with very moderate faculties. It is assuredly the case that very many persons have a definite talent; they allow it to lie idle only because they lack energy; they have not the courage to become what it is their inner vocation to be. In these cases the individual style of life does not freely develop. It will be admitted that it calls for strength and courage to "follow one's bent" in the world.

Inasmuch as we see in this inner vocation, this definite orientation of interests and talents, the predisposition to definite *professions*—that is, to certain spheres of activity in the social community—we assume that these professions exist within the community as social requirements or necessities. And this is actually the case. We may (without carrying the comparison too far) regard every social community as an organism which has to perform a whole series of different functions, and requires appropriate organs to perform these functions. As in the animal or human body the cells are differentiated in tissues and organs of different character, so in the social community individual persons must undertake to perform certain functions which serve the life of the whole. Just as in every animal body there are organs which nourish the animal, safeguard its life, and enable it to move and find its way, so in every social community there must be vocations whose function it is to nourish and protect and guide the community, and provide for commerce and intercourse. These basic vocations may be likened to the organs of the individual body. And it is one of the "miracles" of creation that in every social community men are constantly born who are specially predestined, by their predispositions and inclinations, to one of these forms of activity, inasmuch as these basic vocations correspond with fundamental instincts, which are of course unequally

developed. There are men who are destined to become leaders by the predominance of their instinct of command; others are impelled, by the predominance of the pugnacious instincts, to become warriors; while others are destined by their strongly acquisitive instincts to become traders.

Unfortunately, however, social life, and particularly the social life of our civilization, is no longer so simple as it might seem to be from the fact that specific faculties may be enlisted in the corresponding social functions. Complications of a tragic nature often occur in all community life, because of the fact that talents which point in a definite direction are unable to obtain the social position for which they are fitted, or because talents which are not so definitely orientated are unable to find the right path, or, above all, because, in consequence of the complexity of the life of the community, the external vocations which are stereotyped by society make such demands of the individual that even great talents of a specific character are not in all respects adequate to their tasks.

There have always existed obstacles to prevent specific talents from finding their proper place, but to-day such hindrances are much more serious than of old. To begin with, the training and perfecting of these talents calls for means which are not within everyone's reach. Even in the lower classes of the population persons are constantly born who possess artistic or intellectual or diplomatic talents, which are, however, wasted, because social and financial obstacles bar their way to the position for which they are fitted, or because they have not the means to cultivate their gifts. Add to this the complexity of the whole life of the civilized peoples, as a result of which success in a profession is often obtained by ability in secondary directions: for example, in order to become a diplomatist a man must be a good dancer and a courtier; an artist will hardly make his way unless he is a good man of business; and often in science it

is not the brilliant investigator, but the plodder with useful connections, who attains distinction; while in the churches of every creed it is not the truly religious man but the most adroit politician who comes to the top. All this, of course, is sociologically conditioned, is a consequence of the complicated structure of human society; but psychologically speaking it has lamentable results.

Among these results is the unequal respect which is paid to the different vocations. It is more "gentlemanly", more "distinguished", to be an officer than a schoolmaster, a lawyer than a shoemaker, a diplomatist than a gardener. All this has very little to do with the real value of the professions to human society; on the contrary, the relation between value and valuation is often positively perverse. The peasant and the farmer, whose activities are still, even to-day, the foundation of all civilized life, are despised, while the greatest honour is paid to the luxury professions and sinecures of every kind. In England, until recently, only the "independent gentleman" was a "real gentleman". We do not find that a particular form of activity is highly paid because of the general conviction that it is of great value to society; on the other hand, if a particular profession is highly paid one and all bow down to it in reverence, although the representative of this profession may perhaps have nothing more to do than to sign his name day after day to documents which he has hardly read. This absurd valuation of the different professions prevents many a man from adopting the career for which he feels that he has an inner vocation.

Nevertheless, our assertion is justified that amidst all the confusion of our social life the inner vocation makes itself felt, and not merely in the form of discontentment with the career erroneously adopted. We must not allow ourselves to be deceived by external and conventional appearances; if we look more closely we shall find that inside the stereotyped

forms of life the majority of individuals still contrive to maintain their "style".

We are here referring to the internal modifications which most persons effect inside their vocation, so that behind the external professional façade they still lead their own life. The important thing is not the career that a man chooses, but the manner in which he exercises his calling in actual practice. This may lead to the most singular complications. A man of scholarly nature will act like a scholar, whether he is an officer, or a surgeon, or an artist, or a farmer. On the other hand, there are so-called teachers who, under the mask of their profession, are really exercising quite different activities; there are those to whom learning and education are completely indifferent, and who take pleasure only in the act of imparting their learning, and others who delight in commanding and ruling, and others who practise their calling like bureaucratic officials. There are artists who would like to right the wrongs of humanity or minister to men's souls by their works of art, and there are physicians and clergymen who practise their calling as an art, as a definitely æsthetic activity. As a matter of fact, most "careers" are mere external forms, which are spacious enough to afford scope for the most varied talents. And it is only by reason of this plasticity of the forms of life that many human beings find existence endurable.

There is, however, yet a second possibility of mitigating the constraint of a wrongly chosen career. As a general thing, persons who have mistaken their career find an outlet in practising their "true vocation" as a secondary vocation, or a hobby, in addition to the profession by which they earn their bread. The hobby, despite the ironical associations of its name, is deserving of all respect. Our hobbies prevent many of us from becoming embittered by a wrong choice of profession, and in the serious crises of life they often prove to be abreactions by which the slave of a pro-

fession becomes a man. Tell me what hobby you ride, and I will tell you who you are! For this reason most people love their hobbies much more tenderly than the horses which they harness for their daily work at the plough. Very often the "secondary vocation" is the principal vocation, and the main profession is practised only to enable the practitioner to gratify his real interests. What a man does in his leisure time is often more significant of his character than the work which he chooses for his "career". Hobbies, however, are not of merely individual significance; they are also of great social importance. In every department of life work of decisive importance is accomplished not only by professionals, but by dilettante workers, by amateurs. Specialization, the confinement to a predetermined track, cramps and narrows the mind. The dilettante, the amateur, on the other hand, breaks through all professional restrictions by virtue of his innate talents. It was Goethe who said that he was "an amateur to the last".

We might oppose the inner vocation, as the "ideal vocation", to the external career, as the "real vocation". It is possible that we shall presently demand of the psychologist that he shall tell a man for what profession he has a vocation, in order to avoid such mistakes as are commonly made. As a matter of fact, a science of industrial psychology has recently been developed, a method which undertakes, with the aid of complicated apparatus, to discover a man's qualifications for any particular profession. Disregarding the exaggerated claims which have been made for this method, we may at least welcome it as an attempt to test and estimate the talents and predispositions before a profession is adopted; and formerly there was often no opportunity of so doing. In many cases, also, the method will give warning at all events of a striking deficiency in a given direction; though it must be borne in mind that any industrial psychologist would probably have denied that

Demosthenes possessed any qualifications as a speaker; just as innumerable great artists of more recent periods were, to begin with, rejected by the experts as devoid of talent. These methods suffice only for very primitive tests of suitability, and in the case of activities which depend on very special intellectual faculties. In connection with all the higher vocations—vocations which make demands upon the whole man—they are useless. When we come to the profounder relation between the man and his profession, little can be determined by means of apparatus. Once again we are confronted by the fact that the inmost nature of man is a mystery to himself, and that all rational calculations concerning his nature lead to error. Paradoxically expressed, it amounts to this: that a man is taking the right path to his vocation when he does *not* know why he feels drawn to it, when a power which he *cannot* rationally justify compels him to it. How far this will take him on his way can be said only when he has covered it. How great a talent is can never be proved *a priori*, but only in the development of the talent itself. But by this very choice of a calling, and the interaction of the different occupations, we know that the *career* of the individual is never merely his private affair, but is a note in the polyphonic texture of life itself.

The Individual and "His" Sexual Mate

One of the most decisive events of any life is the choice of a sexual object, though this choice is by no means *merely* sexual; on the contrary, those very marriages which we call "love-matches" are often based on quite other feelings and instincts than mere sexuality. The sexual relation is often only the occasion, and sometimes even only the pretext, for a bond between two personalities which comprehends the whole area of their lives.

If we formulate the problem, it confronts us thus: Is

it chance that decides what wife a man secures, or does some inner necessity prevail in the choice of a mate? (And this question includes the contrary case, when the wife chooses the husband—though in certain respects this differs from the other.) In other words, does the "style" of a man reveal itself even in the choice of a wife or mistress? (For in this situation we do not regard a visit to the registrar as decisive.)

Since, although we are officially monogamous, most men in practice pass through several love-affairs, we need not for the moment consider the status of the connection. Not only for Mephistopheles, but for men in general; "woman" is always in the plural, though the plurality may imply not simultaneity, but succession. It is true that Christian morality requires that a man should love only one woman —*his* wife—which, strictly speaking, presupposes that among all the women in the world there is one who is attuned to this one man, and only this one, and who is not suited to mate with anyone else. It is a pretty belief that marriages are made in heaven; unhappily it is contradicted by the crude reality, and also, apparently, by our theory that a man's fate is determined from within. For we need not look about us for very long in order at all events to realize that many men and women are eagerly bent on separation, even after they have had their bond sealed by State and Church; and but for the fact that the courts and other obstacles stand in the way they would escape from one another even more promptly. Marriage was comparatively an easy matter when man was before all else a type, and when the type man sought a partner in the type woman; but the moment two individualities conscious of their separateness enter into a mutual bond the problem becomes extraordinarily complicated. Moreover, with the tendency to further development arises the danger that even where harmony existed to begin with the two partners may develop not in parallelism, but in divergent directions. Above all, the postpone-

ment of marriage to a later age, and the long prematrimonial period consequent on this postponement, has the necessary result of connections which may not have the quality of finality, because the men and women themselves are incompletely developed; and if they are completely developed their capacity for adaptation is diminished.

Nevertheless, however many marriages and love-affairs may go awry, we should be wrong on that account to describe marriage as a lottery. We might just as well say that every man has the marriage that he deserves, even the man who has "come a cropper" in his marriage. We are not jesting. What we are trying to prove is that that immanent obedience to law which manifests itself in other respects in the building-up of a human life most decidedly plays its part in the conclusion of every marriage. Except among the Herrnhuters, who left the selection to God Almighty, inasmuch as they drew lots for their wives, it seldom happens that any man marries a wife haphazard; some kind of selection has always occurred, and the less conscious the choice the more profound are its reasons; but even where it is made in full consciousness—perhaps as a commercial speculation, a matter of good business—it is still to some extent predetermined in the personality of the contracting party, though only in so far as he is a huckster by nature. But business speculations in human beings, who are not merchandise, are mostly unfortunate.

We have here a parallel to the choice of a profession. Just as in that case we may speak of an ideal profession, a predestined vocation, predetermined by the nature of the personality, and which is often in conflict with the actual vocation, so almost every man has his ideal woman (just as every woman has her ideal man). Nevertheless, this ideal is not a definitely conscious conception, but rather, like all such fateful determinations, an instinctive and vital orientation, into whose depths we are powerless to penetrate

if we proceed by way of the consciousness. Since we accept this kind of orientation for life as a whole, we must accept it also in the selection of wife or lover. Indeed, the two things cannot be separated, for, as we have already indicated, "love" is not the impulse of sexuality divorced from the rest of life, but the whole of life in its special relation to one sexual partner. It is true that the sexual urge may emancipate itself and develop a separate existence, permanently in some persons, and in others at least for a time. But in every case where the object of endeavour is not merely sexual community, but a lasting community of life, it is necessary that there should be not merely sexual attraction, but a congruity of the entire personalities. If we ignore those who marry for business reasons, and consider such marriages as are "love-matches"—that is, marriages in which there is a more or less differentiated feeling that the two individualities are in harmony—even these cases can by no means be reduced to a common denominator. On the contrary, there is hardly any human conception in which so many heterogeneous ingredients are combined as in the word "love". The idea that all love is sexuality may be absolutely rejected. There are doubtless persons who are incapable of any sympathy without some trace of accompanying sexual desire, but these have no right to generalize from their own experience, any more than those in whom sexual attraction is so feeble or so perverted that they believe, generalizing from their own peculiarity, that all sexual desire should be renounced as sinful, and that it is possible to insist on its suppression. Sexuality is only a component of the manifold possibilities of mutual attraction between two human beings, and the feeling that we describe as "love" may include many other components. Psychologically considered, by no means all love-affairs are based on sexual attraction; they are often based also, and even preponderantly, on the similarity or congruity of apparent interests of a non-sexual character;

they are often protective in character, one party to them playing the part of protector and the other that of the protegée; very frequently, too, the motive of the union is vanity, the two partners seeking to shine in society together, or to shine in one another's eyes; and many a marriage is kept in being only by a common delight in the children of the marriage. But in all these cases the alliance is predetermined, though not in a uniform degree, by the special characteristics of the partners.

All that has hitherto been said is only preparatory to the central problem under consideration. It is merely intended to show the great complexity of the foundations from which a marriage arises. If we explain the proverb that marriages are made in heaven in the sense that in every individual there exists beforehand a certain orientation towards his or her partner in marriage, we find that there is a certain amount of truth in the saying. In the form of a vague "ideal" every man has this inner orientation, which becomes more precisely specified as soon as he believes that he has found this ideal in a particular individual.

But here fresh complications arise. Here the "ideal" conflicts with the reality. For in only a very few cases does the real partner correspond with the ideal. At the very least there will be, side by side with features which agree with those of the ideal, other features which do not agree with them and are even harshly discordant. And no one, at the commencement of a marriage or a love-affair, has such precise knowledge of his partner that he can perceive all this; as a rule he knows little of himself even, and very often the most characteristic features come to light only during cohabitation. The ideal state of affairs would be that two persons should harmonize completely; it may even happen that one loves the other precisely because of certain weaknesses and deficiencies. Nevertheless, there is always a remainder which is not completely harmonized, but which

need not by any means lead to a breach, and may even give the common life of the partners the stimulus of dramatic tension.

The reason why there are so many unsuccessful marriages may be found partly in the complicated social relations of our civilization, and in the fact that innumerable precautions and considerations influence the choice externally, while the instincts have become uncertain as a result of the emancipation of the consciousness.

Nevertheless, we maintain our assertion that even in his marriage the peculiar style of the individual manifests itself. It does so even in those marriages which are mere business contracts, and in those "unhappy" marriages in which the characters of the partners are not in harmony; for it is then apparent that the persons who are bound together have "made a mistake", which is possible only if a "true" choice would have been possible.

Even if the partner's "conformity to style" does not show itself at first, it may develop subsequently. In somewhat pliant characters, or even if only one of the partners is pliant, adaptation may occur which will subsequently exhibit "style". It is a mistake, which often has tragic consequences, to believe that a marriage is "concluded" when the ring is placed on the bride's finger. On the contrary, the true "conclusion" of a marriage—which is never definitely "concluded"—must take place during life itself; it is never an accomplished fact, but a task that is constantly renewed. For no individuality is "completed", and the cohabitation of two individuals is one of the most important paths to further development. The style of a marriage, as the harmonizing of two characters, first forms itself during the marriage, and the majority of persons first discover the style of their life only when they come to surrender essential portions of their individuality.

We have already mentioned that in the relations between

two human beings the important thing is not what the second person really is, but what sort of an image the other forms of that person. We may indeed say that many marriages —and even happy marriages—are based on error, but an error that is not merely accidental, since it proceeds, of necessity, from the character of the subject. We never know another person "absolutely"; we always form the image of that person in accordance with our own character. We always read a little of ourself, a little of our hopes and wishes, into our companion, and all life depends, as we have seen, on our *making* our environment fit us, whether in reality or in imagination. The world in which we live is never unmixed reality, but always largely illusion. But an illusion is no fortuitous phantom; it is conditioned in the character of the ego that deludes itself, often enough with intention. It is in the "style" of the ego, as every painting is the style of the artist, who states therein a reality, a reality which he transforms even when he intends to present nothing but the reality.

In this sense love, like life in general, is an act of artistic creation, which reveals the "style" of the subject. Genuine love possesses the power of illusion. Love ceases only when it is not strong enough to overlook the incongruous traits of the beloved person, and to see the lovable traits with the intensity that is demanded by cohabitation. All genuine love is conditioned not by the object, but by the subject. We do not employ the word "illusion" in a derogatory sense, but in that creative sense which makes illusion an essential factor of every act of artistic creation. As in his works the artist confers his style upon their objectivity, so love confers on the beloved object the style of the subject. It is true that the gulf may be so wide that it cannot be bridged over. Yet wherever the capacity for genuine love is present it is able to ennoble the beloved object where this does not quite correspond with the subjective image; it can even transform

the reality, inasmuch as it may, by means of reciprocity, effect adaptations which are stronger than the real hindrances to love. In every "happy" marriage—that is, every marriage contracted by "destiny"—the one partner need not *possess* the "style" of the other, but he will none the less *acquire* it, and this in proportion as love is at work in both partners as a creative force.

It is precisely love, the possibility of a harmony between two separate beings, the fact that they are, as it were, allotted to one another, and their completion in their union, that allows us to believe that the "determination" of the individual soul is not isolated, but exists in harmonious relation in the plan of the universe. If such a plan exists, the procreation of new individuals and species by means of mutual attraction must be a principal factor therein, and this factor does not imply merely that an approximately equal number of children of each sex shall be born, so that every Jack shall have a Jill, but that every Jack shall secure *his* Jill: that is, a creature to whom he feels not only physically drawn, as a sexual being, but who is congruous with the whole "style" of his life. But that not all possibilities come to fulfilment must be admitted here as of the universal process in general.

Of the Nature of "Happiness"

The conception of fate, which we regard neither as the play of chance, nor as a thing that can be rigidly calculated, but as an order of a specific nature, which we can describe as organic, or even as artistic, is closely related, in the verbal consciousness, with another conception, which we express by a mysterious, primitive word: the conception of *luck* or *happiness*.[1]

[1] The German word *Glück* means happiness, luck, hap, fortune, success, fate, lot, condition.—Trans.

These words also have been pitifully vulgarized. Men understand by "happiness" a sum of pleasurable sensations and experiences, a comfortable, sheltered existence, untroubled by any inclement wind or harsh reality. And yet even to-day the more sensitive ear may catch the vibrations of the overtones that arise from the man's relation to destiny. If "luck" or happiness comes to a man, it seems to him that the goddess of Fortune smiles upon him, vouchsafing him a special and undeserved favour; and if he has the "luck" to succeed, to make his "fortune", this means that he has contrived to master his fate or destiny, and to make "his" way through a refractory world. We shall be sensible of this original meaning of the word if by happiness we understand not enjoyment in general, but an individual form of experience—that is, happiness as a *personal* matter.

In this profounder sense, only that man is happy who lives *his* life. His happiness never comes from outside, but from within the man; his relations with the outer world are not unimportant, but they are never decisive. This "happiness" is not conditioned by the degree and quality of his pleasurable sensations; it tolerates and even comprises pain and sorrow; indeed, it is these that give it "depth". This happiness is no idyll printed in bright and insipid colours; for shadows are needful, patches of blackness, and a background, in order that its light may begin to shine.

We know the ego or "soul" as directed force, which is indeed subjected to many external influences, but is able to accustom itself to these, so that in the end the inner directivity asserts itself. This inner directivity must be followed, and this is not always easy; for it is not always to be clearly recognized by the intellect. But only if he follows it can a man live *his* life. We should therefore be quite wrong to regard his obedience to the inner determination as a mark of ordinary egoism. "Determination" in the sense of direction

includes a super-individual factor, for, as we have seen, a man always possesses determination in respect of others and of the community. A man who lives in accordance with his determination asks for very little in the way of small egoistic pleasures, although he may dally with them from time to time; he follows his determination, his vocation, even though it should bring suffering and death. This is true of every great genius whose life is a path to his work; it is true of every nameless woman who feels within her the vocation of motherhood, and follows it, even though it lead to agony and death. The happiness that arises from the fulfilment of the inner destiny is far above the paltry sensations of pleasure which the Philistine regards as happiness. It is one with destiny; it is that *amor fati* which looks down disdainfully on the lukewarm comfort of the mollycoddle. He who sees happiness as the well-being of a well-fed bird in a safe and comfortable cage has no understanding of the depths of life. As a matter of fact, such a bird is always unhappy, and if it could it would exchange its cage at once for a life of freedom. It is a mistake to believe that men who are immersed in mere comfort are in the profounder sense "happy". Their life, seen from within, is commonly full of boredom, restlessness, and satiety. Happiness in this external sense is for the most part an empty comedy. In the profounder sense of the word only that man is happy who lives his destiny; only he knows the true summit of life who has experience also of its depths.

The Intellect and Destiny

Here the objection may perhaps be made: In describing the path to the self as a road lying in darkness, and only very imperfectly illumined, we must have been thinking of extraordinarily dull and unintellectual minds; for normally a man knows what he wishes, and even if the world is a

dark and dismal abode, he may none the less possess sufficient intelligence to light up considerable areas of it.

We will accept the objection, and, at the same time, the image of the intellect as a light to light up the world for us. We do not dispute its ability to do so; what we do dispute is that it is able to light up the ego, and that is the point at issue. We might perhaps liken the intellect to the head-light of a motor-car, which rushes onward, itself in the darkness, receiving little or no light from its own lamps. Further—and here, of course, the simile of the motor-car is inapplicable—the intellect is not independent of those forces which drive our life forward in the darkness; it is not an impartial adviser, a neutral observer, but is dependent on the instincts which really weave the destiny of man. If he emancipates himself from these he drives the ego completely off the track, if indeed he does not simply allow all his impulses to relapse into inactive quietism. The understanding is a vital value only when it is supported by the will, in which those depths of the soul find utterance wherein our true destiny is woven, those depths of the soul in which it is continuous with the soul of the world, in which the unity of life is active, which the consciousness, and especially the intellect, divides into subject and object, into ego and universe. The intellect is analytical; it dissects the universe; nevertheless, the soul, in its essential reality, proceeds from unity and seeks unity.

Let us consider for a moment the statement that the intellect is indeed a valuable means of orientating us in the external world, but that it can throw little light into the darkness of the inner world. If it had the power of lighting up the depths of our ego, we should have no need of psychology, of a science of the soul; but even this is powerless to illumine the final depths of the ego; it provides us with general data and formulæ, which enable us, by analysis, to unravel many a knot, but it does not and cannot enable

us by synthesis to lay our hands on the threads of our destiny, which weaves itself spontaneously in the darkness. The relation of psychology to the life of the soul may be likened to the relation of chemistry to the life of the body: we can resolve protoplasm into its constituent elements by chemical analysis, but we cannot synthetically make it. And as we are forced to admit that synthesis remains for us a secret, that we are obliged to accept life as a fact, and can only follow its activities, so we have to admit that all the psychology in the world is powerless to "calculate" our life; we can only observe what happens, and, apart from the very little influence which it is in our power to exert, we must allow that to happen which will happen. Perhaps the most important item of knowledge of which the intellect is capable in respect of the ego is the recognition of its limitations, the recognition that it must not by violence intervene in events which it can never wholly master. We have attempted to show that purely rational considerations cannot and should not decide as to a man's inner vocation. At the same time, in speaking of love, we endeavoured to show that it is superficial when one person believes that he knows precisely why he loves the other. Where real love exists it arises from depths which no amount of thought can illumine; it frequently triumphs in opposition to the reason; and it is of the essence of real love that one loves with one's whole being, not merely with one's head. And so it is with life in general: one cannot live merely with the brain; one lives as a whole, or one's life is false.

Nevertheless—it may be objected—there are plenty of situations in life in which the intellect is capable of deciding in cases of conflict. The reader may perhaps remember cases in which a number of motives were in conflict until calm consideration provided a solution. And it does often look as if this was so; yet here the intellect is only a means in the service of an instinct or impulse; it would be powerless

were it not supported by an impulse, which merely makes use of the intellect in order to fulfil itself, for all that the intellect has to do in the matter is to elucidate the situation and explain the impulse. Let us take the case of a man who is subjected to a lively temptation to forge a bill of exchange. On the one hand he is actuated by the impulse to procure money wherewith to indulge his luxurious tastes; but on the other hand there is the consideration that he will thereby run the risk of discovery and punishment. Let us suppose that this rational reflection, or ethical principle, is victorious in the conflict. But was the intellect really victorious? Was there not, behind the intellect, fear, or a vague moral instinct, which alone gave the intellect the power of enforcing its will? As a matter of fact, the intellect does not prevail unless the inclination to obey the reason is already present; if this is absent, the reason is not victorious. Rational considerations play, in the life of the soul, hardly a more important part than speeches in the life of a parliament; as a matter of fact all decisions are, as a rule, already taken long before they are deliberated or debated; the decisions are actually the work of dynamic circumstances which readily make use of catchwords and formulæ, but are themselves, for the most part, of anything but a rational nature.

Of the "Order" of the Universe

We began by asking the question, whether human destiny is the sport of chance or a calculable series of events. We came to the conclusion that neither of these alternatives is correct; that life is neither a chaos nor a mathematical problem, but a self-directed, yet extraordinarily variable series of events, and that although it is governed by a "style", this style can never be comprised in rational formulæ.

Perhaps this result will appear altogether too negative.

We admit that we must renounce the hope of submitting the destiny of man to definite calculation by means of oracles or horoscopes or pseudo-scientific psychograms. We endeavoured to offer a reasonable basis for this result, and this basis opened up perspectives which are not without a certain spaciousness, even though they cannot be regarded as of practical use. Any calculation must proceed from a definite basis. It matters not at all whether we look for this basis in the position of the stars or in visible traits of character; there is no such basis to be found. In the place of this treacherous support we obtained a glimpse of an endless continuity. We saw, looking backwards, that every human being is the heir of endless chains of events, which are concentrated in his organism in an agglomeration of inconceivable intricacy, and yet at the same time point towards the future, straining towards an end far beyond the individual life. The ego, which we call *our* ego, and which operates in all transactions, revealed itself to our consideration not as a clearly conceivable quantity, but as a most marvellous series of events, which take shape in unremitting interaction with the non-ego, and whose future we can perceive as little as we can survey its past. "There is a universe within us also"; indeed, this universe cannot be disentangled from the universe that appears to us "external", for in the last resort it is the same, since in the universe there is no "inside" and no "outside".

We found, indeed, that we could in a fictive fashion isolate our ego from the environment, and could regard it as an immanent continuance of development, as an event-complex with its own direction and its own purposiveness. But we saw at the same time that this purposiveness reaches accomplishment only by unremitting contact with the rest of the universe; that is, that our life presents itself as the emergence of inner forces into the environment and the absorption of the non-ego into the ego. We experience not

only our ego, we experience the universe also; but we experience the ego only in contact with the universe, and we experience the universe only in relation to our ego. The "happiness" or "luck" of life, if we understand the word in its profounder sense, depends on this, that destiny does not remain an external happening, but bears the stamp of the ego, its style, and is subject to its law. And this is possible even when the ego enters into suffering and death, and there, it may be, most of all. For Socrates and Christ, and many another still, whom men have rightly praised as the greatest conquerors, won their supremest victory in their death, because in death their fate fulfilled itself.

We began by asking the question whether it is possible to see into the future. We found that in the vulgar sense of the question, as it is understood by astrologers and other obscurantists, we are powerless to do so. It is enough to read the horoscopes drawn by such persons, and their pitiful predictions of the future, which for the most part deal with the more ridiculous and trivial incidents of the individual life. But it may be added that all prophecy of this kind involves a profound logical contradiction. Man wishes to know his future destiny, but only in the hope that he can change it for the better, whereby he at once abandons his fatalism! There are only two possible alternatives: either there is a fate that rules all things, and is therefore inscrutable, or the future can be foreseen.

It is true that we too believe in an inner continuity of the universe, so that we too should be justified in speaking of a harmony between the stars and human destiny, but in quite another sense than that of the astrologers, who believe that these relations are mechanically calculable. The whole universe comprises an order within itself; only a fool can believe that it has come together by accident. This order is on a great scale what the order of our lives is on a small one. From the individual's point of view there are, it is

true, more than enough features that seem contrary to all order; but often enough these are the very features that render feasible an order of a higher kind. Even suffering and death may be conceived as evidences of order, not from the individual point of view, but from higher standpoints which from time to time flash out resplendently in history.

The order of life is not a mathematical but an artistic order. It is the kind of order that prevails in a drama, which is indeed intended as a picture of life. The magic of all drama resides in the fact that we are aware of a necessity in events, but cannot completely foresee them. A drama whose meaning can be reduced to a rational formula is a bad work of art. Nietzsche once declared that the world as a whole can be justified only as an æsthetic phenomenon. We are all co-operating in the great world-drama; we do not know what part we play, yet we can tell ourselves that our part, however small, is not a meaningless chaos, but that a destiny is fulfilling itself therein which is not only "our" destiny. The profoundest magic of life resides in the fact that it is *not* calculable, but contains a meaning, which cannot be calculated or foretold any more than a poem can be calculated or foretold; it is full of meaning, although this "meaning" is not rationally comprehensible. What we have tried to elicit in this essay is an understanding of this fact; and further, reverence for this order of events, which is active in every individual life, and is at the same time one with the order of the universe. For the universe is not something external to us; it is within us also, and we ourselves are universe, for even through us flows the great stream of life whose goal we cannot perceive, but whose immanent directivity we may trace in our own lives, as in the lives of all those we know.

A JOURNEY INTO THE PAST

A CHAPTER ON THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

Dies ist ein Ding das keiner voll aussinnt,
Und viel zu grauenvoll als dass man klage:
Dass alles gleitet und vorüberrinnt.

Und dass mein eignes Ich, durch nichts
gehemmt,
Herüberglitt aus einem kleinem Kind,
Mir wie ein Hund unheimlich stumm und
fremd.

HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL

A JOURNEY INTO THE PAST

The Way Back to Childhood

It is profoundly significant that the outer world provides us with no comparison by which we can fitly characterize that mysterious continuity of action we call our "life". It is true that literature is teeming with such comparisons, which run down the whole scale from the sublime to the ridiculous, but all are inadequate; for the inorganic world shows us nothing to correspond with that remarkable interaction of the past and the future wherein, on the one hand, the past is actually past, yet constantly encroaches on the future, while, on the other hand, the future is not as yet actual, but is none the less active in the present, in the form of predispositions, desires, and intentions. If we compare life with a pilgrimage, it will occur to us that we never simply leave the past behind us, but bear it along with us; yet not as one would carry gathered fruit in a knapsack, but in such a way that the past co-operates in an essential manner to shape our future. It is true that we retain much of the past, yet we do not actually store it away as historians file their documents in their archives, since we are always indefatigably and unconsciously setting it in order, completing and transforming it. Even that which we "forget" has by no means slipped away into nothingness, for it may suddenly become conscious again, and even in the unconscious it still acts upon the present; and if we delve down into the unconscious we may plainly discover the roots of many a present inhibition or inclination, which to-day we find hardly intelligible, in this unconsciously living past.

If we want a comparison we must look for it in the realm of the living. Thus, it is possible to illustrate certain events of the individual life by the life of whole nations. Even their past is not wholly past; it is carried on through the centuries

in the consciousness, and continues to operate as an unconscious source of predispositions. What we call "progress" is brought about chiefly by the upper strata of the peoples, and it is only the strata of the rulers and the learned that undergo any real transformation, while the lower strata change but little; the peasant still remains a peasant, scarcely influenced by the new forms of life which are taking shape in the upper strata. The past has not disappeared; it still lives on, and not only in villages and remote provincial towns, for we may perceive a little of our "human" past in the life of the animals that we see to-day, and even in those primitive forms which were the only vehicles of life on the torrid earth of the Palæozoic period. Of this, of course, we have no direct remembrance; we can at most reconstruct it. But there are conscious memories also of our human past, which in the lower strata of the people are transmitted from mouth to mouth, as myth and folklore; but in the upper strata of the people these assume a different form—in the science of history, which is not a mere recording, but a continual research and discovery, a transformation and a profounder understanding.

In our endeavour to throw a little light on the past of the individual life we shall often have recourse to this comparison, for the individual life also retains the past, partly in unconscious forms of life, in instincts and predispositions, and partly in the consciousness. And when we speak of "evolution" we must not regard the evolution of the conscious upper stratum of the ego with the evolution of the whole personality. Beneath our intellectual life persist life-forms of a more primitive kind, in the shape of instincts, inhibitions, states of mind and forms of thought, and only the most careful criticism can reveal the archaic background under the more recent picture.

The plan of this chapter occurred to me incidentally during a visit to my native town, where, precisely because of

its distance in time, the past recurred to me with peculiar vividness. And I have chosen, with full intention, the form of a very personal statement, which at moments will not disdain the simple narrative. And in doing this I am counting on the reader's ability to see the typical in the individual case, even where this is not expounded in the form of general principles. It is not because they are *his* youthful experiences that the author speaks of these events, but because he hopes, by means of his own experiences, to elucidate things that have occurred in the youth of others. The things of which he has to speak are so fugitive and impalpable that he feared to brush the scales from their wings if he tried to seize them with the forceps of general opinion. It seemed to him that individual documentation was of greater value than precipitate generalization. It is true that we have valuable documents of this kind in a great number of biographies. Most of these, however, are written with a different purpose, either in the æsthetic form of works of art, or in order to record purely personal experiences. In writing this chapter the author has been actuated by neither of these intentions. He speaks as a psychologist, and his aim is to illumine that twilight region of life which each of us has lived through, and he resorts to his own experiences only for purposes of illustration. As a matter of fact, he has at his disposal the reminiscences of other persons, for he has in his possession whole portfolios of the self-portraits of young people which he has asked them to write for him in the course of his lectures; but only that which one has experienced oneself can be critically controlled. And even this cannot be utilized by the first comer. It is only because the author believes himself to be conscious, as the result of many years of effort, of those sources of error which are found in all reminiscences that he ventures to utilize his material for the purposes of this work.

Now and Then

On an afternoon of early autumn I entered the town in which my childhood was passed. It was already night when I first went the rounds of its streets, and I realized why all the romanticists have loved the twilight and the night. Light is the principle of reality, of change and becoming; the night is the eternal background from which life springs and into which it sinks back again. In the darkness all complexity disappears. In the darkness the town still looks as it did twenty, and perhaps two hundred or more, years ago. The massive tower of the church, the great bulk of the castle, the gables of the houses, outlined against the dark starry sky—all this is just as it was of old. In the darkness one can still imagine that behind the lighted windows the same people are living as one knew of old, and for a moment one might even believe that the house on the other side of the wide street is still the home of one's parents, and that one is still the same being who once scampered through the streets and alleys in brightly coloured school-cap and short knickerbockers. It is pleasant to give rein to the imagination, to let it play with the scanty fragments which the memory offers; but one must not forget that it is only a game, a lyrical, fascinating, but illusive game, that must lose its charm when the sun has risen.

And, indeed, the first light of dawn makes an end of it. In the morning I do not find the old town; wherever I look I see a new one; in truth, it seems to me as though I were seeing it for the first time. In astonishment I ask myself in a hundred places: did I really once see all this day after day? All the dimensions have altered; the streets are smaller and narrower; yet many things seem larger and of greater value; indeed, I discover beauties of which I had no suspicion. I find that the Neptune fountain, which I, like everyone else, used to call "Christoffel", is an exquisite piece of baroque;

that this street perspective and those old arched gateways might claim a place in any history of art; and all this I see to-day for the first time. In my own person I experience the fact that the reality is not a thing "given", but something that we have to conquer for ourselves. As in human evolution as a whole, so in the development of the individual, realism does not exist from the beginning, but makes its appearance only at a later stage. It is *not* true that the child lives in a world of the senses. He lives in a world of abstract schemata, which are only scantily filled in by his sensual experiences. As the child draws, so he sees. No child draws the things in his environment by virtue of observation; he designs them out of his imagination, inaccurately and schematically; and if he gives them colour, he chooses not the colours which he sees, but colours to his liking, unrealistic, glaring, and exaggerated. Assuredly I have not forgotten what now seems new to me; as a child I did not see it all, because I had no "organ" for it (using the word in the intellectual sense). Day after day I went through these streets, but I saw the houses merely as houses; I did not see each as a house possessing its own individuality. One sees their individual nature only if one contrasts them with others, but the material for comparison by virtue of which we first perceive the "special" was lacking. In the old days I should have been amazed if anyone had told me that these types of houses were of a perfectly definite style, that the building at the corner was the type of a Rheno-Franconian half-timbered house, and that the other was a fine example of the rococo, whose doorway, with its volute ornament, would delight any connoisseur.

For me this is a new world! The child does not live in space and time; at all events, not if we understand by these the systems which the philosophy of adult men describes by these words. The child lives in the absolute, outside all relativities, to which time and space belong. That there was a past which was different from the present, and that there

will be a future which will be different: these are facts that he may hear, but he does not realize them. And that the town that is *his* world is not simply the world, that there are people living even beyond the mountains, that everything looks quite different there: this he learns in school, but does he trouble his head about it.

To-day, when I return home as a grown man, I perceive that this town, which was once "the town" simply, the town as absolute space, is only *one* locality among many others, a dot on the map, or possibly not even shown there, because it is too small. I hear the people talking, and their speech, which for me was once upon a time simply German, simply speech, now sounds in my ears as a quaintly agreeable Rheno-Franconian dialect. The mountain range, for which as a whole we children had no name, giving names only to its individual heights, is now a part of the Rhenish Schiefergebirge, which appears to me to-day as a chain of gently rolling hills.

And even the implication of this town in the web of time, which reels itself incessantly from invisible spools, is now apparent to me. How could I ever have thought as a child that all this would alter, that it had not always been what it was? To-day I can readily read the age of the town from the houses, as a forester can read the age of a fallen tree from the number of rings in the wood. I see vestiges of Gothic in the chapels and the warped houses; I see the castle evolving from Gothic to Renaissance, and I see how it was afterwards enlarged by wide baroque wings, and surrounded with rococo gardens full of cunningly clipped hedges. I see how in the Middle Ages the houses of the townsfolk gathered round the castle like chickens round a hen; I see a city wall rising, a wall which survives to-day chiefly in the names of the streets; I see the wealthy patricians of the seventeenth century building their spacious houses round the market-place; I see the coming of the modern

age, with its hideous brick and freestone buildings, which as boys we thought quite distinguished; and I see factories and breweries spreading on every hand. These were new when we were young, and now they are already silted over by the river of time; they have become history, and new houses and villas, which are strange to me, have been added to them. One feels that the whole town is something tossed up by the eddying stream of time, like the foam on the crest of a wave, which dances there for a moment, continually changing shape, to sink back in the end into the stream from which it has emerged. And now "time" confronts me as a problem.

How superficial it is to speak of "contemporaries", as though all the people whom one meets in the street were living in the same "time"! We encounter the relativity of time not only in the realm of physics, but also in organic and human life.

What do we mean when we speak of the "contemporaneousness" of different careers? I meet men who sat beside me on the school-bench. They have remained here; they are parts of this landscape, like the beeches around the castle. Perhaps they read in the newspapers of the steamers by which we travel, of the things which we do and experience in the "outer" world, in which we play this or the other part—and it all sounds here like a tale of far-off things! But one must not be too imaginative. One sees here the same modern posters as elsewhere, advertising the same brands of cigarettes; the same manufacturers of motor-cars shriek their names at us with gigantic letters; and yet next door, at the grocer's, the Moor whom we knew as children still stands in the doorway, with gleaming eyes and teeth, smoking his long white clay pipe—which, as a matter of fact, is now broken. The stationer's window is full of "polite letter-writers" for lovers, song-books, and "penny dreadfuls", just as of old. Heavy farm-wagons, drawn by two oxen, rumble over the

cobble-stones, with men in blue blouses sitting on them, just as they might have sat a hundred years ago.

I glance into the damp courtyards with their covered plank walks; I look at the high-pitched gables of the houses and the slits in the shutters with the little mirrors that we call "spies" before them, and in spite of all their remoteness I am conscious of a mysterious relationship to these things amidst which my childish years were passed. Is one really "completely" modern, is there not much within one that is contemporaneous with all these things? Are there not somewhere in the depths of one's own soul feelings and moods which the flux of time has left untouched? Even if one now pays one's rent in West Berlin, does one not live with part of one's soul in some old gabled house in which our forefathers passed their lives, those lives that are continued in our own bodies? Are there not hours when we unconsciously go back to this world? I, who am accustomed to observe myself, know that often when my mind is concerned with the day's work the landscapes of my childhood emerge in the background, pale and remote, like the scenery of a theatre, and pass before me like phantasmagoria. I know that in dreams one often wanders in these streets. It is true that nothing "lasts", and yet it does not wholly vanish. Our present is curiously mingled with the past, and no one can draw the line between them. As the bygone centuries still survive in this town at which I am gazing to-day, so the past lives on in the soul; although it suffers change, it still lives on, perhaps only because it undergoes transformation.

To-day I am gratefully conscious that I come from a city in which, according to the chronicles, one of the Salic emperors died, but which in the Middle Ages harboured only a poor but self-conscious race of burghers; which in the seventeenth century became a ducal residence, and has lived on into the present, although I myself have lived in it

a fragment of the Middle Ages. I can still remember the time when there was no water laid on to the houses, and when in the evening the servants brought home the water needed by the household from the old wells in great pails. I remember how the news of the day was publicly announced by the town crier, who went his rounds ringing a great bell, and how of a night the watchman shuffled through the streets with pike and lantern. To-day these things seem a little ridiculous, and yet as memories they may become a living force, just as to the noble his family castle and the consciousness of his oneness with past generations are a living force. After all, we should all possess such a tradition, if only we did not allow it to be lost, thereby robbing ourselves of our nobility.

Cities are more than indifferent walls: they are souls become stone; they represent and symbolize the psychical state of the past generations from which we have sprung. As a boy one did not appreciate this, just as one did not appreciate the glorious air that blows its way into these streets from the wide forests. To value this at its true worth one must come from the capital.

"Home", then, is not a city of stone, and not a landscape: it is a state of the soul. It may be that one does not *possess* a home: one *experiences* it, inasmuch as one envelops the city and landscape with moods, ideas, and memories; inasmuch as one shapes it like a work of art.

But it was not to enjoy this work of art, this dream-world, that I came hither. I wanted to spy out the reality behind the dream. And to do this I must find in this city that I see to-day the world in which we actually lived when we were boys.

Nature and Civilization in Childhood

Biology tells us that we cannot understand any living creature unless we know its environment, which is inseparable

from it, and which is not identical with the human environment, although it may coincide with this even in its localization. One may live in the same room with another person, and yet in a wholly different world. Only the simple-minded imagine that the dog who lives in the same house with us lives in the same space. The dog lives everywhere in a dog's world; for him a table is not a table, as it is for us, nor is a book a book. For him a table is a thing that he can creep under, and also a place of glorious meals, which are indeed taboo so long as they send forth their fragrance from its surface, yet now and again a morsel of food will fall from it. And a book is no book, but another taboo; the dog knows that he must not play with it, or he will get a whipping.

Even for very young children a book is not a book, but an unintelligible thing which sometimes contains pictures. A cupboard is, for a child, not a receptacle for familiar objects, but a place of mystery. The child does not live in the world of the adult; he is gradully discovering it. But at the same time he builds up his own world. A corner which the adult does not notice is a house; an overturned footstool is a steamer or carriage. It is a child's world that he lives in, at once poorer and richer than the world of grown-up people. One must make oneself small for a while if one wishes to enter this dwarf world, and this is a thing that every grown-up person cannot do; from his superior height he looks down at this child's world, benevolently, or perhaps ironically, but as a rule he remains outside it. And as a rule he does not even realize that the true country of youth lies anywhere but where he sees it.

Well, then, I make myself small again inwardly, and grope my way along the Ariadne-thread of memory, back to the real world of my childhood, which constitutes a particular section of this by no means large city. This world, of course, is fairly remote from church and school; it does not contain even the whole of my father's house,

for many rooms of this house—my father's study, the "salon", and others—were taboo to us children. And even in the other rooms we were never quite ourselves.

We were ourselves only in the "Wigwam", and I will tell you about this, because it seems to me typical of a phase of our childish character. But it may be that only those will understand who have themselves lived in such a "wigwam". Objectively considered, it was a garret under the roof, running up into a sharp angle. Our parents were hardly aware of its existence—and perhaps did not wish to be aware. I can quite believe that of my father and mother. People are very fond of saying that parents must "understand" their children. It is good that they should; but they must also understand that there are things concerning which parents and children cannot and perhaps ought not to understand one another. The soul of the child has its mysteries. There is a non-sexual chastity of the childish soul which the adult should respect, instead of seizing on it with pedagogic hands.

Our Wigwam was in truth no garret, but a world. Corporeally one entered it by climbing the stairs to the loft, and squeezing through a latticed partition to the side gable, where a sort of room had been boarded off. It was by no means spacious, though four or more of us would often be crouching there. It was called the Wigwam because at the age of nine we equipped it as an Indian tent, gaudily painted, the walls decorated with bows, wooden shields, and tomahawks. Then vivaria were installed, containing salamanders, toads, and other creatures; and outside the window there was a dovecot. And later, when we had given up playing at Indians, the Wigwam retained its name, but it became the receptacle of a hundred other things, which were all my very own. Here, in a tattered rocking-chair, with glowing cheeks I read my first novels; here we smoked the first forbidden cigarettes; here we wove fantastic

dreams of the future; and here I wrote my first verses. There was no harm in all this, but it was secret, and for that very reason had its peculiar charm. Downstairs one behaved as though no Wigwam existed, and we certainly should have been scolded had they known what was going on upstairs. But what did that matter? To-day it seems to me as though this Wigwam refuses to be blotted out of my life, as though this fantastic little garret was the birthplace of many things in my life that seem valuable to me to-day, however sceptically I may otherwise regard it.

Here I lived the real life of my childhood, and not that prematurely grown-up life which the affection and severity of grown-up persons compelled me to live. The education of the child ought, of course, to help the child to grow out of his childish thoughts as he grows out of his childish clothes. An education such as is sometimes given to-day, in which the teacher tries absolutely to take the child's point of view and speak a childish—and of course unnatural—dialect, is for that very reason no education at all. And yet the child has a right to his own life, a life that is much more remote from the life of grown-up persons than the latter believe, because the child, in order to express his feelings, has only the speech of adults at his disposal, and the external forms of his life are governed, day by day, from morning to night, by the forms of adult life. Yet there they are, like the weeds that grow in the most carefully tended garden, and they are the really vital forms. The grafted rose does not draw its life from the graft, but from the roots of the wild rose. And we rob the child of much if we turn his life too early into a plant for use or show; one must let him grow wild for a time, as we let the plant grow that we afterwards ennoble by grafting.

As a matter of fact, the real world of the child is growing more and more restricted, like the territories of the Indians, who once ruled from ocean to ocean, and now inhabit

only a somewhat enlarged zoological garden. When I see the public playgrounds in the great cities this comparison often occurs to me.

Even here, in this little town, I can see on every side how the child's world, like the whole of Nature, is retreating before civilization. True, the children can still play at ball in the streets without fear of motor-cars; they can still make "cable railways" from window to window, as we used to do; they can still run wild in the woods; and just now I met a troop of red-cheeked, curly-headed boys with Indian feathers in their hair and bows in their hands, but . . . Badger Hill is no longer there: Badger Hill, which next to our Wigwam was the theatre of our childish life! Over this, too, the steam-roller of civilization has passed!

I must tell you of Badger Hill, which was our childish Paradise, though no grown-up person would have thought it so. For grown people have a false idea of Paradise, or at all events of a child's Paradise. Badger Hill must have been so called because once upon a time a badger had his earth there. But it is only to-day that this occurs to me; as a child, though I heard the name a hundred times, I was certainly never conscious of the fact. There were no longer any badgers in this stony declivity under the city wall; only a wilderness of blackthorn, and boulders, a great quantity of rough boulders, amidst which grew blackthorn and nettles. To-day the wilderness has been turned into a "pleasure-ground"; the boulders have been removed, and a barrack has been built of them not far away. In place of the blackthorn they have planted maple and spruce, which border the shady paths. The place is still called Badger Hill, but it is no longer "our" Badger Hill. There was no "pleasure-ground" in our days; there was still a little bit of primeval woodland, of a primeval world, a place of phantasy and wildness and dark tunnels and dugouts.

Now, when I sit on one of the benches of the new, civilized

Badger Hill and mentally reconstruct the old, wild, mysterious Badger Hill, it becomes clear to me that it was only here that we were really children, "children of Nature", and not in the play-room in our parents' house, nor in school, nor in church, when we had prematurely to imitate our elders. No; our childish life was not so uncomplicated as grown-up folk like to believe. It was a double life, a tormented double life, in which "Nature" was in dark contrast with the civilization imposed upon it. Were we really children? Yes, in the Wigwam and in the wilderness of Badger Hill; there we *were* children, though not such as parents and teachers imagine. At other times we wore the mask of civilization; not, of course, consciously; but to-day I can see the mask plainly. We assumed a "good behaviour", which was only for show; we showed off before our teachers with our grammar and mathematics, and in church we sat demurely in our pews as though we were listening to the sermon. Perhaps we really did listen, but the sermon fell on stony soil and among thorns, on the Badger Hill country that filled our souls, which was by no means ripe as yet for the complicated ethical doctrines of the Catechism, which we learned indeed, but only as parrots learn human phrases. Our true life, the life of the Wigwam and Badger Hill, was hidden from our parents and teachers; that was our secret, and it was enveloped in all the sweet magic of secrecy. We resorted to it in secret, as of old our forefathers, being superficially converted to Christianity, went to church in daylight, but at night slipped away to the sacred groves of the elder gods.

Does any grown-up ever understand what went on in this Badger Hill under the city wall? For the Badger Hill was no mere wood; it was the Australian bush, or the primeval forest, or a desert island, as we willed. And we were not members of the sixth form, but cannibals, or Apaches, or trappers. We had enlarged the old badger's earth, so that

we could sit in it and hold palaver, and bring human sacrifices thither, and practise horrible rites. . . .

In play? Some, perhaps, will say that we were imitating things of which we had read. And yet this is not all the truth. This play was deadly earnest. In this apparent imitation, which incidentally only derived its forms from books, primitive instincts were manifesting themselves. It was not of the nature of play-acting, it was "Nature"; while all that we did in church and school was simulated and acted. It was a profound and secret psychic necessity that drew us away from the civilized world of adults to the dark, primitive world of the Indians. It was that relationship which exists between the first stage of human evolution and the first stage of every individual development, however effectively the individual may be grafted and inoculated by the adult world. The yells that rang through these thickets were Nature; the delight in dugouts, in weapons and battle, was Nature. The potatoes that were secretly lifted from strange kitchen-gardens and roasted on the rough stone fireplace tasted a hundred times better than all the roast meats at home. There were glorious things to be found there, things of which no grown-up had any suspicion. There were the dry runners of briony, which could be made into cigarettes; there were lizards and moles to be hunted, and crows to be shot at with slings; and there (if only symbolically) we even scalped and tortured an enemy who entered our hunting-ground.

I shall have more still to tell you of Badger Hill, for it is only by slow degrees that I am able to grope my way back into its sombre wilderness, of which nothing is now left. Time and the right mood were needful before I could again find my way about in it; and what helped me almost more than anything else—curious as this may sound—was a visit to my old school. Not because this too belonged to the world of Badger Hill, but because it was precisely there that the

contrast became obvious, the dividing gulf that ran through our young lives.

And for this reason I shall take the reader with me to the "grammar-school"—a school, by the way, that has its traditions, dating from the days of the humanists, and is still housed in the old baroque building on whose benches we sat a generation ago. The great house, with its massive walls and its French roof, has a dignified air, and in golden letters, a little faded now, one may still read the motto on the walls: *Non scholæ, sed vitæ.* Even in the vestibule I am met by just the same musty smell as of old—the very smell of twenty years ago. The beadle, in return for a *pourboire*, agrees to show me over the building.

Slowly I pass down the shadowy corridors, which are decorated with gaily coloured school-caps. In the class-rooms the monotonous declamation of schoolboys' voices is audible; every now and then a teacher's voice raps out a few words. I cannot understand the words, I can only supply them from my memory: παιδεύομαι, I am being educated; ἐπαίδευόμην, I was educated; πεπαίδευμαι, I have been educated. And in the spirit I can before me see the boys we once were: sturdy youngsters with hands that looked as if they would rather handle axe or hammer than a pen. And there too are the teachers, dignified figures with beards and spectacles; some of them earnest men, who endeavoured conscientiously to induct us into their own world, and some of them paltry fellows who practised their profession indifferently for a mediocre salary, and often vented their ill-humour on their pupils. *Pepaideumetha!* We have been educated!

Yes, we have been educated, by means of dead languages and lifeless things—languages that no one could speak, not even the teacher, nor even the teachers of our teachers at the universities; languages of which we do not know how they were pronounced, and which on our lips would hardly

be recognized by those who once spoke them. From the skeleton our teachers tried to build up the living organism! I will not deny that a great deal of genuine enthusiasm was expended on these things. But did it ever really make the dead bones live? Was this past, which is hereby supposed to be resuscitated, ever really alive? Was it not perhaps a legend, like all the past? Has not the world of antiquity—which was in truth a harsh, cruel, and bloody world—been transformed into an artificial and wholly untrue world of a supposedly model humanity? Have not these sport-loving, slave-holding, homosexual gentlemen of Athens and these ignorant, crafty, cruel Romans been systematically misrepresented for centuries by learned, spectacled philologists, by people who enthused over the Olympic games, and never saw a race or a boxing-match—who, indeed, regarded all such things with contempt? Have they not given us plaster casts in the place of the brilliantly coloured statues of antiquity? Have they not upheld the utterly unchristian horrors of Greece as patterns of Christian morality?

And yet another gulf opens before me. In imagination the dingy corridors fill with the figures of scholars of whom I myself was one. Half-grown boys, whose lips, in class, utter Christian texts and Greek formulæ, but who at heart are interested only in football and gymnastics. What did the teachers who dictated to us the maxims of Christian conduct know about us as we really were? For them we were pupils; of the rest of our humanity they knew nothing. They blinded themselves to the fact that in those bodies of ours, full of the sap of youth, the storms of puberty were raging; that doubts as to what the lips were forced to confess gave us many an hour of torment; that these youngsters kicked bitterly against the pricks of a training that was as strange to them as the saddle and spurs to a young horse. There were many among them who were by no means the sort of pupils demanded by school discipline. I can see them now—

coltish young fellows whose joy it was to get drunk and brag of their drunkenness; who subjected the bodies which they did not understand to perverse manipulations, and swallowed quack remedies for the maladies which they acquired from the "sirens" of a suburban tavern. To be sure, these fellows were foreign bodies in our flock; most of us were afraid of them, even if we felt a bashful respect for them; nevertheless, they mingled in our ranks, and in our conversation, and uttered crude cynicisms which the others imitated, lest they should be regarded as "soppy".

Here too was a legend, a gulf between the ideal and reality! The ideal: unspoiled provincial youth, on the threshold of scholarship and science, full of humanitarian and Christian ideals. The reality: boys of whom some were dull and indifferent, while others were actuated by absolutely different interests; boys who read Schiller at school and Karl Marx or worse at home.

Does my memory deceive me? But I can cite concrete instances, cases where brutality, drunkenness, and sensuality came to light, and were punished by the masters with imprisonment and expulsion. But these things are forgotten; one thinks no more of them. Not only the masters, but even the boys forget. I was to note this later, even among my sometime comrades. Perhaps it is just as well! But as a psychologist one is bound to realize that the legend of innocent, harmless childhood is just a legend.

As a matter of fact, this tragic schism between Nature and civilization exists in all young lives; and it is tragic precisely because it cannot be avoided. Some are broken by the tragedy; others are hardened and tempered by it. But it exists in all young lives. It is not consciously experienced; it is only dimly felt; but it is not for that reason the less painful.

The "Golden Age" of Childhood

It is a defect of otherwise valuable works on the psychology of the child that they are based on the material obtained in large towns, where children are not children at all in the sense of being natural children, and cannot be such. It is as though one tried to study the life of the dog by observing the lap-dog who is always confined to the house, or the life of the finch by observing cage-birds. It may, of course, be profitable to study the life of city children, but they are not children in the true sense of the word. Just as we have destroyed the predatory nature of the dog in the lap-dog, so we have destroyed the nature of the child—and the child too is something of a predatory animal. Only in the city could the fairy-tale of the "golden age" of childhood have arisen—of an age of naïveté, innocence, and freedom from care. It may be that this century is indeed the century of the child, yet not of the child as a natural being; but rather of an artificially naïve, innocent, and careless variety of child, the domesticated child of civilization.

The world of the natural child is a world of conflict and passion; it is not tender, and it is often harsh and cruel, like Nature herself.

No, we boys, when we were together, did not graze peacefully side by side like a flock of lambs. Of course we had our associations, our "gangs", organized hordes, led by a chieftain; but all who were not of the gang were enemies. Our Badger Hill had constantly to be defended against other hordes, who with an instinctive lust of destruction longed to break down our dugouts and rob us of our weapons. I can remember terrible fights in which blood even was shed, and bruises were inflicted of whose origin our teachers and parents were never aware.

Seen from without, our childhood may have appeared "idyllic"; actually brute force prevailed. The bigger boys

ill-treated the smaller, and these lived in terror of the former, but were themselves no less harsh toward those who were still smaller and unable to defend themselves. Proud as we were of our strongholds, they were created only by compulsory labour. I remember that when I was nine years old I was compelled by bigger boys of twelve to carry stones for them, despite my torn and bleeding hands—persuaded partly by force, and partly by the suggestion that it was a privilege to supply them. And when we tried to enter the new building the big boys threw stones at us and drove us away in derision. But we endured this in silence, for we did not want to be regarded as "sneaks".

We all went armed; our weapons were mostly made by ourselves—bows and arrows, spears and maces; and you must not imagine that our battles were harmless play. One of our gang had an eye knocked out by a leaden bullet from a catapult, which led to a draconic prohibition of slings and catapults by the school authorities and the police; but we continued to indulge in slinging matches, which were even more furious than before, though we fought in secret. There were duels and massed battles; there were engagements in the open field; there was storming of earthworks, in which play often became earnest; and assuredly many bitter tears would have been shed, had not tears been regarded as the most contemptible of all things—almost as despicable as "sneaking"—complaining to grown-up persons. Once in our absence all that we had built was overthrown and trampled into the ground. This was followed by a bitter revenge, to accomplish which we lay in wait for the presumptive culprits, destroyed their huts in our turn, and fell upon them singly and maltreated them.

It was an actual state of war in which we lived. When in later years I came to know real warfare, it constantly seemed to me that I was being translated back to the entrenchments and assaults of my boyhood. War is surely a

retrogression into the primitive state of humanity, into that natural sphere which secretly survives under all the veneer of civilization.

People speak of "careless childhood", and have no suspicion how harsh it can be. I will tell you the story of something that must have happened when I was about seven years old. A youngster of twelve, the son of working-class parents—Schnabel, I remember, was his name—a boy of brutal and domineering nature, whose delight it was to gather round him as large a bodyguard as possible, consisting of boys of tender age, whom he ordered about and tormented, once induced me to steal a few sticks out of a shed. I stole them, and was at first greatly praised. What became of the sticks I don't know. But what I do know is that Schnabel kept reminding me of them with a wink, and making it clear to me that I was a thief, and that if I escaped prison it would only be through his goodwill. The end of it was that I was reduced to a most painful state of bondage. I tried to mollify him by all kinds of sacrifices: I brought him apples, and a piece of chocolate which I could hardly refrain from eating myself, and one day I gave him a little saw from my tool-chest. He received it with a contemptuous smile. It was a rotten thing, he said, but he would hold his tongue for another week. But every time he met me he grinned at me, and whispered: "Just you remember the s—t. . . ." I suffered cruelly from the dread of prison. For weeks I tried to make up my mind to tell my parents of my crime, but I was ashamed to do so. I tried to think of innocent-sounding phrases: it was true that I had "taken" the sticks, but I had wanted to put them back again. Even had I confessed, however, I never should have dared to mention Schnabel's name. I believe I have never since suffered so cruelly as from this terror of my "innocent" childhood.

"Grown-ups" think that because the child has not their

anxieties he has none at all. It is true that he does not worry if there is a slump on the Stock Exchange, but he has anxieties which are none the less painful because they seem "childish" to his elders. In the child, as in primitive man, there is no sharp distinction between reality and unreality. Indeed, the things which the child imagines are often the most real of all. The ingenuous soul of the child cannot subject his fancies to destructive criticism, and as yet experience has provided him with no weapons that will prevail against them.

His elders see the child only when he is in their presence, when he knows that he is safe. But leave him alone, leave him quite alone in the dark, and there is an end of the carelessness of childhood! For then he is delivered over defenceless to all the instinctive fears which form the subsoil of his soul, fears that live in the darkness, and there create frightful spectres, horrible as those of the mythology of primitive peoples, dreadful as their werewolves and vampires.

I am relating things about my childhood for which everyone whose memory is fairly faithful will be able to find analogies. When my parents had gone out and I was left alone of an evening, the darkness outside the circle of the lamplight was full of mysterious possibilities. I have often thrown the light under the sofa to make sure that no one was there. I have listened at the door of the next room, shrinking in terror if some old piece of furniture creaked. I never confessed these terrors to any grown-up person, for the spectres faded away to nothing the moment I heard my mother's voice on the stairs. Then I flew into my parents' arms, and they took for childish affection what was in fact only my relief at being delivered from my tormenting fears.

For a long while I lived in terror of mad dogs. I was then eight years old. A case of rabies had induced our teachers

to give us an exact description of a mad dog. It was not enough that for months I anxiously avoided every harmless cur! I imagined mad dogs, which as soon as I was alone pursued me as the Furies pursued Orestes. They appeared more particularly as I was falling asleep. I pictured to myself how the mad dog would break out of the gloomy forest with staring eyes and foam upon his jaws, racing towards the town, bursting into the suburb and drawing nearer and nearer to our house. I was perfectly well aware, of course, that the outer doors were locked, and that even the landing-door was bolted; nevertheless, I often got out of bed and listened at the keyhole, in order to convince myself that "he" was not slinking about in the next room. In my dreams I often shrieked until my mother came in, alarmed at my cries. But I dared not say anything; I was afraid of being laughed at.

I can remember hysterical mass-suggestions which governed our gang for weeks together. Somehow we conceived a fantastic fear of poachers. A forester had been shot in the forest. That aggravated the idea; every day someone had fresh news of the poachers, who in our imagination had become well-organized bodies of criminals. We knew where they were lurking: in a great cavern behind the "lumber camp". They were supposed to have sworn to set fire to all four quarters of the town, and they were only waiting for a storm, so that all the houses should burn down. They were said to have special designs on children; they wanted to kidnap them, torture them, and feed them to their dogs. All this we whispered mysteriously to one another, perhaps with a consoling consciousness that it was not true, but also in order to frighten one another still more. It was only gradually that our fears abated, when everything went on as quietly as usual and the town did not burst into flame; but even to-day I can never hear the word "poacher" but somewhere in the recesses of my soul I feel

something of the terror that then attached to the word, even though my conscious mind is ironically amused.

Far from being a rose-coloured and careless world, the world of children, though often full of sunshine, is in reality a gloomy place, full of threatening perils. Grown-up persons do not see in the gloom of childhood, any more than the sun, if he had eyes, could see shadows on the earth; for adults, if they are kindly, are the sun and the deities of light in the child's life, in whose presence the goblins of the night dare not venture forth. But the child's life is not simply the life lived in well-appointed nurseries. Such a life is not lived by one child in a hundred. Ask of the children of peasants and farm-labourers, and the millions of children in our working-class quarters, whether their life is careless and happy. Even in the middle-class houses of the small and prosperous towns all talk of "sunny childhood" is merely words. In that very environment which may appear delightful and idyllic to the traveller from a great capital I can point at once to dozens of examples (and these not only among the very poor) of children, who were our schoolfellows, who had to work hard before school-hours. Some had to deliver the morning rolls, that the townsfolk might have new bread on their breakfast-tables, never thinking that this inexpensive luxury was bought at the cost of a little boy's sleep. Other children lived in the room where their consumptive father bound books or worked as a tailor. Others were housemates with people who lived lives of dissipation and debauchery, which they took no pains to conceal from the children. Of course they took it for granted that the children "did not understand"; but they understood very well, and when the seeds then sown germinated in later life they sprang up and flourished, as the germs of consumption flourished which those other children had inhaled. In small provincial towns one can follow the careers of one's playmates for a longer period than elsewhere, and I can at

once name a dozen of my former comrades who perished miserably, before they reached their twentieth year, of the physical or psychical miasmata which they absorbed in their childhood. Do people really think that the "sunny" minds of children do not understand when their drunken father beats their mother, when their parents' possessions are seized by the broker and find their way to the auction-room, or when death intrudes into the family circle? In the "scientific" works on the psychology of children, as far as I have knowledge of them, there is little said of such things. They are written by all too middle-class authors for a comfortable middle-class public.

Nevertheless, our childhood was a wonderful time, though not the "golden age of childhood" of the sentimental novelist. Assuredly none of us would have changed places with the city children who grow up under the supervision of experienced governesses, in nurseries equipped with every comfort. Our worst days were those when we were unable to escape to Badger Hill. Just as a cage-bird will choose the way to freedom if one opens cage and window, though cats and hawks may lie in wait for it outside, so freedom was dearer to us than anything the "grown-ups" could offer us. Childhood was a wonderful time, not merely in spite of but even because of the violence, harshness, and cruelty which pervaded it. A real boy is not afraid of these things, but seeks them, instinctively and passionately; for in every child is born a fragment of that primitive world which our civilization believes that it has long ago subdued.

Of Religion in the Land of Childhood

If we journey back into the real country of childhood, we shall be compelled to realize that it lies—although not spatially—far removed from all civilization; that its inhabitants may perhaps adopt, externally, the civilized manners

and forms of the life of adults, but that inwardly they subscribe to other customs and worship other divinities.

In this chapter I am speaking of the religion of children and young people. We do not make a human being a Christian by baptizing him. None but simple-minded missionaries believe that we can do so—or, at least, if we are to judge from their reports they cherish this belief. It is possible that they really deceive themselves when they see their converts going to church and praying to the "Lord Jesus". They only change the names of their gods; the majority of "heathen" remain heathen even when they are Christians. (There are naturally exceptions.) Whole generations are necessary for any real transformation. The heathen are not really Christianized by Christianity; but Christianity is quite as likely to be paganized by them. German history provides us with striking documentary evidence of this Christian camouflage of an unchristian humanity: the Heliand poem, which expresses throughout a highly unchristian, heroic, warlike mentality.

Nominally, of course, our children are Christians. They willingly accept all the Christian dogmas, and would angrily repudiate the suggestion that they secretly gave their allegiance to an extremely primitive and quite unchristian religion. And perhaps one reason why the religious instruction of the schools and churches is so ineffective is that the teachers do not realize that this instruction does not fall upon absolutely seedless soil, but that this soil is full of seeds of quite a different kind, which they, it may be rightly, regard as tares, but which do not disappear simply because one denies their existence.

In spite of all Christian influences, there awakens in every childish soul a primitive religiosity, a belief in demons rather than a belief in gods, a belief which has the vitality of a natural force, and which is nourished by ancient fairy-tales. But it has no need of them: quite independently,

every child would evolve a dark belief in demons, and it is therefore not astonishing that children should relapse into the same religious rites and beliefs as those which were really evolved by primitive humanity. Quite unaffected by adult influence, and out of the ancient depths of our own souls, we evolved a sort of magic religiosity which in very essential respects resembled that which recent research has discovered among the Veddahs or the Bushmen.

It was an actual magic cult that we practised, with charms, omens, oracles, and sacrifices. It was not as though the good and evil powers of whose incalculable activities I was convinced had any plastic form. At all events, I cannot remember that I imagined them as having any definite form when I resorted to some rite which I had invented for myself in order to ward off the evil powers. Nevertheless, my life was everywhere entangled with magical relations, and everywhere I saw good and evil omens. If in the morning F——, the cashier, who would be on his way to the bank as I was going to school, met me at the top of the hill, this meant good luck for the day; but if he met me almost as soon as I had left the house, this was a bad omen. I always used to get away from the house as quickly as possible in order to anticipate him. How I fell into this superstition I do not know. Its origin, however, was a matter of no importance; of as little importance as the fact that the omens were not always fulfilled; but if they were fulfilled—ah, then I knew why it happened! Another means of averting evil was to go round by the gloomy Langgasse instead of through the more convenient Birnbaumgasse. On that day nothing could happen to me. Then there were amulets. A broken penknife had magic powers. As long as I carried that I was proof against evil, and I often ran back home if I had forgotten it. Numbers, too, had a magic significance. Popular superstition told me that the number 13 was unlucky, but to me personally it was not unfavourable.

On the other hand, I had my own private lucky and unlucky numbers: 23 and 43 were dangerous, while 24 meant real good fortune. The days of the week, too, had a magic significance. Monday, for example, was an unlucky day. I sighed with relief when it was over. Needless to say, I never spoke of such things, whether to my parents or to my companions. But from time to time I noted that my friends had similar ideas, and I have found them in my own children. They are to be explained by a primitive association, a slight refinement of the notion of causality. The child does not yet distinguish between *post hoc* and *propter hoc*, nor, for that matter, is every adult able to do so. My own son flatly refused to go down a certain street, and it was only after some questioning that he explained that it was an unlucky street: that every time he went down it with me he was scolded. The objection that the scolding was due not to the street but to his behaviour did not impress him. Apparently he could not or would not get rid of the magic notion of the evil omen.

Christianity, of course, is not without influence on the soul of the child. The Old Testament especially, with its primitive myths, encourages the child's fantastic imagination.

To-day I went into the Karlsberg, a large park which is open to visitors in the daytime. I went in by the lower entrance, and climbed up the cool, moist, shadowy glen, full of the rippling of water, between the magnificent beeches. Suddenly a thing occurred to me that I had never realized so vividly: that this park was the model on which my childish ideas of Paradise were based. Quite clearly I remembered that I had always imagined Adam and Eve as living in the shady pasture at the opening of this glen, and that it was thither that the animals came with whom they were wont to associate. God came down to them out of the wood, in which the "Tree of Life" and the "Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil" were growing. My

childish imagination was especially concerned with the serpent, and also with the question whether it was not very cruel to punish these first human beings so severely because they had "sneaked" an apple—and us too, since, after all, we couldn't have prevented them! The gate at which the flaming cherub stood, and from which they were expelled, was the upper entrance to the park. All this emerged from the past, like the image on a photographic plate in the developing bath.

My real experience of the Christian religion began only after my tenth year, and was ushered in by secret doubts, which gradually led to painful conflicts. While in my earlier childhood it was precisely the miraculous tales of the Bible that impressed me, these now became the occasion of my doubts. Like most of my more serious companions, I underwent a twofold development: I wavered between two poles —a mystical pietism and a nihilistic rationalism. Both extremes recurred periodically: I suffered radical revulsions of belief, and often the two beliefs existed in close juxtaposition, and one would take its departure if the other was provoked to opposition. On the same day I might play the part of a fervent Christian in opposition to an atheist, and the part of an atheist in opposition to a pious believer, and I would play both parts with passionate conviction.

It seems to me that this extremism and dualism are thoroughly typical of youth. No matter which side youth takes, it is irritated by the lukewarmness of the adult's Christianity, whose dishonesty, in many of his teachers, and even in clergymen, is perfectly obvious to the more intelligent boy. Even as boys of fourteen we found it ridiculous that the pastor who was preparing us for Confirmation was offended if we did not call him "Herr Hofprediger" (Mr. Court Chaplain); and he had other all too human and unchristian weaknesses. It was not that we "doubted" out of perversity; on the contrary, we were quite honestly

pained that we could not believe when we would gladly have done so. For that matter, it was only the "religious" natures who doubted; the others, for the most part, were neither believers nor unbelievers, but simply indifferent, and I doubt if there was much joy in heaven over their Christianity. I am rather of opinion that God, if He has any sense of humour, must derive more satisfaction from the religious conflicts of those lads who honestly concern themselves with religious matters, however they may flounder in doing so.

Of Morality in the Land of Childhood

The archaic and primitive religiosity of our childish years was accompanied by an archaic and primitive morality, which was, for the most part, but little influenced by the former; just as in human evolution the connection between religion and ethics was of very gradual development. This magic religiosity was intrinsically amoral; it had nothing to do with good or evil. The dæmonic powers who were to be feared on weekdays were completely capricious in their dealings: they did not punish one because one had been "wicked". But the "good God" of our divinity lessons was very different in this respect! He was to be feared because He punished the wicked. Nevertheless, He entered into our consciousness only *after* the deed! If one had committed some dubious action, it was well to ask His pardon. Whether the thought of God had any prohibitive action I can no longer remember. But I know very well that the morality of our childish world had very little indeed to do with Christian ideals; and that it had a morality of its own, which was not an ethic of love and gentleness, but a harsh morality of contest. Our worst term of reprobation was "coward". "Cowardice" was a comprehensive term for all that was base, deceitful, and unsportsmanlike.

It seems to me to-day that this is sufficiently significant of the warlike spirit of our puerile ethos. Courage, on the other hand, was the highest virtue, and because courage was needful for most of the things that were forbidden by the morality of our parents, and our church and school, it was accounted a distinction if one transgressed this morality in any way.

Nietzsche would doubtless have rejoiced to see how far from morality were the morals of our Badger Hill circle. We killed, lied, and stole without any objection on the part of the "categorical imperative". At most the fear of detection hung over us like the sword of Damocles. At the same time, the fact that they were forbidden, and their secrecy, naturally imbued our actions with a peculiar fascination.

Our slaughter of human beings was, of course, only symbolical; but scalping, torturing, beheading, and hanging were favourite sports, which afforded us a gruesome delight. On the other hand, a cruel, primitive instinct of the chase was indulged without concealment at the expense of the smaller animals. Blindworms and toads in particular were our prey, and also the larger birds. Yet we thought it utterly contemptible to take birds' nests; this was done only by really bad children; and I remember we once beat a little fellow black and blue because he had taken a robin's nest, and wrung the necks of the nestlings and strung their heads on a twig. This seemed to us the extreme of baseness. On the other hand, it was quite lawful to kill caterpillars, cockchafers, and butterflies, though it was cowardly to pull off the legs of cockchafers. It will be seen that the morality of children is no less complicated in its casuistry than that of adults, who would be ashamed to steal a penny, but have no conscience about swindling a business adversary out of a few thousand pounds.

None of us would have stolen money; it would never have entered our heads to steal a penny at home. On the

other hand, other things were, so to speak, outlawed. To "sneak" fruit from a stranger's orchard was not stealing, but heroism. If a theft was committed boldly and skilfully, and if danger was incurred, it was the occasion of admiration and boasting. It would have been "sneaky" to take a schoolfellow's pen, but to abstract the master's pen from his desk was a heroic achievement, and my friend H——, who is now a respected civil servant, had a whole collection of these trophies.

Not all such heroic deeds were really accomplished; many were committed only in imagination; and not only the reputed perpetrator, but even those who had no part in the business would be intoxicated by their comrade's achievement. For example: the wag of the class, "Musjöh Clown", was locked up by the master in the dark cupboard which served as a prison and was also used for storing wall-pictures, chalk, and other scholastic material. Afterwards the Clown told us that he had played on the master's fiddle while he was in the cupboard. None of us had heard him, but the exploit so charmed us by its audacity that we did not stop to consider that the assertion might be an empty boast; on the contrary, we were full of admiration, and told one another of the achievement, until soon there was not a boy in the class who did not wish he had heard the tones of the fiddle. It did not occur to any of us that the Clown could not play the violin!

Truth and untruth, for our childish minds, were hardly distinguishable. I have a vivid memory of the following affair, in which I myself played a part. We had a garden on the river. To prevent me from going near the water, a woman who was lifting our potatoes told me that there were poisonous water-snakes in the river. On the following day I told some of my schoolfellows about these snakes, which I described exactly as being green, with red, sparkling eyes. One incredulous listener declared that I had been hoaxed.

This of course annoyed me, and I swore that I had seen them with my own eyes. They were as thick as ropes, and had twined themselves round the willows. It was at once decided that we should catch them, and someone suggested that we should tame them and show them for money. We armed ourselves with sticks, tomahawks, and spears, and a whole troop of us proceeded to the garden, I myself at their head. I remember distinctly that I was completely convinced that we should find the snakes. It was only when we came to the river and found nothing there that I began to doubt. When the others, who insisted that I had made fools of them, turned their weapons against me, I regarded myself as a martyr.

I could relate many instances of the sort, which would simply bring me into great discredit with all those persons who accept Kant as their authority in moral questions. They would call these things highly "immoral", although they were at most amoral; for such things were done—I will not say "beyond", but certainly far beneath good and evil. We knew that what we did was forbidden, that we should be punished, and punished severely, if it "came out"; but we were unconscious of immorality; we were conscious merely of courage, adroitness, and triumphant boyish bravado. I will tell you only one more story, the story of the "smokers' club", the S.P., which we founded when still in the Fifth. "S.P." stood for "Schwarzer Peter", "Black Peter", which was the name not of a criminal, but of a well-known card-game for children. Our cards had been "sneaked" by fat Rudi from a stationer's when the shop was dressed for Christmas. Those who were not playing kept watch; and this heroic behaviour, and our common secret, formed a powerful bond between all the confederates. We met regularly in my Wigwam and played Black Peter. Since we gradully grew tired of this, we substituted Skat. One of us hit on the idea of constructing a water-pipe,

which was very exciting, since our parents, like our schoolmasters, had forbidden us to smoke. With the aid of a water-bottle, glass, and rubber tubes and an old pipe-bowl, a hookah was constructed, around which four boys sat almost daily smoking tobacco, whose origin was much the same as that of the Black Peter cards. To-day I sometimes picture to myself the horror with which our parents and teachers would have greeted the discovery of this S.P. business. What a fuss there would have been! A secret association, prohibited smoking, and thieving! I should certainly punish my own son if I discovered him doing anything of the sort. I might even begin to wonder whether he had criminal predispositions! And yet, as I have said, the whole business had nothing to do with morality or immorality, or with criminal tendencies. From our point of view it was simply a kind of heroism. As a matter of fact, I can truthfully say that in later days I never observed in myself any inclination to steal, nor yet in the other members of this thieves' kitchen. On the contrary, as far as I have news of them to-day, they are useful members of society, and some of them are even in exalted positions. I think it is quite possible that they are now useful members of society precisely because certain evil instincts, which none of us are without, found an innocent outlet in their childhood, so that in later life they had lost their charm. At all events, I know of schoolfellows who at school were perfect models of virtue but subsequently "went to the dogs". I do not wish to state this as a general rule: the soul of any person is much too complex to admit of any uniform scheme of development.

A few words over the sexual morality of this world of childhood. As children of Nature we were early enlightened: we had seen cats and goats in the act of giving birth, which had filled us with half-inquisitive and half-reverent feelings. Moreover, we received "instruction" from older boys; they,

of course, like ourselves, knew only half the truth, and "explained", lewdly grinning, the wonderful mystery of human conception and birth. Possibly because grown-up people maintained a cowardly, undignified, and helpless silence over these things, this whole province of knowledge acquired the fascination of something secret and forbidden. It was no wonder that every story that touched upon it had a piquant, teasing fascination. Rumours of incredible grobianism were in circulation, and these we repeated to one another with a grin, just as out of bravado we made use of obscene terms.

In reality, this only increased our shyness and reserve when in the company of girls. To-day I can see in this grobianism too something of the nature of a safety-valve, which enabled our awakening instincts to find an outlet in words, while abstaining from action. These uncouth verbal gestures were accompanied by an extraordinary delicacy of feeling, quite unspotted by our coarse jests. The genuine boy is modest in the presence of the inexperienced girl. He may possibly be seduced, but is not himself a seducer. I believe such plays as Wedekind's *Frühlingserwachen* are quite untypical; they can be true only of morbid characters. As in the morality of primitive peoples, so in the morality of healthy youth there is a taboo which is not infringed.

Of the Taste of Childhood

That children and adolescents live in a different world is ultimately due to the different *valuation* with which they approach the external world, and this valuation is a consequence of their entire psychical structure. This is not, as it is, or ought to be, in adults, an organized system of instincts, inhibitions, and faculties. The nonsense talked about the harmony of the childish soul must not be allowed to blind us to the fact that in the soul of the child, and still more in

the soul of the adolescent, disequilibrium and inconsistency are supreme. The instinctive and affective life is not as yet organized into a system of complementary impulses and restraints, as in the case of the adult, in whom courage is balanced by prudence, fear by courage, etc. As a child the human being is mastered by the experience of the moment, and even in his adolescence his mood often flies from one polarity to another. Sensual experience and imagination do not as yet lie far apart; and the same is true of subjectivity and objectivity. One is not capable in youth of a purely objective judgment. Everything is referred to the ego, and in everything one is conscious of the ego; which amounts to saying that the ego is still narrowly restricted in its interests.

We must take this into consideration when we speak of the æsthetic taste of youth. Of course, if by this we understand the "disinterested satisfaction" which is Kant's definition of the æsthetic attitude, or Schopenhauer's "contemplation", the child is not capable of æsthetic experience. Like all primitive human beings, the child knows nothing of maintaining an "æsthetic distance" from things, of a delight in pure form divorced from content. On the contrary, even where form delights him he wishes to possess the object. And he does not eliminate action, as he should in accordance with these definitions, but tries to translate into action every poem or romance that he reads. To the æsthetically appreciative adult the reality becomes an image; to the child every image becomes reality.

If we attempt to reconstruct the æsthetic world of the child we must of course endeavour—and this is extremely difficult—to set aside all that suggestion on the part of adults may contribute thereto. It is very easy to influence the taste of a child or an adolescent by persuasion, more especially as many things make no appeal whatever to

their emotions, or appeal to them very vaguely. The boy thinks himself very far advanced if he adopts the taste of adults. And since he is continually hearing æsthetic judgments of every kind, it is impossible that he should not unconsciously accept and repeat some of them. But all this is external.

If I ransack my memory, I know that we children, up to our thirteenth year, were convinced, owing to the suggestions of adults, that we lived in the midst of a very beautiful landscape, but none of us would ever of his own accord have walked a few yards in order to enjoy one of the many beautiful prospects, or to regard the castle or one of the churches with æsthetic satisfaction. It is true that we gathered violets and wild roses, but more for the sake of their sweet smell, which appealed to our senses, than because of any æsthetic delight in the flowers. And the collecting of butterflies, postage-stamps, and beetles had no more to do with æsthetics than collecting the series of Liebig pictures. Even when I began to draw, drawing was for me simply a handicraft, and it was only my increasing skill that gave me pleasure. I have thick sketch-books full of landscape drawings, but they reveal very little evidence of æsthetic consciousness; at most they display an interest in curiosities. I had no special sense of form, nor had my comrades. If now and again we "showed off" by employing words and phrases which seemed to speak of a knowledge of art, this knowledge was purely an external thing. If when travelling we visited a picture-gallery, it was only the content of the pictures that impressed us, whether comic or sentimental. I remember that when I was nine a picture of "A Nun being led to Immurement" shocked me tremendously. At the most we felt an æsthetic liking for human beings, though this, of course, was largely unconscious. I realize now—though as a boy I was hardly aware of the fact—that the objects of my friendly affection were always good-looking boys. Of girls

I took little notice before my fourteenth year, yet I remember that as boys we did occasionally discuss their beauty; but our opinions were certainly influenced by the estimates of grown-up persons.

Music was judged only by its rhythm, not by its form. Military music pleased us; "high-brow" music wearied us. Piano-playing was practised as a technique only; it seldom evoked any æsthetic feeling, and never apart from the influence of adults. On the other hand, crudely humorous verses or sentimentalities delighted us. Here, too, puberty ushered in a change, for in its inner correlation with love and passionate friendship it suddenly became a dæmonic power.

And literature? Of course, we swallowed all sorts of books wholesale: all the usual juvenile classics—*Robinson Crusoe*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Leatherstocking*, and their minor imitations. But we read all the sagas of the Trojans and the Nibelungs as well. What is the common quality of all these books? They are the great poetry, the great fiction of former generations, which have now become reading for boys. Even Schiller, Gustav Freytag and others are already going the same way. As in the religion and morality of youth we may perceive the survival of earlier stages of culture, so in poetry. "I want a hero!" is the demand which boyhood and youth make of poetry and fiction; and this is not only their right, it is a profound internal necessity. Youth wants to be filled with enthusiasm; it does not seek "disinterested satisfaction".

A man's true character is revealed by what he reads. Just as the genuine peasant has never cared for sickly sentimental tales of village life, so the real boy takes no pleasure in those books in which adult writers tell sentimental and romantic stories of childhood. The real boy cares only for wild, powerful, passionate histories of heroes and adventurers, of battle and deadly peril, because in these he discovers his own instincts and his own longings.

Nothing could be more foolish than the attempt, on the part of adults, to influence the taste of youth prematurely. Not only do they rob their children of their own experiences, they deprive them, as regards a later period, of a spontaneous approach to art. The motto "For our children only the best is good enough" is a foolish saying. The best for children is that which is in harmony with their own nature. I know a man who takes his thirteen-year-old son to the most modern picture-galleries, presents him with a subscription for the Philharmonic concerts, and gives him Goethe and Hauptman to read. Recently he was boasting that Hans has a decided preference for Cézanne, and that the last quartettes of Beethoven were his favourite music, while he thought *Lohengrin* difficult. Quite in earnest, the father said: "That is my boy's taste!"

As a matter of fact, the education in art which adults give their children is largely an education in dishonesty. Here the schools also are at fault, often with the best intentions. They place the great poems in the boy's hands far too early. By so doing they spoil these works for them; later they can take no pleasure in them, for only a profound knowledge of life can enable us to understand them.

The Relation of the Child to the World of Adults

I have spoken of my childhood in these pages in the hope that I might elucidate something which we are wont to regard in a false light. My intention was to strip off this false, idyllic, romantic colouring and to discover the reality, free of the sentimental glamour with which grown-up persons surround it. How far what I have described is typical it is difficult to say; for even though children are not differentiated in the same sense as adults, yet even in the realm of childhood there is variety enough and to spare. Of late years, indeed, it has undergone very great

changes. It is with a certain amount of justification that the nineteenth century has been called "the century of the child", inasmuch as it was only in this century that the recognition became fairly general that the child is not a small adult. Before the nineteenth century this was not realized. Children were dressed precisely like grown-up people (a special dress for children first appeared in England about 1800), and children were given the same books to read (and it is only since the beginning of the nineteenth century that there has been a special literature for children). Open Goethe's reminiscences and see what children read in his days! Nowadays all is different; people have become conscious of the difference; childhood, indeed, has not only been discovered, but is even cultivated and artificially trained. Our recent civilization has made the adult more and more unchildlike. And just as in our great cities, which are so remote from Nature, a sentimental love of Nature has arisen, so there has arisen in our unchildlike adult world a sentimental longing for the childlike. The process began in the days of the Romantics, and it is still continuing. The need for the special cultivation of the childish soul did not exist in earlier ages, because the adult himself (as we see him now) was nearer to the child than to-day, for in these days the rationalism of the great modern city is making him less and less childlike.

Since then people have begun to cultivate childhood, just as they have cultivated "Nature"—that is, have surrounded it with a sentimental glamour. People seek in children all that they no longer possess in themselves: ingenuousness, simplicity, innocence, "Nature". The result is that children are to-day trained like a lap-dog to be clean in a house. The training is successful, but we cannot call the result "natural". "Simple, innocent, idyllic Nature" is a lie, a poet's dream, and nothing more. The child is by nature neither ingenuous, nor innocent, nor simple; the truth is

that the adult simply credits him with these qualities. People delight in the enchanting naïveté of childish speech, although the naïveté does not really proceed from the child, but is read into his speech by his elders; the child is trying to speak the language of his elders. When he is able to speak naturally he employs a blunt vernacular which may even be coarse and boorish, and he is apt to acquire the forbidden dialect of the streets. People overlook the fact that "childishness" is often a conscious coquetry on the part of the child, who, with the instinctive cunning of the under-dog, does what is expected of him.

In actual fact, the relation of the child who has the opportunity of living his own life to the adult is like that of the most primitive peoples to the whites who bring them the blessings of civilization. Their external attitude is one of submissiveness and cajolery, but inwardly they are full of dull if unconscious rebellion. The servile revolt of the child finds expression in a thousand ways—in insolence, folly, and malice. But the revolt of childhood, like all servile rebellion, is condemned to impotent defeat. The child wages war with all the weapons of the rebellious slave—hypocrisy and spite, with occasional outbreaks of senseless rage. I am making use of strong expressions to describe things which to adults may appear as harmless stupidity or insolence, but these terms correctly describe the subterranean motive. I remember that we used to employ the weapon of hypocrisy in particular against individual teachers—against those who were deficient in humour and goodwill. If we discovered that one of our masters had both of these qualities, our attitude towards him was that of enthusiastic disciples, and I look back on such teachers with gratitude. Others, however, we treated with refined hypocrisy, acting the innocent and well-behaved pupil, but pulling long noses behind their backs or spilling ink over their desks.

Even our relation to our parents was not free from resent-

ment and hypocrisy and revolt. At the same time, I myself had no reason to complain of my parents. My father ruled me with quiet self-possession and occasional severity; my mother with a mild benevolence that was even capable, now and then, of concealing things from my father. Nevertheless, in respect of certain things there was an absolute barrier between my parents and their children.

Of late years the psycho-analysts have seen sexual motives in the relations between parents and children. They speak of the Œdipus complex, as though it were the rule that the child should feel sexual love for the mother and sexual jealousy for the father. To me this seems to be an unreliable generalization from observations of pathological cases. If, with absolute frankness, I consult my youthful reminiscences of conversations with my schoolfellows, who were anything but prudish, I cannot find a trace of sexuality in respect of parents. We had, indeed, occasional sexual feelings, whose nature, of course, we did not understand. (I remember that as a child of eight it happened that I was left alone in a room with the daughter of a neighbour, and was overcome by a delightful excitement, which to me was quite inexplicable, and tried to seize her pigtail. I received a violent punch in the ribs, and this led to a scuffle in which, to my secret delight, I was defeated.) But although, as I have said, vague surmises of the relations between the sexes did occasionally make their appearance, like the first flashes of light that long precede the thunderstorm, our parents were, for us, absolutely taboo, and never in thought or words did we apply our very fragmentary knowledge of sexual relations to our fathers or mothers.

Nevertheless, we did, from time to time at least, feel resentment towards our fathers, but this was of the nature of fear, and the consciousness of repression, and a vague longing for revenge, all of which has no connection with sexuality and jealousy, but has its roots in the opposition of

the natural and the civilized world. For the father was the representative of this civilized world, and it was he who saddled and bridled us, unruly colts that we were. Our relations to our mothers were more intimate and tender, but here again sexuality played no part. It is true that mothers misinterpret the affection of their children if they see nothing in it but pure sympathy; it contains, at all events, a need of protection and dependence; it is an unconsciously purposive cajolery on the part of the child (though this is truer of girls than of boys); but the relation to the mother is simpler than the relation to the father; it is more "natural", since in a woman there is always more "Nature" than in a man; while the father, merely as a man, is more than the mother the representative of the sphere of civilization, which is hostile to the child. Thus it is possible for the child to feel in league with the mother, in a conspiracy against the strict authority of the father; but it is absolutely false to see the motives of this conspiracy in sexuality and the Œdipus complex. It is ridiculous to interpret the statement that a child so often makes, that he wants to marry his mother or his sister, in a sexual sense, for children, as a general thing, when they make such declarations, have no suspicion of the sexual basis of the mutual relation of their parents.

If we may call the nineteenth century the century of the child, we shall perhaps call the twentieth century the century of the adolescent. For some decades now we have been accustomed to interpose a special period between childhood and youth—the period of adolescence. And here it should be said at once that we have not simply discovered it, but that adolescence has come to the front as a special period; and that this period is not a natural phase, but a product of civilization. Among "natural" peoples the child is ordained a man at the age of puberty; he adopts a vocation and founds a family. In our civilization we are continually postponing

marriage and professional independence to a later and later age, so that an intermediate stage intervenes, which creates new psychical relations: that vague period of *Sturm und Drang*, in which the incipient man is torn this way and that by a great variety of moods and behaviours, and in which he torments himself because he cannot yet adapt himself to the community of adults, although everything in him impels him in that direction. The last few decades have witnessed a remarkable phenomenon, in that youth has become conscious of its situation, until we have in Germany a *Jugendbewegung*, a "movement" of youth, which to some extent accepts this situation, and in some degree tries to shape it in conformity to itself. We know whither this movement is tending: back to Nature, back to the woods and meadows, away from the town, back to simpler conditions. Instinctively youth has invented new forms of community, new songs and music, often even a new religiosity, which—historically considered—are all a revival of older forms of life. Youth is making for itself that natural world of which the great cities have robbed it; for it needs "Nature" not only for the sake of its lungs and limbs, but above all for the good of its soul. It is finding its way back to older forms of life, which are necessary to its harmonious development.

Of the Child in the Adult

Here I will break off, since my intention was only to describe, in rough outline and with individual examples, all that came back to me during my journey into my past. I have, it is true, discovered many other memories, hidden away like bats in a loft, but they were only variations of the same themes, and some of them were so personal in character that it would be difficult to make them intelligible to others. And do we really ourselves understand the meaning of all the events we describe when we write the story of our own life?

What we call history—in the individual life as in the life of humanity—is not a real continuity, but an artificial pattern that is woven after the events recorded; it is, of course, something more than a free exercise of imagination, but it is far from perceiving all the inner interrelations of these events. For these interrelations—especially in youthful persons—are so obscure and fugitive that the mind can hardly seize them. What we now recall in memory were real events, but we judge of their "meaning" from our standpoint of to-day, although for our childhood they had quite a different meaning, which if we could realize it now would probably seem as absurd as the ideas of a lunatic.

But this is the remarkable thing: our present life, the life we live as adults, is built up on secure foundations, which have not vanished because their place is in the past, but which, on the contrary, still persist, and continue to operate in our present life. But this is not merely a danger, it is also a source of wealth, and those who do not know this, who are merely "reasonable" in the adult sensc of the word, are truly not to be envied. Childhood and youth should be both outlived and preserved. I do not mean, of course, that a man should remain for ever a child and only a child, but that he should be something of a child as well as a man. It would be an impoverishment of life were the child-like qualities to disappear completely. We know the great cities are extraordinarily poor in artistic qualities. How is this? I attribute it to the fact that city children have no real childhood, that they are deprived of that natural sphere in which the creative faculties find the soil in which they can develop. They are prematurely oppressed by the influences of the adult world, so that their real character is unable to develop in freedom. It is as though one exposed a plant which normally buds in March to the sun of August. We educate them too much, and we believe that education will do everything. But the best thing that we can give

children is freedom to shape themselves. They may be ill-behaved and turbulent, but they may learn more valuable things in freedom than they would ever get from all the school-books in the world. And perhaps what they reject is at least as important as what they retain. One must not, of course, excuse everything by saying "they must work it out of their systems", but there is much that ought to be retained, although in transmuted form. For the most of the great writers childhood and youth have been an inexhaustible source of creation; for every man his youth, if he was ever really young, is a priceless treasure, not merely as an object of sentimental enthusiasm, but as the foundation of knowledge and of faculties whose continuity with youth he himself does not perceive. Just as there is an "eternal feminine" in man, so there is also an eternal youth, and it is not the worst part of the man. What women love in a man is often precisely the "youth" in him, and however dignified his bearing, it is the "great boy" that they see in him. It may be perhaps that their natural maternal instinct enables them to divine the "Nature" in the man behind all the vocational masks and mechanisms—the "Nature" as the sphere of the living and creative in opposition to the utilitarianism of civilized existence. Poor indeed is that man who cannot play, who cannot on occasion be youthful and extravagant, who has not retained, in the foundations of his adult life, that natural sphere from which strange and apparently purposeless growths may emerge. But is that which our reason calls sensible really the whole meaning of life?

Curiously enough, even in our childhood we thought we were living "consciously", and yet, from our present point of view, it seems as though we had been walking blindly in the dark. Much that was then the free play of imagination seems sensible compared to that which subsequently crystallized out as the meaning of our life. We did not know that in our games, and in the trifling activities which we took so

seriously, in our collecting and other hobbies, we were cultivating faculties which would be of great importance in our later life; we did not know that when we secretly laid a flower on the window-sill of some girl for whom we felt a timid reverence, this was an expression of the dimly suspected power of sex, which, working through us and through all living things, weaves the continuity of life throughout the ages; we did not know that where we rebelled against the world of sensible middle-class order our rebellion was not merely senseless folly, but that here vital instincts were finding expression which had their justification, however much breeding and morality might condemn them. Now we can understand the latent conflict between Nature and civilization, which we all have to fight in our own persons, or at least we believe that we understand it. It seems to us full of meaning in relation to our present life; but do we know *whose* meaning? Do we understand our present life? Do we know that what we do to-day, when we build schools or churches, or wage war, or make wars, has a "meaning"? Or is it only play? It is a strange paradox by which we are confronted! The play of a child seems to us full of meaning with regard to the serious things of our later life, but the serious things of this life seem to us as meaningless play so soon as we look for a meaning in them. We smile over the twilight of the past, we believe that we are now walking in the light, and yet the true darkness lies not behind us, but before!

THE DRAMATURGY OF LIFE

A CHAPTER OF SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY

We are always acting, but he
is a clever man who knows it.

A. SCHNITZLER

THE DRAMATURGY OF LIFE

The Nature of the Play

Strangely enough, it is not enough for man that his soul *is* a mystery to himself and others; on the contrary, he zealously endeavours to *make* it a mystery to others, and even to himself. What we call "life" is by no means the mere operation and manifestation of *being*; it is hardly less concerned with *seeming*—that is, with appearing to be something that it is *not*. We do not live in a world of reality only, for what we call reality is everywhere interspersed with unreality, seeming, acting.

The comparison of the world with a theatre—the statement that the *theatrum mundi* is also a *mundus theatri*—has become almost a commonplace. Nevertheless, the psychologist and the sociologist have not yet written a dramaturgy of the world-theatre or theatre-world, and what I shall say in these pages can be regarded only as a sketchy attempt. And yet it is possible to show, even in these brief pages, how the whole of life, even to its noblest heights (and in these, perhaps, most of all), is interwoven with all sorts of theatrical arts.

But let this be said at once: we understand by the art of acting not simply, as the layman thinks, the representation of something that is *not* really experienced—that is, *mis*representation. We understand by the act of acting the art that characterizes the great actor as distinguished from the comedian who is accustomed to misrepresentation, the representation of something which is *really experienced*. The layman is mistaken in supposing that an actor who plays the part of Hamlet feels inwardly that he is only the leading man, and simply exhibits the external gestures of the prince; for the actor transforms himself inwardly into the prince, and feels not as the leading man, but as the prince, and it is only thus that he can hit upon the convincing

gestures and the authentic accent. At the same time, it is not possible to draw the line sharply between representation and misrepresentation. And herein lies the most interesting problem. The ego that wishes to represent itself is by no means a permanent thing that always remains the same, but is full of the most singular contradictions; and the man who seeks to represent himself as other than "himself" is often enough, for that very reason, compelled to misrepresent himself; but, on the other hand, in order to misrepresent himself he must inwardly *be* what he wishes to seem. Only he can lie convincingly who believes for the moment that he is telling the truth. The actor must not only deceive others, he must deceive himself. That he is able to do so is his most specific gift. It is a poor play that does not produce the effect of reality! And it is of the essence of the genuine play that being and seeming are inextricably interwoven. And what makes the theatre of the world, and above all the drama of social life, so interesting, is the fact that being and seeming are everywhere intermingled, and that it is impossible to draw a hard and fast line between them. Seeming as being; being as seeming—that is our theme.

So-called "Real" Nature

It is a paradoxical fact that human relations are by no means based only on the truth, but at least as much on the concealment of the truth! Strict moralists of the school of Kant may regard this as highly immoral, but this does not alter the fact that anyone who is always blurting out the truth, or what he believes to be the truth, will reveal himself as a tasteless and tactless fellow, whose conduct will often be regarded as actually "immoral". Human relations are much too subtle to be crudely divided into truth and falsehood; for the most part they remain on the hither side of true and false, just as they remain on the hither side of good

and evil. The moralist is compelled to condemn the conscious lie, the false witness borne by a man with the intention of injuring his neighbour, or procuring some selfish advantage for himself. But there are innumerable situations to which the categories true and false cannot be applied at all; or if they are applied, they are probably applied in the wrong place. It is, to say the least of it, rather a simple notion that a man *can* always be truthful. As though the subjective wish to be truthful could guarantee the objective truth! Measured by this objective standard, the founders of religions, the priests, the philosophers, and scholars of the past have been liars, and in the centuries to come our most brilliant thinkers will fare no better. Primitive ages used to demand even of the poet that he should keep to the truth, that he should not "tell wild lies". We no longer ask this of him. It may be shown that all æsthetic forms, not only of art but of life in general, stand aloof from truth and falsehood; that life to a great extent consists of æsthetic play and drama, sociological forms which demand a veiling of the truth, or at least of certain truths.

It may be answered that such a veiling of the truth, such conscious acting (whatever the reason for it) is the sign of a decadent civilization; that "natural" man, and "Nature" altogether, are always truthful and genuine; that in them there is no deceit and no comedy. But no! This conception of Nature, which was formed by the eighteenth century, and which we have inherited through the Romantics, is one of those widespread sentimentalities which we must regard—if they are not due to mere ignorance—as lies. This conception of a "simple", "true", "peaceful" Nature is an unconscious fiction. Here already we have a clear case of dramatization, of man turning his environment into an artificial scene, on which he plays all sorts of utterly untruthful parts. It makes little difference whether the refined circles in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and well on into the

rococo period, mimicked "Nature" in gaily coloured silks, as beribboned shepherds and shepherdesses, or whether in the romantic period which began with Rousseau and his time they wandered about the country, discovering in the landscape the echo of their own more delicate emotions, which were anything but "natural". People transformed Nature, which is harsh and cruel and full of the bitter struggles of all against all, into a peaceful, harmonious background for beautiful souls. They upheld it as the antithesis to civilization, and this opposition will not bear examination; at all events, not in the sense that Nature is the epitome of all that is honourable, genuine, harmonious, and beautiful, while civilization is mendacious, false, and inharmonious. To be sure, these people often *knew* nothing of the bitter struggle which is waged by every creature throughout all Nature; they did not know how cruelly and pitilessly the trees and plants in a forest fight against one another, in order that they may deprive one another of light and nourishment, and leave the conquered to starve. They did not know and did not wish to know that the lovely songbirds live only by the daily massacre of hundreds of smaller creatures. They did not wish to know this, for they were acting a part to themselves; they remodelled Nature; they used her as the stage-setting for a life that did not admit to itself that it was nourished and kept alive by the corpses of plants and animals. *This* remodelled Nature is itself civilization, and art, and a theatre—a theatre in the sense of a stage which man requires for the drama which he plays for himself and others.

If we resolve to know rather than to dream, we are compelled to realize that the real Nature has an appearance very unlike that which she assumes in the mind of a poet. We shall realize not only that man transforms Nature into a theatre, but that everywhere in Nature herself the most refined art of the theatre is being practised, in masquerades,

disguises, and theatrical displays. Animals, and even plants, exhibit a behaviour which, from the human point of view, we must certainly describe as acting. And their motives are actually the same as those which impel human beings to practise the arts of simulation. Enmity and friendship alike make use of many arts of disguise. There are ingenious and terrifying masks which frighten the enemy away, and equally ingenious protective masks, which are intended to delude the enemy. For example, there are perfectly harmless masks which imitate the appearance of venomous species so skilfully that they are able to terrify dangerous adversaries; and there are animals, and even plants, which reproduce the coloration and the form of their environment so convincingly that they make it very difficult for the creatures which pursue them to discover them. Love—sexual courtship—is especially ingenious in all the arts of simulation and mimicry. Things that men have painfully invented are already foreshadowed by the animals. All the arts of solicitation and courtship of the human male, from the most refined gallantry to the "exhibitionism" which to us seems so obscene (for example, the exhibition of their hinder parts by the apes), as well as the coquetry of the woman, may be found in the animal world. Indeed, there are plenty of species which contrive complicated battle and hunting scenes, with a regular "public" to enjoy them. By no means, therefore, must we oppose Nature to civilization, by ascribing "simple truth" to the one and "superficial politeness" exclusively to the other.

The Ego and its "Rôles"

If the stage of the theatre represents a world, it is no less true that the world is a stage. Ethics, nevertheless, demands "the truth"; we are to be true not only to one another, but to ourselves. And who will venture to doubt the

moral value of this commandment? Yet, like most moral commandments, it is far easier to give, and metaphysically to justify, than to obey. If one morning a man were really to make up his mind that from now on he would show himself only as he truly is, and utter all the thoughts that he really thinks, we may take it that by midday he would have become socially impossible, and before the day was over he would either have earned a thrashing or have been haled before the magistrate. For in the sense of the ideal ethical requirement even to refrain from uttering the truth is to tell a lie.

Setting aside the ethical requirement, then, let us ask ourselves whether a man *can* be quite "truthful", or whether, quite apart from all social consideration and circumspection, he can, even when he is alone, represent himself as he is. Now, in order to *tell* the truth one must *know* it. And in order that one may constantly represent oneself as one is, one must constantly be "one's self". But is one really always one's self? Does every momentary mood spring from our true self? Is every thought that flits through our mind, and that seems authentic at the moment, really "the truth"? Were the ancient sceptics altogether wrong when they declared in favour of an absolute "suspense of judgment", because no idea and no opinion could be verified with absolute certainty? If we wish to be honest with ourselves, we must so suspend our judgment. But this would mean a cessation of all activity. If we attempted to test every word and every transaction, to determine whether it originated in our inmost self, the practical result would be that we should no longer be able to say or do anything.

But not only is our *capacity* for a true knowledge of our ego problematical; it is even doubtful whether we really wish to attain to this knowledge. In no one are we deceived so easily, so often, and so willingly, as in ourselves; and before no one do we play so many comedies as before our

own ego. There is a natural instinct which prevents us from causing ourselves physical pain, and it is just as difficult to admit unpleasant truths; and when we do admit them we commonly embellish them, or find excuses for them, or, it may be, merely trifle with them. There is a profound scene in a novel of Dostoievski's in which a number of persons agree to tell one another of the worst action of their lives, but as a matter of fact each of them tells a story in which he appearsto play quite a respectable part (all but one, who really confesses to a vile action, and thereby earns the contempt of the others). As a matter of fact, almost all those writers who undertake to tell the absolute truth behave like these characters of Dostoievski's. You may read all the "Confessions", from St. Augustine down to the modern introspective writers: you will find that the moment the author ceases to concern himself with mere external facts, and delves into the psychical subsoil, he is really indulging in a singular masquerade. Let us take one of the most famous of the authors of "Confessions": Jean Jacques Rousseau! It is true that he is often brutally frank; it was assuredly his intention to depict himself "with the whole truth of Nature". But did he succeed? Quite apart from his defects of memory—and he does not even give the date of his birth correctly—the whole content of the book is a remarkable mixture of truth and fiction, or rather of truth and the longing to create a sensation; of vain self-portraiture, coquetry, malice, and what not. As though the intention of telling the truth were any guarantee of truth! Almost all the absurdities which the human brain has ever perpetrated have been inspired by a truthful intention. We should assuredly be doing the honourable company of heretic-burners, witch-finders, and similar gentry an injustice were we to doubt their conviction that they were serving the truth. It is the very essence of genuine error that it believes itself, and wishes to believe itself, to be the truth.

But never has "the will to truth" to contend with so many obstacles as when our own ego is in question. Readers of Ibsen will be familiar with the conception of the "living lie". It is a fact that the average man's opinion of himself is an artificial fabric of self-deception. As moralists we may deplore this, but from the biological and sociological point of view we must regard it as a vital necessity. For everyone makes for himself an image of the world wherein he plays a part which possesses some sort of significance, or at least of justification. Even thieves and prostitutes do not regard themselves as wholly reprehensible. Even they devise for themselves a "morality", although this may have little in common with the general morality. And even when a man is overwhelmed by the consciousness of sin, he repents in the conviction that his repentance is in itself an estimable action. In short, so soon as we begin to consider ourselves and judge ourselves, we impose a "part" upon ourselves.

Not all men, indeed, are inwardly divided into this duality of spectator and actor; it is in the man of reflective type, the Hamlet-like nature, that this division constantly exists. But it occurs in a momentary fashion in other men also, however and whenever they judge themselves; and the moment they do begin to judge themselves the process of adjustment and embellishment, of *acting*, begins. Every man harbours in his soul an ideal of himself (though it may be vague and hardly conscious) with which he would like to correspond. On the other hand (often without knowing it), he tries to convince himself that he does correspond with this ideal. Robinson Crusoe, on his island, did not lead a merely vegetative existence; he felt himself to be a hero and a bold hunter; he applauded himself when he made a good shot; in short, he played a part, before himself at least, if not before an imaginary public.

All this becomes extraordinarily complicated so soon as we consider man not in solitude, but involved in social

relations. For his fellows are not merely passive spectators; they make most forcible demands upon those whose actions they observe. They demand, of course, that one shall not deceive them; but they are extremely wroth if one is not what they require that one should be. And thereby the spectators compel the object of their attention to play a part; they may even compel him to play a number of parts simultaneously.

Even if we wish, we cannot possibly present ourselves in society as we "are", and we often find it most impossible when we most desire to appear as we are. For every community is not merely a juxtaposition of separate beings, but an interrelation of many allied existences, and this very interrelation predicates an adaptation, a transformation. No one is the same to his superiors as to his subordinates. At all events, he appears different; but this external change may always be referred to an internal transformation. He exhibits certain aspects of his ego and suppresses others; and here at once we have drama. For "the other fellow", whatever else he may be to us, is always a spectator, whom we must take into account, and for whom we are acting a part. Even lack of consideration and rudeness are often only parts in which the actor pleases himself. The more intimate the relation, the more it transforms people. Lovers often have the feeling that they are completely changed by their relation to one another, although the transformation is due merely to the awakening of faculties and predispositions which have hitherto remained in the dark. We come to know ourselves only in our relation to others; but do we really know "ourselves"? Is not this ego a new ego only in the sense that a flower which unfolds in the sunlight from the bud is then no longer a bud? Where is the guarantee that such changes are permanent, that they are not simply "acted" for the time being?

The Psychology of "Originality"

Still, there are people who make it their life's task to be "absolutely themselves", and to emphasize their personal "originality", and even to make a trade of it, when as artists and thinkers they bring this originality to market. And yet, of all the things for which a man takes credit to himself (and he is truly inventive enough in this respect), he should least of all be vain of his originality. For if it is really "original" in him, in the true sense of the word, he has not bestowed it upon himself; and although there are degrees of such originality, yet every man possesses it, since Nature (in spite of Schopenhauer) does not produce unique specimens. But if his originality is an *intentional* difference and peculiarity, then, as a rule, it is anything but "original" in the true sense of the word; it is commonly affectation, theatricality, mendacity. Most of those "originals" who consciously cultivate their peculiarities are coxcombs and mummers in the worst sense, and in the popular estimation an "original" is very rightly a ridiculous figure. Molière has drawn such an original for us in his Alceste; his comedy would have been a tragedy had this child of truth been a real human being, but (and herein the poet reveals his profound knowledge of human nature) he is merely a consequential egoist. (It is significant that Rousseau of all men found him sympathetic.) The majority of the "Nature worshippers" who exhibit themselves half-naked and with unshorn locks in the German cities are perverse coxcombs when they are not conscious or unconscious charlatans. Real originality is so deeply rooted in the soul that it is hardly perceived by the public. People are seldom themselves conscious of their profoundest peculiarity, and so soon as it rises into the consciousness this peculiarity loses its originality and becomes affectation. The history of art is

rich in examples of genuine talents which have simply been spoiled by the sensation-loving public and its sycophant, the Press.

Nevertheless, there are many who delight in seeming different from others, and who emphasize and exaggerate their idiosyncrasies, although, if we look closely, we shall find that these idiosyncrasies are such as anyone can imitate and have no relation to real originality. I know a lady who used to tell everyone that her great peculiarity was that she did not like chocolate; I knew a man who thought himself an "original" because he did not smoke cigars as cigars, but broke them up and stuffed them in his pipe; there are poets who mark their originality by beginning their lines with small letters and using no commas between their subsidiary sentences; there are philosophers who believe that they are being original if they say "System C_2" instead of "brain", "engram" instead of "recollection", and "eidos" instead of "idea". Such simulated originality is anything but originality in the true sense of the word; it is affectation, intentional singularity, which is merely the contrary of the typical. The French have an excellent word for it: *contre-imitation.*

The public, however, is only too ready to accept singularity as originality, and even as eminence; and most "originals" profit by this confusion. As a matter of fact, in the history of the human intellect singularity has never been important in itself, nor have originality and uniqueness; these things are important only if some typical quality or qualities find expression through them. It may be that every individual is a sport of Nature, by which she hopes to reach a goal of which she herself is not clearly conscious, but which is contained in her tendency to evolve. It seems that the evolution of species in plants and animals has been effected through the production, by the type, of variants, which have constituted a new type. But it was only because the

variants were the founders of new types that they possessed "significance" in evolution.

When an artist or a thinker has achieved significance in the history of the human intellect, he has not done so because he has expressed in his work thoughts or feelings that were unknown to others, but because he has given a personal embodiment of the typically human. It is true that every great man who has led humanity a little further on the path of evolution has impressed his fellows at first by his singularity; but what guaranteed his permanent value to mankind was precisely the fact that he lifted things into the consciousness that were pressing upwards to the light in all his fellows. Read the history of philosophy: you will find that every great thinker had his forerunners, whose ideas he developed, and that his greatness did not reside in the fact that he stood apart, but in the fact that his work fitted into developments in which he was no more than a link of a chain. It is the same with the great artists. Even those who burst like a force of Nature into the precincts of tradition achieved lasting greatness only because they became part of that tradition.

Nevertheless, not only individuals but even the public demand "originality", at least from all who make their appearance in public life. Strong as the levelling instinct is, it is accompanied by a craving for originality in the sense of sensational specialities. The same people who throng into a raree-show to see a man with six fingers or a "living bust" turn the whole world into a raree-show; no wonder, then, that there are people who trade upon this craving for sensation by simulating a singularity which has no real existence. *Mundus vult decipi!*—which is to say, that humanity would prefer the world to be a raree-show. And there is no lack of histories of the nations, and of art and literature, which portray the events of history as such a spectacle.

The Representation of the Type

If we wish to understand the nature of all life, we must follow the strange, irrational interaction of individuality and type, which, through all its kaleidoscopic succession of scenes, can never be reduced to a definite formula. All types are in the beginning specialized as individualities, all individualities end in becoming types. This is true of biology as of sociology and psychology. In the world of plants and animals innumerable forms are unfolding before our eyes, none of which is absolutely like another, yet each of which can be placed in a family, a species, a class. The relation of the individual to the typical is therefore difficult to grasp. While those philosophers who trod in Plato's footsteps regarded the type as "the eternal", as the creative "idea" which gave rise to individual forms, the thinkers of the school of Aristotle regarded the individual as the true vehicle of life, and the biologists of the nineteenth century regarded individuals, and particularly those varieties that were best fitted for life, as the creators of new species. But in order that a variety should hold its own it must constitute a type, it must breed true to type; or, to express the matter differently, the type and the individuality must in some way co-operate.

Hitherto less attention has been given to the fact that the same co-operation of type and individuality may be traced in the psychical life of man as a social being. Here again we are confronted by the strange twofold aspect of all being, for every man is on the one hand a unique individuality, while on the other hand he exhibits all the typical attributes of the species *Homo sapiens*, though in differing degrees.

Thus far it is the same with man as with any other living creature. Man, however, is characterized not only by organic peculiarities, but by psychical characteristics, so that we find

within the species an infinite wealth of types which are at the same time individualizations. Consider to how many types an individual may belong at the same time, without in any way diverging from the human species. Many of these types, such as sex and the types of maturity (childhood, youth, adult age, and senility), are common to the animals as well as to man. To these we must add racial types, which are partly, at least, physically conditioned. Other types, however, are created essentially by the consciousness, inasmuch as man, by his psychical activities (observation, imitation, adaptation, meditation), acquires features in virtue of which he appears to be a member of some definite sub-type of human being. Consider the national types; for example, the types of German, Frenchman, Russian: they are by no means only physically conditioned; they are formed, not only by Nature, but also by civilization, which propagates itself by psychical methods. We are Germans or Englishmen not merely by blood, but also in our speech, our customs, our tastes, our manner of thinking and feeling, since we are united by certain æsthetic, ethical, and religious values; in short, a national type is very largely a psychical type, and not a mere physical relationship. This psychical formation of types is even more plainly visible in the epochal types—that is, the types which are conditioned by belonging to a certain historical period. The type of the man of 1900 (however greatly the individuals within the type may differ) is essentially different from the Gothic type of 1300 or the baroque type of 1700. What distinguishes these types as wholes, and what unites the individuals within these types? Assuredly not the "blood" or any other physical characteristic, but above all the psychical qualities, the special manner of feeling, thinking, and acting. And now consider the class-types. The aristocrat differs from the bourgeois, the scholar from the peasant, soldier, or artisan, in a very great number of features, which may be

referred principally to education (that is, to psychical influences), although many of these types (for example, the nobility) declare that their special qualities are due to their "blood"; and here, of course, they are not wholly mistaken, though this is only part of the truth.

Each of these types, to which we might add many others, may be recognized by its externals; indeed, it *desires* to be so recognized; and here we come back to our argument. The fact that we are able to perceive with some certainty the type to which any individual belongs is not merely taken for granted, it is *underlined*, *accentuated*, *dramatized*. People as a rule *are* not by any means so typical as they *seem*. Half consciously and half unconsciously they exaggerate, for the benefit of their fellows, the real importance of the characteristics of their type. They behave as representatives of the type, that is, they do really give a *representation* of it; they dramatize their own character. Not that they are always conscious of this; but it is the very unconsciousness of this social drama that makes it so fascinating to the spectators.

It is amusing to note the means which people employ to exhibit the type of character which is for the time being the aim of their endeavours. They are the same as those which the actor consciously employs on the stage: costume, mimicry, and disguise. Costume is apparently the most convenient means to employ, although it is one thing to don a dress or suit of clothes and another to wear it; and it is true of many persons that their clothes produce the effect of a masquerade. Speech, bearing, and mimicry, too, are at least in some degree subject to the will. It is less often realized that even the features may assume the form which is proper to the type. It is surprising how far this mimicry will sometimes go. Germans who migrate to England often appear English, even in their facial expression, after a few years' residence. Here, again, it is often difficult to distinguish between reality and acting.

At all events, we may state it as a general fact that every type compels the individuals included therein either to acquire the characteristics of the type or to simulate them. Very often the individuals themselves do not know how zealously they endeavour to represent, externally and internally, the type to which they wish to belong. They are play-actors *malgré eux* or *sans le savoir*!

The Street as a Theatre

We need not look far in order to find examples enough of the ordinary human being's dramatic abilities. Everywhere we find people who are endeavouring to make a show of their particular intentions in life, which are always largely congruous with the type to which they belong, emphasizing individual characteristics and suppressing others, so that representation and misrepresentation merge into one another imperceptibly.

If we take up our stand at any street-corner and give our attention to these matters, we shall suddenly see the world as a singular masquerade. We shall see a number of people who are apparently going about their business, or strolling aimlessly along, all of whom, whether consciously or unconsciously, are playing parts, which have very little connection with their occupation. All these people are trying to *represent* something, even though they might deny it; they are anxious to exhibit something which they perhaps believe to be their own character, and they want to make sure that this something is perceived by others, and they therefore accentuate and even exaggerate it.

See this gentleman with the full, grey-sprinkled beard and the tall felt hat! He is evidently a senior civil servant, and one of the old school, who thought it only right and proper to parade the dignity of their office. The dark well-cut overcoat is a good fit; the wide-welted boots tread firmly

and a little heavily; in the office they will squeak audibly. Why not? His position permits and even expects him to make a certain amount of noise. If he opened his mouth his voice would be full and sonorous, with a trace of a rattle in it. His head is held high, his chest well expanded. On solemn or festive occasions you may be sure that an order glitters on it. A fat attaché-case, even if it holds no more than a thermos-flask, is a symbol of activity, of conscientious officialdom. His gait tells the same story; he forges straight ahead, and expects others to get out of his way (as indeed they do). His spectacled eyes do not seem to see them; they are fixed on some important goal, staring, yet a little narrowed. It would not be consistent with the dignity of his post to notice the pretty flappers who are just splashing by in the gutter. It is wonderful to see him salute anyone! He is condescending and hesitating, just as though startled out of some important train of thought, when that shabby old man raises his hat to him; but he sweeps off his hat in a spacious curve, bowing with graceful and amiable dignity, as a fat gentleman approaches, who seems, like himself, to be parading his dignity: apparently an influential superior. For a moment we actually saw his teeth gleaming affably in the midst of his full beard; but already his face has set once more into the accustomed lines, just a shade more stiffly than usual. A practical, though perhaps not especially gifted actor, playing the part of his own self in the comedy of life!

And now, yonder, a young woman is approaching. She must be unmarried; her age is perhaps twenty-eight. What part is she playing? She is wearing a covert-coat costume, that reveals a white blouse cut not too low in the neck. It is tailor-made and deliberately quiet. Her walk is not without grace, and for that matter she seems to be aware of the fact. She too looks straight before her, though she is certainly taking in all that is going on around her. Now and

again her glance strays to a shop-window, less indeed to study the contents than to see whether her hat is crooked. This seems to be the case, for she sets it right with a quick twitch of her gloved left hand. Yes, she wishes to please, if not to make an impression. She wishes to be looked at, though certainly not as the elderly gentleman with the red face is looking at her, as he gazes after her with a hardly perceptible grin. As two younger men of the upper class lift their hats to her with the courtesy of slight acquaintances she bows with charm and dignity, but of course not a fraction of an inch beyond the prescribed limit. Once again the whole impression is one of correctness, and yet she is acting a part. We can now see her features. They are not unpleasant; perhaps a little too regular for prettiness; a little morose about the mouth, a little tired about the eyes, as though she found her rôle a trifle burdensome. It may be that she has already suffered more than one disappointment. The fact that she does not attempt to conceal her freckles proves that she is unwilling to go to extremes in the use of cosmetics. She certainly looks with contempt at this other lady, thickly powdered and with an artificial flush on her cheeks, who is just coming towards her. And yet there is no essential distinction between them; the difference is only one of degree. They are both playing parts, but they are different parts, and are played with different emphasis. It is probable that the first is the more refined actress: she has reached the stage of acting as though she were not acting. Who shall decide how far her ease and assurance are natural and how far simulated?

Here come some *Wandervögel*: two youths and two girls, in peasant costume and hobnailed shoes. They have fresh young faces and ruddy cheeks; two of them are wearing spectacles, and these, with other things, indicate that they are not all concerned exclusively with making hay and feeding pigs, but pay some attention also to the things of the mind. Neverthe-

less—or perhaps for this very reason—they are full of enthusiasm for Nature, unadulterated, earthy Nature. They would, presumably, be greatly annoyed if they knew that we regard them too as actors in life's comedy. And yet what they call Nature is not Nature, or is at most a dramatized Nature. Genuine Nature never *wishes* to be Nature. Ask a real peasant whether he feels that he is a child of Nature! He does not think about it; he is probably ashamed of "Nature"; and it is only when he realizes that he can trade upon it, can make a business of it, that he emphasizes his "naturalness". What the Prussians and Saxons admire in Upper Bavaria as the genuine, autochthonous life of the people is to-day acting, and very well paid acting. And when our *Wandervögel* play the part of simple and incorruptible children of Nature, they too are acting, very seriously, and with the best intentions. For they emphasize their rôle, they make a display of it, and are therefore comedians. Of course, they despise the city; you can see that in the way they march through the streets, with the confident, vigorous, rhythmical step of the tramper; but they regard themselves as the bearers of a mission; they long to make converts, and to save the world from the falsity of civilization. They despise the fashion, but they themselves are following another fashion. One simply cannot do otherwise. Even if one repudiates a type, one does so, unconsciously, from the standpoint of another type.

These are only a few rough, hasty sketches. But if, in a similar spirit, you review the people you see, and above all your acquaintances, and if you note carefully what they are expressing in their clothing, their speech, their mimicry, and their facial expression and bearing, you will soon see that they are all emphasizing or concealing things by these means, that they are all acting, half consciously and half unconsciously.

The Æsthetic of "Good Society"

The theatrical and æsthetic aspect of life becomes very plainly perceptible in the social intercourse of the fashionable drawing-room. Even the honest bourgeois realizes this, although he unjustly complains of the dishonesty of this theatre of the social arts; but it may well be that the most honest thing about the participants is precisely the consciousness that they are acting. The refined social tone of aristocratic circles is conscious art, and only those who have a feeling for æsthetic simulation or display are in place in such circles. Misanthropes—and there are plenty of these outside the comedies of Molière—cavil at this art, chiefly because they do not themselves possess it, and in so doing they do not realize that there is a good deal of acting in their scolding; only, it is bad acting. For in order to act well one must always be slightly conscious that one is acting, and must regard all that one calls "nature" with a certain faint irony.

It is in the *conscious* will to make a good appearance that the honesty of the aristocratic form of intercourse resides; the fact that one is not ashamed to play a part, even when one is acting as though one were not playing a part, as though one were wholly in earnest, but earnest in a graceful fashion. We are taking the wrong standpoint if we try to see the drawing-room in the perspective of everyday life. It is just as much outside our everyday life as the theatre. It is only there that the actors and the spectators are the same persons. They are acting for one another's benefit, but they are acting. And whether a man is truthful or virtuous matters as little as it does in the theatre. On the contrary, well-acted insincerity, frivolity in an æsthetic form, are indispensable requisites in the drawing-room as in the theatre. And that the boundary between unreality and life is not rigidly drawn, that the illusion sometimes merges

into reality, gives the performance a titillating fascination. For that matter, this relation to reality will be found in all acting, although the spectator may and should for the moment forget that all is fiction.

When outside critics cavil at the drawing-room, because there everything is reduced to the same level, because it gives no scope to individuality, they are correct in point of fact, but wrong in their valuation. One must understand the meaning of this form of conscious masquerade. Individuality may manifest itself only in so far as it adapts itself to the common pitch which gives a unity to the different voices. Only thus can that uniform level be attained which is essential to the harmony of a number of individual personalities. One is not first and foremost a particular person, *N.* or *M.*, but simply a "lady" or a "gentleman". There is but little individualization in either type. Anyone who tries to make himself felt as a personality in good society—as artists and scholars are particularly prone to do—violates the unities and is out of the picture. For this reason he commonly inveighs against the uniformity of society, without taking the trouble to realize its meaning, although the artist of all men ought to know that in a good orchestra virtuosi are quite out of place, and that only subordination will ensure a good *ensemble*. And in society we have such an *ensemble*. The man who drags his individuality about with him, or even flaunts it like a banner, is out of place on a festal occasion. Festivity can exist only if the individual subordinates himself within a whole. That we have lost the spirit of festivity to-day is due to the fact that everyone wants to amuse *himself*, while in real festivity the individual contributes, by adapting himself to a whole, to create a festive spirit, and is then carried away by the general intoxication.

But we must regard the sociability of the drawing-room as, in its essence, "the will to festivity", festivity which

desires to be independent of everyday life, and which rather parades the fact. If the aid of cosmetics is not merely permitted, but expected, this is because they help to create the ideal type of the *mondaine*. The pallor of illness or care, the individual lines or wrinkles engraven in a face by grief or anxiety, all this must be concealed by rouge or powder. All these things, however great their importance in personal life, have no place in the social comedy. Here only gay and care-free people are in place, people who can smile despite affliction, whose eyes can sparkle though they would rather weep. To the outsider the eternally amiable smile of the "society-woman", the confident dignity of the man about town, seems no more than a mask. It is a mask; it should be, and intends to be.

In the same way fashionable clothes emphasize only the typical, not the individual. And the social costume of the man is the black-and-white uniform of the "dress-suit", which permits of no individual variation, unless we count differences of quality within the rigidly fixed design. The woman is, at least apparently, permitted greater freedom, although in her case also fashion prescribes a barely tangible yet all-pervading typicality. Characteristically enough, this liberty is a compensation for the circumstance that in other respects the man, rather than the woman, is permitted originality in the social sphere; the beauty of the masculine head may and should be characteristic, but the beauty of the woman is much more definitely stereotyped. Male beauty of too strongly typical a nature is as disastrous in a social milieu as a too individual woman's head. It is apt to seem slightly feminine, while the too characteristic female head seems masculine. When artists and scholars with very individual heads are invited into society, they always produce the impression of being outsiders, and at the same time they emphasize by their presence the deliberate uniformity of the others.

The parallel between the drawing-room and the theatre may be followed into the smallest particulars. Things which elsewhere serve practical ends become theatrical requisites. Clothes, which in bourgeois life cover the body and protect it from the vicissitudes of the climate, while they are adapted to the practical needs of the wearer's vocation, and are intended to serve morality, by modestly concealing the bodily charms, have quite another character in the drawing-room. The same lady who would indignantly refuse to show herself half naked in her own home exposes her charms regardless of the cold, and instead of being practical her clothes are emphatically unpractical; they may even trail after her in a heavy train, or puff themselves out round her lower limbs into a monstrous hoop-skirt, while her high-heeled shoes make walking almost impossible, and her artificial coiffure may be a subject of constant anxiety. All the seductive expedients of the actress are employed: glittering jewels, vivid colours, rouge, powder, and lip-salve. It is not Nature that is exhibited, but a mask. But if the women are mummers, the men are no less so. The dress-coat is an article of clothing which is old-fashioned, bizarre, and quite without practical utility. Orders, which in every-day life seems ridiculous, are, as a matter of fact, jewellery. Above all, the single eyeglass adds to the masquerade; it is often a meaningless adornment, unpractical and purely decorative, whose wearer compels his face to assume a strained, unnatural, arrogant expression. Like the lady's lorgnette, it expressed a certain remoteness. Anything that facilitates graceful mimicry is in place in the drawing-room. Of such things is the fan, which permits the lady a display of grace, coquetry, and what not; the cigarette, which of course must not be smoked as a navvy would pull at his pipe, but in a manner befitting the drawing-room, as an exhibition of grace, superiority, irony, and other psychical attitudes. The cigarette is essentially polite, a

mere trifle that emits a bluish smoke, but an elegant trifle.

The external appearance of the drawing-room is in correspondence with the inner attitude of the society which frequents it, whose speech and thought and feeling belong to drama no less than its clothing and its outward behaviour. We have misconstrued the meaning of fashionable society if we look there for personality, profundity and human significance. Everyone, of course, has the right to abstain from society on this account, but he has failed to understand it as a sociological fact; he has not realized that its nature is such that it *cannot* be other than it is. If a common basis is to be found for individuals who are often of very different character, it is the surface that must be cultivated, and not the depths. Anyone who in mundane society expresses his personal convictions or feelings, habitually makes profound allusions, or attempts to speak of important subjects, is out of the picture, in which only impersonality, frivolity, and superficiality are in place. In society one does not speak for the sake of a subject, but for the sake of speaking, for the sake of conversation, as a conventional performance. Anyone who talks like a leading article, or makes a display of his learning, is ridiculous; while a remark about the weather, or the dress of a fellow-guest, so long as it is conventional, frivolous, and agreeable, and is deftly interposed, is quite in keeping with the style of this deliberately artificial world. All is play, representation, artistic superficiality; even love. In any refined society in which the two sexes meet, love as a pastime, as a gracious wooing and a skilful coquetry, is an essential requisite. But even love is formal. If the emotions aroused are deep and genuine, they leave the stage of the drawing-room. The flirtation of the drawing-room is a game played with one's own feelings; "frivolous" only for him who is not sure of himself. For him who can compass the social gamut it is only an opportunity of proving

his superiority, of manifesting that inner security for which even the impulses of the heart are merely objects of the social game, to be bandied gracefully to and fro like shuttlecocks, or dealt out like the cards at bridge.

When this social world is genuine—that is, when it really understands the art of acting, when the whole of life assumes an æsthetic form—even things which are based on a lower level are not ennobled indeed, but immunified. When the whole of life is conscious comedy, individual transactions lose their importance. One may deplore this from the moral point of view, but it remains a fact that in the upper circles of society the moral valuation has in all ages been replaced by an æsthetic valuation. The aristocrat has always held that those things are permissible which are pleasing—that is, which are pleasing to oneself, but which are at the same time pleasing to those whom one considers to be one's equals. And even if one changes the formula to "that is permissible which is befitting", this still implies an æsthetic valuation, and not that of the categorical imperative. Moralists of the school of Kant have for the most part had no suspicion of this fact; for they had in mind only the bourgeois world and the Lutheran catechism. Nietzsche was the first to introduce this aristocratic-æsthetic morality into philosophy. We understand this only if we realize that in this sphere life is a comedy, a representation, not a confederation to serve a purpose.

The Theatre of Bourgeois Life

If we regard the rest of life, the "bourgeois world", as the antithesis of fashionable society, which is like a stately, walled pleasure-garden in the midst of fields and meadows or wild nature, we do so because we see the bourgeois as the type of the man who aims at utility, gain, and accomplishment, in opposition to the aristocrat, who lives his life

æsthetically. The bourgeois world, ostensibly at all events, is governed not by moral but by æsthetic laws; here it is not what a man seems that matters, but what he does.

Nevertheless, its ideal professions will not bear examination, for the bourgeois world also, though it would not admit the fact, is actually interwoven with all sorts of theatrical arts.

The difference between the comedy of the fashionable drawing-room and the comedy of life elsewhere—let us say, in the middle-class family, the office, or the board-room—is not that a comedy is played there but not here, but that there it is played consciously, by agreement, and more skilfully. While in society people are untroubled by any doubt as to whether they are "natural" or truthful, in the bourgeois world people do at least wish to seem "natural" and truthful. The bourgeois world, in fact, is a very bad comedy, for it does what the good actor never does: it imitates, it copies, for the most part unconsciously, the forms of the fashionable world, and precisely for that reason appears false and artificial. An honest butcher, in the garb of his calling, may make a powerful and imposing figure, but he is ridiculous in evening dress. And if his wife tries to play the fine lady she becomes grotesque. Two people may do the same thing, yet the thing they do is far from being the same.

But the bourgeois world cannot refrain from adopting the forms of life of the world of the social comedy. It would like to dance through life with the same ease and freedom, but its feet are sensibly shod, and it is only half successful. The motive that sounds graceful on a violin is grotesque on the bass viol. It is one thing if a witty slander is uttered in a comedy of Molière's or a letter of Voltaire's—that is, in a world which is regulated by appearance, taste, and æsthetics—and quite another thing if the bourgeois world indulges in ill-natured gossip. If an honourable lady of the former world was reported to have been unfaithful to her

husband, her reputation was not imperilled; the scandal even gave her a fashionable *cachet*; but in the bourgeois world such a calumny might ruin a life. Even justice is not meted out with the same measure when a nobleman pinks another nobleman in a duel as when a working-man smashes another working-man's skull with a chair-leg. In the first case the offender is lodged in a fortress; in the second case he is sentenced to death, or a long term of imprisonment. Is this injustice? Not precisely. By a strictly moral standard it may be, but psychologically the cases are not the same. The murder in the tavern belongs to the world of reality; the duel is drama, is part of that world of æsthetic valuations in which all things, even life, have only a formal significance.

In bourgeois life, however, the drama becomes definitely immoral when it simulates morality where morality does not exist. The fashionable world will willingly put up with the appearance of frivolity; so much so, indeed, that in the eighteenth century happily-married princes had to keep mistresses in order to maintain at least the appearance of levity. Middle-class life is theoretically based on morality; where it is not moral it simulates morality, which, as a matter of taste, is even more unpleasing than a display of immorality, so far as this is æsthetic. Those who have glanced behind the scenes of the bourgeois world, which professes to be so respectable, know how much simulation exists there. People deplore the fact of prostitution, which lurks in the background of the bourgeois world, only venturing forth after nightfall; but who supports the wretched prostitutes? Who but the very people who deplore their existence? Business, which everywhere makes a show of solidarity, is largely the art of hoodwinking others and outwitting them, if not defrauding them. Here the comedy of life is played for a purpose.

Everywhere men play their parts to themselves and to a public; they are still acting even when they are "genuine",

and they are acting when they pretend to be genuine. No one, of course, is *absolutely* real; there are always ulterior motives at work. Think of a stationmaster on duty, a lieutenant at the head of his platoon, a preacher in the pulpit! They are by no means wholly genuine; they act as though they were; but they are always more than simply genuine; they exaggerate, intensify, and accentuate, and this exaggeration commonly involves the omission, suppression, and concealment of other things. Very often a man exhibits most conspicuously that very thing which he does not really possess. Schopenhauer has said somewhere that courage is the art of hiding one's cowardice. It is even truer that the display of courage is the best and the favourite means of abolishing our inner insecurity. The dog often barks merely because he is afraid. A man often boasts because he is conscious of an inner weakness. The really superior man does not boast; he does not need to do so.

A particularly amusing chapter of the dramaturgy of everyday life is the business of rank and title. For every title is a mask, a type-mask, behind which the ego conceals itself, in which it parades itself, and which is taken by others, as a rule, for the man himself.

What a singular thing is such a title! A more or less sonorous combination of letters is flaunted before mankind like a banner, marking the social position of the bearer like the red or yellow buttons of the Chinese mandarin or the epaulettes of the officer. One must roll these verbal compounds consciously on one's tongue once or twice—*Herr Oberkonsistorialrat*, *Herr General-leutnant*, *Herr Obersteuersekretär*—before one appreciates their importunate, overseasoned, yet insipid flavour. They are displayed like the tail of the peacock, gazing at which one completely overlooks the bearer. Incidentally they are generally petrified untruths, for the majority of "Privy Government Councillors" have no council to attend and have nothing to do with the Govern-

ment; the majority of pastors are not shepherds, and the "Consistorial Councillor" has never seen a consistory.

For the rest, it is a fact that scarcely any people has carried the comedy of titles to such lengths as the Germans, who are so fond of extolling their own modesty and simplicity. It is unthinkable that Pericles or Cæsar would have allowed himself to be addressed as Mr. President or Your Excellency, although it is one of the ironies of history that the name of that Cæsar who refused the title of king should have become the imperial title among his decadent successors, to be adopted later by the Germans and Russians, just as the name of the great Karl (Charlemagne) has been adopted by the Hungarians and Poles and other peoples of Eastern Europe.

Politeness and Good Form

It is not necessarily true (either in German or in any other language) that "one lies when one is polite", as the Baccalaureus in *Faust* asserted; on the contrary, true politeness is not an external but an internal thing; it should express whatever respect, kindliness and cordiality one really feels for another person. True politeness is not *mis*-representation but representation; stylistic indeed, like all dramatizations; not nature merely, but art; and like every art, it makes use of stereotyped forms. Like every art, the dramatization of courtesy is a formulated expression: it takes the natural expression of the feelings and gives them definite form. Our modes of greeting are variations of the natural expression of self-abasement, humility, reverence, in so far as they represent self-disparagement by bowing, uncovering the head, or similar mimicry. Our hand-shaking, embracing, and kissing are stereotyped forms of the primordial gesture of all sympathy, approach, and contact, the identification of oneself with another. There are as many "styles" in this as in every other art; every age and every people has its own

style of dramatized politeness. There are vigorous styles and restrained styles; the politeness of the lower classes is more naturalistic, and that of the upper classes more definitely stylistic. A volume could be written on the style of the comedy of manners, which is no less rich in forms than the stylization of the arts.

Here we shall merely touch briefly on the sociological necessities which have given rise to the dramatization of courtesy. This is intended to be a manifestation of certain sympathetic feelings, but it is also intended to disguise the fact that the reality is not founded on sympathy merely, but that it is an incessant conflict; not indeed a conflict in a crude sense of the term, but nevertheless a conflict, a sense of rivalry, an endeavour at least to produce an emotional impression. We are witnessing one of the most amusing scenes of the human comedy when we observe this secret and often unconscious rivalry between people, wherever they may meet. For wherever two human beings come together they begin at once to take one another's measure, to probe for one another's weaknesses, to display their own superiority. Not that either has any ill-intentions towards the other; they have no intentions of any kind; their behaviour is the expression of primordial instincts.

What we call social good form imposes a certain restraint on such behaviour, but social intercourse, like any other peace, is (to vary a well-known saying of Clausewitz's) the continuation of war by other means. There can hardly be any social circle which is really based upon the real co-ordination of its members; for even as we offer our hand, as a person enjoying equality of privilege, the conflict begins as soon as it is ended; to the observant eye, indeed, the offer of the hand is not a real gesture of equality, for one may offer another one's hand and thereby abash and oppress and wound him. As a matter of fact, our system of greeting, which is apparently symbolic of the subordination of self,

only very imperfectly conceals the impulse to exalt self and disparage others.

What is visible on a large scale in the history of human civilization is manifested also in the smallest section of social life. Just as the relations of superior and subordinate, protector and protected, have evolved in the course of history, so they recur in all social intercourse. And here too he who cannot be the hammer becomes the anvil, and he who cannot rule falls into the sociological relation of liege or vassal or protégé.

But it is inherent in the reciprocity of all these relations that not only is the subordinate dependent on the superior, but the superior is in many ways dependent on the subordinate, a fact which is often cleverly exploited by the subordinate. Consider, for example, the relation of the sexes. The brute, primordial instinct of the man would like to win every woman who does not precisely displease him. In civilized circumstances this instinct is naturally restrained by all kinds of obstacles. It manifests itself only in the symbolical pose of the "conqueror", in a Don Juan-like desire to please. But it is present, unless it is suppressed by anxiety and the inferiority complex, by inexperienced timidity or reserve. The woman, on the other hand, in the enforced subordination that results from her inferior natural capacity, understands, as a rule, how to subdue the man to her own purposes by her skilful exploitation of this "will to conquer". The Don Juan is as much woman's vassal as her lord and master. Every victory is at the same time a defeat, and the woman's defeat is at the same time her triumph. The rooster-like air of the man, regarded from his own point of view, is an air of masterful triumph; but from the woman's point of view it is a bold solicitation of her favours. It is precisely when a woman has won a man's love that she becomes dependent on him.

The relation between the sexes is reflected in an amusing

manner in the forms of our social gestures, which continually intimate and betray and reveal even while they conceal and deny or leave us in doubt. The gallantry of the man finds its counterpart in the coquetry of the woman. If the first is a simulated wooing, which may become serious, but assumes a playful form—though it may equally well be playful when it simulates earnestness—then the second is either a simulated defence or an apparent consent, or perhaps the two simultaneously, so that the actors themselves are often uncertain of the boundary between play and earnest.

Those things which are revealed most vividly in the rivalry of the sexes make their appearance also in all other relations. The polarity of man and woman is sometimes replaced by the other polarity of lord and vassal. But these are intersecting, not superimposed, conceptions. People often speak of effeminate men when they should speak only of a servile disposition; or describe masterful women as masculine, although this masterful temperament may have nothing to do with their sexuality; on the contrary, the very women who are masterful by nature may be very "womanly" in their sexual relations.

The fact is that in practice the relation of the superior and subordinate often masks itself in forms which are adopted from the relations between the sexes. Even the designation of "lord" or "master"—that is, an amalgamation of a title of superiority with a sexual designation—is such a form. The extremest case is the emasculation of slaves in order to annihilate their claims to masculine lordship.

At all events, we find this oscillation between play and earnestness, which is the essence of gallantry and coquetry, even in the relations between superior and inferior. Geniality and condescension and graciousness are forms of gallantry from a superior to an inferior; and conversely, servility and adulation and humility are often only the coquetry of

the inferior in his relations with his "master", a form of comedy hardly less refined than the coquetry of the woman.

Everywhere, in all social relations, we find the twofold character of all dramatic art—representation and misrepresentation. And its fascination—and often its danger—is that it is hardly possible for the object of politeness, any more than for the subject, to distinguish where truth ends and deception begins. Just as the actor on the stage may forget that he is acting, so the actor in life often forgets it. As in Schnitzler's grotesque comedy of *The Green Cockatoo*, play and earnest merge into one another. And often enough the player himself does not know where the boundary lies between play and earnest, between reality and appearance.

The Political Theatre

Much amusement may be derived from regarding affairs of State *sub specie theatri*, as, for that matter, the best statesmen have always done.

And in this connection it may be questioned whether monarchies or democracies are more addicted to mimicry. Perhaps the difference is only that in monarchies the acting is traditional, unconscious, instinctive, and therefore good, while in democracies it is conscious, intelligent, calculating, and therefore bad. In republics men are ashamed of public mumming, or at least behave as though they were, and therefore they become artificial. In a monarchy the king is the first player in the State. *Le Roi ne règne pas, mais il joue la comédie!* And good monarchs have always been good actors; and they have often acted best and most effectually when they acted simplicity, as Frederick did and Napoleon.

More important than ruling is representation. Ruling, as a general thing, is best left to the ministers; but the prince alone must provide the representation. Here he may

commit blunders which no counter-signatures of his ministers can undo.

It is not due to chance that the scenes of so many stage-plays are set not in bourgeois life, but in the courts of princes. Good dramatists have always recognized and exploited the affinity between royalty and the theatre. It is easier for an actor to play a king than to play a carpenter, because the business of the king is acting.

He who has once enjoyed a glimpse behind the scenes of Government offices, and into their secret lofts and trap-doors, knows how all this resembles the real theatre. Here is the same quarrelling over the best rôles, the same efforts to win the manager's favour; but for the outer world an air of business-like earnestness is maintained, and all play their parts as though the interest of the nation alone dictated the actions of the rulers.

The difference between aristocracy and democracy is a difference of dramatic style. One thing is common to both: that the few rule, and the many dance to their piping. The difference is only in the way in which this is made acceptable to the many. Aristocracy wishes to make it appear that the rule of a clique is ordained by divine ordinance, blood, and birth; democracy relies on the illusion that the masses call the tune and the clique dances, or that there is no clique. Aristocracy depends on the sense of inequality, democracy on the sense of equality. And each is founded on illusion, on comedy. For in actual fact the aristocratic ruling classes are not unequal, and the assertion that their blood is not red but blue is a fairy-tale; but in a democracy the assertion that men are equal is no less a mere phrase, designed to conceal their actual inequality. In an aristocracy the people accept the dogma of divinely ordained inequality; in a democracy they believe in the dogma of natural equality. In both forms of government the rulers are those who understand how to exploit these dogmas, and play their

parts accordingly. The stage of the aristocracies and monarchies is the castle, the palace; the stage of the democracies is the forum, the parliament. It is a question on which of these stages there is the more acting. In the palace the acting is more finished, more æsthetic; in the parliament it is more refined, with an appearance of morality. But in both places there is comedy. Speeches delivered in the parliament are of very little practical importance. Very rarely, indeed, do they convert the listener from one way of thinking to another. They are made for the benefit of the outside world; they are theatrical speeches; the answer to them has been determined long beforehand, and every speaker has to play a prescribed part.

For it is not only the king who is obliged to play a part; there is no less need of miming in a republic. The president, as a general thing, has even less to do with the work of government than a king, so that he can devote himself entirely to his theatrical duties, although in this case the actor has not always the same confident feeling for style as in a monarchy. If the president is permitted to wear a silk hat merely instead of a crown, this is only lest the people should regard him as a king, with the just instinct that it is the crown that makes the king.

The young German Republic, it is true, has committed the psychological mistake of trying to be honest. This was comprehensible, as a reaction against the style of the stock company which the monarchy had become under its last representatives. The Republic gave the people bread and work (this was the slogan about 1918). It forgot the circuses, the theatre! The problem of the future German Republic will be, whether it succeeds in becoming representative. Politics is, at least in part, the art of illusion. It was a great mistake of the first President's that he was altogether too bourgeois in appearance and behaviour. That which was humanly an advantage was politically and psychologically

a defect. No State can exist without glittering symbols, without scenery and limelight. When the politician does not understand this he is of little use to his country.

Art as Drama

The theatrical character of *art* is peculiarly complicated. Nevertheless, it is from art, or at least from a special form of art, that we have taken our conception of the theatre as an amalgamation of truth and seeming.

Intrinsically, it is possible to regard all art as *Schauspiel*, as display or representation. For all art comprises two factors: expression and form in the closest combination; or, if you will, being and seeming: being, that presents itself in seeming; seeming, which is accepted as being.

For the moment, however, we will not speak of this, but rather of the fact that this representation is re-included in life; for not only does life become art, but art once more becomes life, and the dividing-line can nowhere be drawn with certainty. Art is never a purely æsthetic affair, but is interwoven with non-æsthetic factors, and it is for this reason that it is possible to reintroduce its æsthetic formations into life, not as a separate factor, but as an inner transformation of life. Acting is accepted not merely as acting, but as reality, and the rest of the arts are not merely arts, but are enlisted in the service of reality.

Let us first of all consider architecture.

If we read the histories of art, it seems as though architecture were a matter of solving purely æsthetic problems, of building rooms for the sake of their beauty. We do not deny the possibility of this way of regarding the art; the architects themselves, so far as they have been real artists, have wished to produce buildings that were purely works of art. Yet the architect is always not merely an artist, but the executor of the will of his employer, whether this employer be

a prince, a public authority, or a private person. For all these employers the building, whether it be a palace, or a town hall, or a villa, is never purely a work of art; it serves a definite external purpose of representation. The king's palace, be it never so artistic, is for him, above all, the symbol of his power, a symbol more impressive than the crown and sceptre. The palace is the pedestal on which he shows himself to the people. It is significant that the palace —or, to be exact, the façade of the palace—has in many States provided the title of the monarch or the monarchy: Pharaoh means "Great Gate"; the king's palace in Susa was called *αἱ θύραι*—that is, the "Door"; and the autocracy of the Sultan was known as the "Sublime Porte". Palaces are never merely works of art, but are the will to power of those who inhabit them turned into stone; they are symbols of human instincts, psychical hieroglyphs which he who runs may read. The whole of architecture is petrified representation.

Sculpture too, hardly less than architecture, is employed in the theatre of life. Innocent æsthetes may have imagined that the marble princes, statesmen, and soldiers in our public places were erected there in order to give "disinterested satisfaction" (as Kant defines æsthetic pleasure). As a matter of fact, they are petrified drama. It is for the purpose of representation that those who have played the heroic parts in the national drama are given a stony immortality. Consider the works of plastic art of any capital city: however scattered they may be, if taken as a whole they are a representation of the history of the country. A representation, and also an illusion, for there is infinite untruth in the majestic poses of these marble figures, whose very costumes are often theatrical.

Poetry too, especially when we consider it as a whole, has a representative character: that is, it is a representation of life which has artistic form. The history of every people is

reflected, more or less completely, in its poetry. Shakespeare was right when he made Hamlet say that the artist should "hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature". But this does not mean simply that every poem should be a mirror of defects only; it reflects virtues as well. In the poetry of Homer as in the old heroic poems of Germany, in Shakespeare's historical plays as in the tragedies of Corneille, in Schiller's dramas as in Tolstoy's epics, the peoples appear on the stage, before themselves and the rest of the world, often indeed in disguise, yet recognizable to all. And this drama in which a people recognizes itself is not merely a copy; it is also a pattern; it sets up ideals, by means of which art works upon reality. Life becomes a picture, but the picture becomes alive. And life is fuller and richer because of such pictures.

Great art has never been merely "art for art's sake", as they say in the studios, but art for life's sake; it has justified itself only by building up a spiritual world above the crude and harsh reality, a world which is not merely illusion, but an illusively enhanced existence. For this the moralists may reproach art as they will; it is nevertheless a fact that no civilization has ever emerged without art, without art which has interwoven the world of being with seeming, unreality, illusion.

Of Theatricality in Religion

We are touching on a dangerous problem when we consider even religion from the standpoint of the theatre. Not that we assert that religiosity is drama in the sense of self-deception, for in all ages there have been profoundly religious men and women who have sought, with genuine emotion, to enter into that world of the loftiest values which for them appeared to be embodied in the forms of the gods. But this inner religiosity is a personal thing, hardly communicable, for speech can never quite express it. "Feeling is all; the name is sound and vapour."

And yet, in order to become a power in *this* world, religion must emerge from the inner life of the individual, must represent itself in words, symbols, rites, temples, dogmas—in short, in objectified religion, in what we call "the churches", as contrasted with subjectified religion. This is in its essence the representation of an inner life, is a tangible configuration of psychical processes; in other words, it is an "acting". And here we do not use the term in a derogatory sense; we assume that in every religion, at all events in the beginning, the visible symbolism is the representation of genuine feeling. In vain the commandment: Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image or likeness! One thinks of the speech of the Grand Inquisitor in Dostoievski, where, in a strange dialectic, the necessity of symbolism is expounded. And in very truth, the growth of the religions in the world has been a stupendous drama! Review them in imagination: think of the pylons of Egypt, the Temples of the Sun on the Euphrates, the temple of Solomon, the pillared houses of the Olympian gods, the churches of the West with their spires and domes! People them in imagination with their gorgeously clad priests, who offered the sacrifices, and administered the sacraments, and prophesied and preached! What was the ultimate meaning of this claim upon humanity and its wealth? That it was a symbol, a representation of psychic experiences.

What a drama! But alas, only a drama! Only too often the representation of real experience merges into the simulation of inner processes which in reality do not exist. Nowhere are truth and falsehood so difficult to separate as in religion. Happy are the peoples whose religion is more than show, for whom the outward form is an expression of the soul; yet here, no less than elsewhere in the world, the form becomes a masquerade, a comedy, sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. A comedian might give lessons to a pastor, but often enough the pastor is a comedian! And while the

princes of the Church, no matter what their creed or period, cannot always be credited with inner religiosity, it cannot be disputed that they have understood the art of stage-management; they could give lessons not only to comedians, but to theatrical producers and actor-managers. Behind the forms of religion they advanced their claims to worldly power; the gods were dragged down from on high and harnessed to earthly chariots. Man did not serve deity, but deity must serve man. The history of all the churches is not merely a history of faith; it is at the same time the history of all sorts of utterly irreligious instincts, which conceal themselves behind the mask of piety; it is a history of wolves in sheep's clothing.

And yet we should be doing religion an injustice were we to judge it solely by its external history, and regard it as merely a priestly fraud. It is not exclusively genuine representation, but neither is it simple imposture; rather—and here again we return to the basis of all comedy—it is both, in inextricable combination. These priests did not deceive others only; they deceived themselves also, and often in perfectly good faith. Even where they told an objective falsehood they were often subjectively convinced of its truth. In all ages there have been augurs who have winked at one another ironically over their sacrifices, yet there have always been priests who have regarded their office with holy earnestness. But who can separate the priest from the augur? It is said that Luther, when a colleague complained that he often had to wrestle with doubts, replied with a sigh: "Then it is so with you too!" It may be that no one can always feel what he is required to confess outwardly. It is the tragedy of genuine piety that the unalloyed experience of the divine comes only at rare moments, and that between these moments are seasons of lethargy, of *accidie*, in which the lips must confess while the heart is silent. And often enough that which seems to be mere play-acting is only

the passionate endeavour to experience inwardly the piety which is practised externally. Even so religious a man as Pascal advised that one should fulfil the external forms of religion in times of indifference, for the spiritual experience will not be long in coming. And was he mistaken, speaking psychologically? Does not semblance very often become reality? Cannot even the professional actor "play himself into" a part? Cannot a church—in itself a house of stone—actually create, for him who seeks it, the religious mood which he cannot achieve outside? May not a hymn, a mass, a sermon, even though sung or spoken by those who are inwardly cold, none the less evoke true piety? All the entanglement of being and seeming in human life is disclosed when we gaze into these depths. We find in religion what we found in social life, in politics, and in art: that without show, without representation, there can be no civilization; that being and seeming are not always to be disentangled, but that seeming may become being, may become reality.

Of Being in Seeming

We have arrived at a remarkable result. We began by a critical survey behind the scenes of life, of whose genuine character we were slightly distrustful, in order that we might, as psychologists, study the arts of management by which the stage of life is controlled. And wherever we looked —in social relations or politics, art or religion—we found the same curious theatricality, which was at once representation and misrepresentation, being indeed both in inseparable amalgamation.

It would of course be easy—it has often enough been done!—to deplore all this as moral judges, and to condemn the whole simulating world. For the world is truly a Vanity Fair, a place of deceit and imposture; but it is not *only* this;

it is, at all events, something else as well. The most singular thing about the whole phenomenon is that the real, the genuine, requires the assistance of the theatre before it can make itself felt, and that even the false and artificial is by no means productive merely of evil. Metaphysically considered, even seeming is a species of being, even though it is a falsely interpreted being. But what if we are earnest in seeming, what if we take the illusion seriously, as a metaphysical reality?

If we try to understand the nature of civilization as a whole, we shall say that it is an enterprise on the part of the human race whose purpose is to make the world minister to its vital endeavours, and, if necessary, to transform it in accordance with these endeavours. Human husbandry serves to produce the supplies necessary for life; the building up of social structures, of states and communal governments, is supposed to procure adequate conditions of life for community and individual alike. Art offers the soul adequate experiences, which are not offered by life in the same degree. Science and religion, in so far as they do not serve practical, technical, and social ends, are intended to transform the world in a spiritual sense, so that the human spirit may be able to survey it as a whole and find meaning in it. It is true that human motives are often strangely involved; but, generally speaking, we may undoubtedly conceive that the tendency of civilization as a whole is so to transform "Nature" that it is in harmony with the "life-will" of evolving humanity.

Man, however, is not merely a vital being who enters into real relations with an outer world; he is also a conscious being, who builds up an "ideal" world, which exists by the side of and above the real world; and this "ideal" world is itself a reality, a spiritual reality, which is often in conflict with the "real" reality, and is even set over it.

It is true that man seeks actually to transform the world

in accordance with his nature, but since he is not always successful, he contents himself with an ideal transformation. When he cannot achieve the reality of a harmony between his ego and the world, he is content with illusion. And in order to maintain this illusion, he behaves as though the illusion were reality. That is, instead of living his life in harsh reality, he stages, for himself and others, an ideal drama, whose unreality he "suppresses". It is one of the strangest mysteries of the soul that this is possible; the soul deceives itself in respect of itself, in order to maintain this artificial illusion. It deceives not only others, but, before all, it deceives itself!

We have already briefly considered these arts of illusion, and we found that in the forms of social life, and especially in the forms of politeness, humanity has evolved an æsthetic style in order to deceive itself in respect of itself, and to mask its real emotions. We saw that politics employs a hundred theatrical arts in order that it may lead the people by means of illusion. We saw that art, whatever else it may be, is based on illusion, and that its illusive creations influence the reality. And we saw, lastly, that even religion works with illusions of many kinds.

Nevertheless, it would be wrong to see *only* illusion in this universal illusionism of humanity. The most remarkable thing about this whole range of problems is that illusion is not merely deception; it is at the same time reality; above all, subjective reality; but more than this, it actually *creates* objective reality. In other words, even the illusionary transformation of the world *is* a transformation of the world.

Let us illustrate this by our examples. Social good form may in the first place be an illusion, under which the brutal instincts of humanity conceal themselves; but it is not *only* an illusion; it is also a reality, which does not merely superficially conceal this "real" background, but actually (if

only now and then) suppresses or transforms it. Politeness *may* be untruthful, but it is by no means always untruthful, since for those who practise it continually it becomes "second nature", which often completely suppresses the "original" nature. Religions, too—or at all events the religions of other people—present themselves to the critical observer as illusions, conscious or unconscious; and such an observer is very ready to regard priests in particular as impostors. Nevertheless, the religions are not *merely* illusions; they are at the same time realities, and even tremendous realities, to which the history of the world bears witness; realities that are often stronger than economic or political realities. They are spiritual transformations of the world; at least, so long as they are "believed in"; that is, so long as they suffice the psychology which maintains them. They *become* lies as soon as they cease to be adequate, as soon as their followers can no longer *believe* in them. And although it is true that politics cannot exist without the arts of the theatre, we must not overlook the fact that here too semblance creates reality.

It is true that many of the theatrical arts which are practised by humanity are reprehensible and ridiculous, but we should be guilty of bias did we consent to perceive only this aspect of them. Man might be defined as a creature capable of illusion. If we abstract from life what is not wholly "true" in life, we shall have in our hands a somewhat crude and shapeless thing. Civilization would be pitifully diminished if it insisted on being *only* "true". As a matter of fact, all life and all culture is on the further side of "truth" and "falsehood". Men incapable of illusion are poor indeed. What little by little made the greatness of mankind was "faith", that is, the power of entertaining illusions and investing illusion with reality. Have not all the great thinkers, indeed, from the authors of the Upanishads and Plato down to Kant and Schopenhauer, to say nothing of many more

recent philosophers, always been of the opinion that our so-called reality may be, in its entirety, an illusion? An illusion, to be sure, through which a "real" world remotely glimmers? Or is this "real" world an illusion, and the world of our illusions the reality—or at least *our* reality?

THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE SOUL

A CHAPTER ON THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CIVILIZATION

Any period one nation must lead,
One land must be the promise and reliance
of the future.
These states are the amplest poem,
Here is not merely a nation but a teeming
Nation of nations.
Here the doings of men correspond with the
broadcast doings of the day and night,
Here is what moves in magnificent masses
careless of particulars,
Here are the myths, beards, friendliness, com-
bativeness, the soul loves,
Here the flowing trains, here the crowds,
equality, diversity, the soul loves.

WALT WHITMAN

THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE SOUL

The "American" as a New Human Type

As we know, people were given to talking, even until the end of the nineteenth century, of "man" in the singular, as a stationary, uniform type, a type that varied only in particulars which are scarcely more than skin-deep. It is significant of this literally superficial opinion that people regarded the colour of the skin as the character which differentiated the races of humanity. And even when the shape of the skull, the setting of the eyes, or other bodily characteristics were included, people were not very much the wiser. They regarded man as an animal species, without reflecting that such a zoological point of view is less than just to humanity.

But if we adopt the point of view that the principal difference between man and the animals is his "soul", his "spirit", we must needs look for the decisive differences between man and man in the soul. Do not retort that the soul is an incomprehensible something which has its place in the dark interior of the cranium. On the contrary, everything that we can perceive in the human being is soul, is an expression of the soul: his physiognomy, his bodily structure, his movements, all reveal, to the seeing eye, the individual nature of the soul. Not only this, but all that the man does and undertakes is eloquent of his soul. The civilization of a particular human type is not something which it produces fortuitously. In this sense nothing is fortuitous, and every naturalist knows that it is never chance that determines the flora which a particular soil brings forth. Even though the seeds are forcibly imposed from without, yet the nature of the soil may be known by the way in which the plants develop. Civilization too is often imposed on a human type from without, but the manner in which it accepts civilization,

and proceeds to develop it, clearly reveals the nature of its intellect.

If we grant that the soul (or in absolute and materialistic language, the brain) conditions differences which are far deeper than the colour of the skin, the form of the skull, or the tint of the finger-nails, and further, that this differentiation is not confined to the physical life of the species, but that we must also take into consideration the objective manifestations of the intellect in discriminating between the types of humanity (just as the zoologists discriminate between the types of many birds or insects according to the structure of their nests), then we must likewise admit that during the last hundred years or so a completely new type of human being has been gaining ground all over the world, whose attitude towards the environment is different from that of any previous type, and which has created for itself an environment entirely different from any hitherto created. The new man has provided himself with new organs—not animal, but psychical; he sees with the aid of telescopes and microscopes; he hears by means of the telephone and "wireless"; he "tastes" and "smells" by means of chemical reagents; and by far the greater part of his journey through life is covered not on foot, but in carriages driven by steam, petrol, or electricity. His relation to space and time has been modified. He has pressed into his service the coal and oil that lie beneath the surface of the globe, the streams and waterfalls, and a thousand other things, and has transformed the surface of the globe as no other living creature ever did before him. His thoughts are not conditioned merely by the influences of his immediate environment; the most distant times and lands contribute their riches to his intellect. Vast museums and libraries constitute his memory, and it is thanks to mathematical calculation, and not merely to his physical organs, that he is the master of the world. In short, if, as of course we must,

we regard the psychical faculties of man as belonging to his personality, then (if we neglect the forerunners who have appeared in earlier ages) a new human type has appeared on the earth in the last hundred years.

But it is not, after all, the individual man alone who effects this transformation of his outer world; nor must we attribute the transformation of the type to the individual man alone; for the new type is not merely a biological and psycho-physical phenomenon, but also, and chiefly, a sociological phenomenon. When we speak of a new type, we do not mean that all the individuals existing to-day have been transformed into this type, for although they have all been influenced by the new forms of life, they still belong in part to earlier phases of life. Only a few individuals are wholly modern in type, yet these few are enough to set their stamp upon the others, who are subject to their influence.

Let me explain this by a comparison. The human organism is built up of cells and tissues, which, individually considered, have remained, for the most part, on the same level as the cells and tissues of the higher species of animals. Only the cells of the brain have as a whole achieved a fresh development, and this has sufficed to lift man as a whole to a higher evolutionary level. We must admit, indeed, that individual organs have even retrogressed as compared with their development in many other species of animals; nevertheless, man as a whole is a more highly organized creature, and better adapted to contend with his environment, than any other species of animal. It is the same with the new kind of man of whom we are speaking. We must not judge the type merely from its individual representatives; we must conceive of it as a social whole; for all these new faculties of man, his science, his technical skill and knowledge, etc., are the work not of man as an individual, but of man as a type; hence the "impersonality" of the individual, to which we

shall presently refer. Just as we cannot perceive externally the special nature of the community-forming ant, as opposed to the solitary species, and just as this peculiar character reveals itself only in the communal life and its manifestations, such as the building of nests, etc., so we must consider the new human type in its totality, and in conjunction with its cultural achievements, in order fully to appreciate its special character.

The "mutation" in the species *Homo sapiens* of which we are speaking is not confined to one particular country. It is more or less plainly perceptible in the whole of the white race, and is already invading even the coloured races. But nowhere is it so obvious, so extreme, and unrestricted as in America, in the United States, and for this reason the term "Americanization" has been adopted to describe the whole phenomenon. We shall now proceed to consider this phenomenon, not merely as a most remarkable mutation in the external behaviour of the American man, but as a transformation of the human soul in general.

America and Americanism

America has been known as the New World ever since it was discovered by the Spaniards. Although since then four hundred years have elapsed, it has always retained this name. And this is surely due to more than chance; there is some profounder reason for the retention of a name which is meaningless if we understand it in its literal sense. Even to-day America is still a new world; indeed, it is a new world in a profounder sense than ever before; in fact, the feeling of the modern European in respect of America is more precisely expressed by the catch-phrase: "America is the land of the future".

Of course, what the makers of this phrase had in mind was, above all, the stupendous and unexhausted riches

which will assure to this continent the economic and even the political hegemony of the world so soon as its population is commensurable with its capacity. We, however, may see in this phrase a profounder meaning, for throughout the United States there is plainly evident a transformation of Western civilization, a transformation which is being effected by a human type of a special character. We are already accustomed to define this transitional form of civilization as "Americanism", and we realize also that this Americanism is not merely a local product of the territory comprised between New York and San Francisco, but is a universal phenomenon. Whether we regard the change as progress or as retrogression, the fact remains that America to-day determines, in a representative manner, the style of life of the whole Euramerican world, much as French culture determined the style of the eighteenth century throughout the whole of Europe. Even in Europe we can see that the whole of our civilization is becoming more and more Americanized. Some of us are hopeful and others fearful, but no one can deny the fact that when we gaze across the ocean we behold the image of our own future, as though in a magic mirror.

But although "Americanism" is a popular catchword, the problems which lie behind it are problems of extreme difficulty, and the "slogan"—as is usual with such phrases—does not accurately describe them. To begin with, as an historical fact, what we call Americanism did not by any means originate in America; and further, it is a psychological fact that Americanism would not represent an allurement or a peril for the rest of the world were not every non-American in some way or another predisposed to it in his soul. In the background of our souls, even though we struggle against it, that form of life is manifesting itself ever more visibly which in America has attained a conspicuous development.

I am writing, therefore, not really about America, but about the Americanism which is determining the expression of the twentieth century all the world over; not about the concrete America, but about that "idea" which is, of course, conditioned by the concrete America, but which as an abstraction has already made itself felt throughout the world. Do not imagine that an abstraction is a figment of the imagination, a deliberate fabrication! In life and in science we are constantly making use of "ideas" which are realities, even when there is nothing in concrete existence which quite corresponds with them. The naturalist can and must make use of the conception of "the bird" or "the insect", although there is nowhere such a thing as "*the* bird" or "*the* insect"; there are only the very heterogeneous and separate representatives of these orders. The historian works with such ideas as "Gothic" or "baroque", although these concepts have no existence as concrete things. So here we conceive the "idea" of America as an abstract reality, which expresses itself in millions of ways, in men and in things, but never appears in a perfectly "pure" form. It is an error to believe that Americanism dominates the whole of America, uniformly and exclusively. Certainly there are conspicuous American traits which we may discover in Boston as in New Orleans, in Chicago as in Los Angeles; but there are also conspicuous differences, as there must of necessity be in view of the great geophysical and anthropological contrasts of the land over which the star-spangled banner waves. But we shall not consider these here, although the Americans themselves regard these differences as extremely important; we are considering America as Europeans; we are consciously taking a distant view, in which the essential features are emphasized; for if things are examined too closely their "wholeness" is often completely lost.

The reader will excuse us from continually making the

obvious reservation that our arguments do not hold good for all Americans without exception. While we shall speak of the remarkable simplification of intellectual life in general in America, we must nevertheless admit that there are many individuals in America whose psychical structure is highly complex; and while we shall describe the mechanization of American life, we shall accept it as a necessary inner reaction of a great nation that many individual men and circles are rebelling against this mechanization. While we emphasize the typical American rationalization, we are none the less fully conscious that this by no means exhausts the whole life of America, even though it pervades it in every direction.

Only in this sense is Americanism a psychological problem such as I am here considering. I have no intention of writing an ethnographical study of America; I am simply portraying, by the example of the American in the geographical sense, the type of "americanistic" humanity in general. For me Americanism is not an ethnographical concept, but a *psychological* notion; it means here *a mutational form of the human species* in general, which should be studied in its most accentuated manifestation.

I am attempting to sketch the psychology not of *the Americans* but of *the American*, and not for the sake of ethnographical information, but because the American is the most accentuated type of the civilized man in general, a type which is appearing everywhere, as an international phenomenon typical of the age, and which predominates wherever "modern" life is evolving: in Berlin as in Tokio, in Milan as in Sydney. In the portrait of the American as he reveals himself in America itself, we are portraying the "americanistic" man, who will not perhaps be the only human type of the future, but will certainly be one of the most prevalent. It will be quite in accordance with our intention if the reader of the following description should

find himself constantly thinking "But it is like that with us!" One may study Americanism even in Europe, but it may be seen in a more visible, crude, and accentuated form in America itself, and for this reason we shall now consider the "idea" of America.

New York City as a Symbol

Let us begin with the most stupendous symbol that the American world has produced, by which America is represented at its most essential, as Greece was represented by the Acropolis and Russia by the Kremlin: the city front of New York. Here the fundamental harmony, the leading motive of the whole life of America is blared forth at the European new-comer, *fortefortissimo*. The approach to San Francisco or Los Angeles may be more beautiful and more rich in colour, but there is something about these cities which the European does not feel to be purely "American". For the time being, at all events, New York is the most emphatic expression of American life, of the American of to-day.

One does not see New York from the open sea. As one approaches the new continent from the ocean a low strip of land appears on the horizon: the coast of Long Island. It is only after the steamer has rounded the southern extremity of this island, and has passed between it and Staten Island, into the heavily fortified "Narrows", that the close-packed sky-scrapers make their appearance, like a ghostly and stupendous castle with giant keeps and buttresses. This is New York City. Built upon a narrow island that bears the old Indian name of Manhattan, it lies between the two branches of the mouth of the Hudson River. Grey, fantastically huge, rectilinear in all its dimensions, towering upwards with a strange lack of organic unity, the city makes its threatening approach. So the land

of giants, Brobdingnag, may have appeared to Gulliver. The great blocks of flats of the German capitals have lost all proportion to the human stature, but these buildings are even more monstrous. There are no longer "houses" in the old sense of the word, homes for human beings, such as Ibsen's Masterbuilder wanted to build, but "buildings", impersonal and inorganic; huge masses of masonry that have no quality but size, in which human beings no longer dwell, but only buy and sell and speculate and count their gains. They impress the observer, but they leave him cold.

They stare at the beholder, these massive, colourless buildings, remote from all that is human and actual, and he sees nothing else. If there is room anywhere for trees, for living animals and human beings, they all disappear amidst these geometrical masses of building. You will not see here the church towers, the turrets of a royal castle, or whatever else may dominate the silhouette of a European city; such things sink away into insignificance before the spatial expression of these gigantic business houses, these vast blocks of offices, though some of them, tastelessly enough, display the outline of Gothic cathedrals, and so sensibly detract from the unity and the style of the impression produced by the city. The only buildings that produce the effect of a genuine style are those that tower upwards in purely geometrical forms—the cubes, cones, and pyramids, which disdain all ornament and impress one by their mass alone. They are artificial though scarcely artistic mountains, between which the streets yawn like deep cañons. If one arrives in the evening when the lights are gleaming in the grey masses of the city, these too are arranged in geometrical regularity. Fantastically brilliant advertisements light up, and their stridency mingles with the dull clamour that surges forth from amidst the stony masses. The waters of the harbour are swarming with vessels great and small; the high-decked, many-storied ferries, the tenders of the

continental railway-lines, push past, brilliantly lighted like the buildings, their sirens howling and their funnels vomiting smoke. The pseudo-classic young woman, on her tiny island, who is supposed to represent "Liberty", looks absurdly respectable, and for more reasons than one is to-day quite out of place here, The steamer is now moving very slowly, but the stupendous profile of the city is still visibly growing; the gleam of the coloured lights grows brighter and brighter, and the dull rumour louder and more threatening. This is New York, this is America, this is the "Land of the Future".

Naturally, the fortissimo notes of this first encounter, which cannot fail to impress a sensitive mind, become gradually fainter, but they give the pitch at which American life is lived. As a leading motive, they recur again and again, fainter indeed, and modulated in a trivial or humorous or robustious sense; but one still hears them everywhere. Whether one is rattling through the long straight streets, over the iron trestles of the "Elevated", at the height of the first-floor windows, or passing through the stores of Boston, Chicago, or Portland, or rushing through the wide prairies in a Pullman, or visiting a private house, there are certain fundamental traits of American life which are constantly recurring everywhere, and which, at the outset, very forcibly impress the visitor.

Our problem is: what are the people like who have made this world and are being made by it?—for the two things cannot be separated. We have already learned to perceive the relations between the external forms of life and internal conditions; we know that nobody wears his coat as a purely fortuitous garment, but that there is always an inner relation between the coat and the wearer. And even if the wearer had won his coat in a lottery, after a few weeks it would plainly reveal the character of this wearer; it would not merely reveal such crude characteristics as the wearer's

cleanliness or uncleanliness, tidiness or untidiness, but an infinite number of much less obvious qualities might be deciphered from the coat. The same thing is true of the civilization of a people. We shall begin, therefore, with a description of the external appearance of modern America, in order that we may deduce therefrom the psychical structure of the American.

And what can we decipher from the city front of New York which we have just been describing? The following purely external features are immediately perceptible: a tendency to produce quantity rather than quality, a tendency towards mathematical, abstract, inorganic form, and a conspicuous uniformity. In the following chapter we shall examine these characteristics more closely, and we shall also endeavour to refer them back to the psychical structure of the people who have created this great city.

The "Quantification" of Life

As the first characteristic of the external image of America I laid stress on its different dimensions, on the massive, quantitative, gigantic nature of this world as compared with Europe. What we learned in school, but never quite realized, is here demonstrated by an object-lesson on the largest scale: America is not a country, like Germany, France, or San Marino, but a continent. Even an inhabitant of Berlin feels a little provincial when he realizes, on studying the time-table, that in crossing this country one's watch must repeatedly be set back, since when it is noon or midnight in New York it is eleven o'clock in Chicago, ten o'clock in Denver, and nine o'clock in San Francisco. In America they will ask you on your arrival in New York: "I suppose you will take in the Yellowstone Park and California?"—as though a man travelling from London to Berlin were asked whether he would not include in his

journey an excursion to Leningrad and to Egypt. Spatially considered, the distance from New York to San Francisco is much greater than the distance from London to Leningrad, but psychically speaking the distance is trifling. No frontiers lie between them; the same language is spoken from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and there is no need to visit the money-changer. It is truly a continent that the traveller is crossing, but it is also a country, and *one* country of stupendous dimensions. Its provincial cities are larger than many European capitals; its lakes are small seas, wider in area than a European kingdom; its agricultural land is not divided up into small parcels, but the cornfields cover the plains like a shoreless ocean. Everything has other dimensions than with us: the coins are four or five times the size of European money, and compared with the newspapers the great "dailies" of London, Paris, and Berlin seem small and insufficient. In short, we find that even in everyday things of secondary importance other quantitative notions prevail.

It may perhaps be objected that these great dimensions are something external. The American found his great country ready made! True, but he has not divided it; he has not made frontiers of mountains and rivers! That he has built up this vast country into a unity—this is his achievement. And though the many-storied sky-scrapers of New York may have been a sheer necessity, though the concentration of commercial life on the narrow island may have forced the houses upwards, since the mighty arms of the Hudson prevented them from spreading laterally, as elsewhere in the world, this necessity is absent in Chicago, in Detroit, and in all the other centres in which sky-scrapers are buing built to-day. Here the Americans have imitated New York, not because they were compelled to do so, but because they delight in largeness, as a matter of taste—or the want of taste, as the European may possibly feel.

And here is the decisive point: *Quantity, in America, is not a*

fact, as with us; it is = value. To say that something is large, massive, gigantic, is in America not a mere statement of fact, but the highest commendation. It is true that this may be so in Europe, but here the contrary valuation obtains as well; here small and graceful and modest things have a special value, while mere bulk may be felt as a defect, and colossal things are often regarded as crude, vulgar, and unqualitative. All this the American can hardly understand. The idyllic frame of mind which sees positive value in small and restrained and limited things is un-American, and occurs only as a reaction against Americanism, while in many European peoples it is a positive characteristic. In America everything big is blindly accepted. Magnitude, in the purely external sense of largeness, sets the standard of value.

The feeling for quantity and the disparagement of all purely qualitative values is most plainly manifested in the prevalence of *statistical thinking*. Numbers are purely quantitative. The moment I begin to count I bid farewell to quality. If I number the inhabitants of a city I do not consider their character or standing; I am considering them only in their numerical capacity. Only quantities can be expressed by figures. And if a people is above all things interested in quantity, numbers are for them the best standard of valuation.

Hence the American peculiarity of expressing everything in figures, of regarding all large figures as valuable in themselves, and of being impressed by nothing so surely as by large figures. In conversation with Americans this peculiarity is constantly obtruding itself. People of the most mediocre mentality have an astonishing memory for figures. I have known people who had no professional interest in the matter to reel off all the figures relating to the various immigration quota; and again, though not professionally concerned, they were strikingly well informed as regards the prices, and the

rise or fall of the prices, of shares or goods quite remote from their own interests, simply because they delighted in numerical comparisons. For example, if you accompany a genuine American to the Flat-Iron Building on 23rd Street, he will tell you, from memory, without looking at the building, that it has 20 stories, is 290 feet in height, and cost $4,000,000. Or he will tell you, of Brooklyn Bridge, that $15,000,000 have been spent on it, that the space between the piers is 1,600 feet, and that nearly 10 million people cross it on foot every year. At the same time, his interest in the bridge is absolutely restricted. If you speak of the buoyancy of its lines, of the graceful curve of the steel cables, the American will nod politely, but without interest. Such qualitative, æsthetic judgments are outside his purview. If a Chicagoan tells you how his city cares for the welfare of the people, or how it organizes popular concerts on the lakeside, he lays the greatest stress on the sums of money expended. Even the non-academical American can tell you the income of Columbia University, or what the library cost. The most important thing about it is that it contains a great number of books, but no one asks whether or how they will be utilized.

Everyone who has talked with Americans will remember such instances. You may be passing the church in some provincial town, and your American host will delightedly tell you the height in feet of the church spire. If you nod indifferently you will hurt his feelings, and he will ask, in a tone of disappointment: "Isn't that high enough?" We Europeans are familiar with the highest praise the American can bestow (and are rather amused by it): "The biggest thing in the world!" In the world!—That is the American's ambition: to make a "world's record"! And in this connection I will tell you the following story, which I read somewhere: Some Americans from various of the States were speaking of the advantages of their "home towns". One

boasted of the tallest buildings, another of the biggest bridges, a third of the deepest mines. Only one of them could think of no record. Suddenly a saving thought occurred to him. His home town had the highest death-rate, and he promptly stated the fact. He too had his record, and was proud of it! Quantity! Quality does not matter!

The American can positively intoxicate himself with figures. He piles them up as Falstaff piled up the numbers of the men in buckram whom he had "paid", not as a matter of personal boasting, but merely out of his delight in great numbers. While I was in America a terrible storm swept over Florida. The newspapers outdid one another in numbering the dead. Within two days the estimate had risen from 150 to 300, 600, 800, 2,500. Each "late edition" tried to outdo its predecessors. Subsequently it proved that less than a hundred persons had lost their lives. But what did that matter? The journalists and their readers had had their orgy of figures! There was then a similar numerical race in respect of the sums contributed to the relief fund. The city of St. Louis gave n millions, Chicago $2n$ millions, and New York $4n$ millions. One was told how many dollars the collection on board the *Leviathan* (then crossing the Atlantic) had produced; how many dollars were contributed by the first-class passengers, and how many by the second-class; and the newspapers, to their great satisfaction, were able to report a record: never yet had such a sum been collected on board ship! Everyone read this and rejoiced; and on the following day they displayed the same interest in the sum which Suzanne Lenglen would earn during her tour of the States.

Naturally, this thinking in numbers is always related to the idea of money. For money, too, is something devoid of quality, a purely quantitative standard of value; and hence the European often reproaches the American for his immoderate love of money. But here one should make a

reservation, for many of the variants of the passion for money are less common in America than elsewhere. The American does not anxiously cling to his money, and the avarice of the miser is un-American; nor is there in America a class of capitalists who live on their dividends, as there is, for example, in France. To the American, the making of money is more important than its possession. Rockefeller, in his autobiography, positively denies that the American works for the sake of money; he works for success, and for money only as the measure of success. There is certainly a great deal of truth in this. It is a fact that the American has a passion for making money, but he relinquishes it more readily than the European. We have scarcely any parallel in Europe for the stupendous donations of American millionaires. And there is a reason for this: in the States people are just as intoxicated by the size of donations as they are by the magnitude of incomes. And not only does the millionaire intoxicate himself, but the whole people shares his intoxication. The millions of the wealthy receive the same homage as titles and orders in Europe. Social position is determined by the size of a man's bank-account. In Europe even a poor artist or a penniless nobleman may play his part in society; in America genius and fame and birth are valued only if they are accompanied by large incomes. The American has no perception of the incommensurable. If dollar princesses marry European dukes, it is only because they have a "craze" for becoming Europeanized, and the only thing that interests the great public is the amount of the dowry. If a poor actress were to marry an impoverished duke no one would take any notice of the match.

More than anything, athletics affords an opportunity for a debauch of figures. It is quite certain that athletics would not be nearly so popular in America were games or sports regarded merely as hygienic or æsthetic physical exercises, and if the numerical element were excluded; if there were

no tables of records and no betting on results. There is an arithmetic of sport, which will give you the most precise details of the incomes of the most famous athletes and of their achievements. While I was in the United States there was a glove-fight for the heavy-weight championship of the world, in respect of which there was a perfect orgy of figures in the newspapers. One learned exactly how many dollars were made by all the persons concerned, from the victorious champion to the manager, and how many seats were sold, etc. But the stupendous figures of the gladiators' earnings were exceeded fivefold by the sums wagered by the public. For the American everything is an occasion for a bet: from the end of the Great War to a fight between two dogs at the street corner. In sport, therefore, an unessential motive is introduced which has a decided influence on the actual value of its physical manifestations. In the autumn the whole nation is interested in the results of the baseball matches, although the majority of those who await them so feverishly know no more of the players than their names, have never seen them, and would not really be qualified to judge their performances. Still, one set of figures is compared with another.

Everything is reckoned in figures, even food. In the branches of "Child's", for example, one is given a "Dietetic Bill of Fare, for those who wish to live biologically", from which one learns that a human being does not require more than 3,500 calories in the twenty-four hours, and of these one-tenth should be represented by protein, three-tenths by fat, and six-tenths by carbohydrates. Against every dish is printed its value in calories, albumen, fats, etc.

This arithmetization of life goes hand in hand with a geometrization of the world, which is, of course, only partly conditioned by the emphasizing of quantities, but is none the less related thereto. The enormous distances of the Continent are to be overcome only if the shortest connecting-

line, the absolutely straight line, is followed by railroads and highways, though this course may be extremely expensive. The gigantic buildings, if only for constructive reasons, are confined to the simplest forms. Any organic form—for example, the sinuous, decorative forms of the Rococo or *Biedermeier* style—will here be not only unpractical but ridiculous. Hence, even in architecture, the straight line and the stereometric mass. To lay out the gigantic cities in artistic confusion, as the cities of South Germany have grown, would be unthinkable: here only a plan like a chess-board can create order. And the straight line prevails even in the divisions of the whole country. The boundaries of the individual States are drawn with a ruler. In short, the world is geometrized.

Now, having emphasized the effect of quantity, the mathematization of life, and the significance attributed to the record in America, if we turn to Europe, and consider the latest aspects, we shall find everywhere the same features, although here they are more abundantly blended with other values. The European's perception of the charm of the small and the idyllic is progressively disappearing; here, too, quantity is beginning to impose itself as a value, while more and more attention is given to figures and records. It will only be a matter of a few years before we begin to compete in the building of sky-scrapers, just as the European nations are already competing for the world's records in football and swimming. Already our young people have the figures of these records by heart.

The Mechanization of Life

We have said that the second chief characteristic of Americanism is the technicalization or mechanization of life. Not that we Western Europeans are deficient in technique, but nowhere is it so obtrusive as in America. In Europe it

is a servant—at least, in theory—but in America it is the almost undisputed despot of life. The decisive point is not the existence, but the different valuation of technical methods and knowledge. In Europe—at least, in intellectual circles—such terms as "mechanical" or "machine-made" are employed as terms of censure, which are opposed to "organic" or "artistic". In the same way the word "technique" seems often to savour of the superficial, unintellectual, and inartistic. The average American sets an absolute and positive value on technique. In the American cities it is not only the finished wares that are displayed in the stores; if possible they are actually manufactured before the eyes of the passing crowd. You will see the pressing-machine at work in the shop-windows, stretching, folding, and pressing a suit of clothes in the course of a few minutes; cigar-makers will show anyone who cares to linger before their windows how cigars are made by hand and machine; or you may see—and this is quite an appetizing sight—how sweets and pastry are made and cooked by neat and pretty young women. Technique is not, as it should be in theory, a means to an end, but is becoming an end in itself. The clatter of machinery, which we find disturbing, is music to the true American ear. Only by the fact that he does not inwardly rebel against it can we explain the fact that the American's nerves do not suffer from noise like those of the European, who is distressed by these things because he inwardly protests against them.

In a purely external sense, the mechanization of life is conditioned by the size of the country. To be sure, we Europeans too have need of our railways, telegraphs, and telephones; but in America these are far more essential if the different parts of the Continent are to be connected. A vast network of railways covers the land; the telegraph and the telephone, both largely American inventions, have reached a high degree of development. The air-mail is a

necessity, not a kind of sport, as with us. Above all, the motor-car is not a luxury, but an article of everyday utility, which is obvious from the shabby condition of most of the cars one sees. The majority of the railways, whether above or below ground, are single lines for one-way traffic, and there are separate tracks for the express trains. In the dwelling-houses people ascend to their apartments not by the stairs, but by elevators; in the larger buildings there are frequently a dozen or more lifts at the inmates' disposal, and they may even be divided into express and local elevators.

In the eyes of the American all these things have a positive value. The average European takes his guest to the ancient churches of his city; he shows you streets and localities that have a sentimental interest; it will seldom occur to him to invite you to visit the slaughter-house or a car-factory. In Chicago the slaughter-houses are regarded as the thing best worth seeing, and after them the factories, docks, etc. It is not that we Europeans never inspect a dock or a factory, but we do so out of curiosity, or as a matter of unemotional interest, and not in a spirit of almost religious respect, as does the genuine American. In the country I was repeatedly taken to see wireless apparatus, which reproduced the greatest variety of messages with a considerable amount of noise. *What* was heard, whether Beethoven or jazz music, did not interest my hosts in the least; all that they considered was the technique of transmission and reception—technique as an end in itself.

This general mechanization of life is, of course, due to the co-operation of a number of factors. The lack of domestic servants, which I shall presently consider as a social factor, has of necessity resulted in the mechanization, even in the home, of many tasks which in Europe are performed by human labour. While visiting American acquaintances who lived in the country I was repeatedly led into the kitchen

by my hostess, where she showed me her laboratory. Mechanical contrivances did the work of washing and drying plates and dishes; electrical machines prepared the inevitable ice-cream; and there were cooking appliances and vacuum-cleaners with refinements quite unknown to us. All these things are devised for "comfort", but American comfort is not what we call comfort in Europe. To us the word conveys a sense of ease and cosiness. The American railway-cars, with their spaciousness and their convenient corridors, which enable one to pass through the whole train more readily than is possible on most European expresses, are entirely comfortable, but they are not "cosy". The elevated railroads and their stations answer their purpose efficiently, but they are hideous, naked iron scaffoldings, in comparison with which the Berlin elevated railway has a positively artistic appearance. The underground railways are rapid, but excruciatingly noisy, and their atmosphere is intolerable. The asphalt or concrete motor-roads are practical, but they are terribly prosaic in a charming landscape, and now they run even through such a park as the Central Park of New York, compared with which the greater part of the Berlin Tiergarten is a poem. It is pleasant to be invited for a run into the country, perhaps on a Sunday afternoon; but the motorist has no intention of stopping in some picturesque little country town, to enjoy the hospitality of a comfortable inn. In the States an excursion by road is a technical enterprise. The American driver will tell you proudly how many miles an hour he is travelling, and how many he intends to travel. And what does one see? Hundreds of cars ahead of one, hundreds behind, and one meets thousands! We go in search of Nature in order to escape from the technical and mechanical side of life; without machinery and technique the American cannot enjoy Nature at all.

Everyone who has visited the United States will be able

to recall similar characteristics, all of which go to prove the same thing, namely, that the whole of life has been mechanized in a far greater degree than with us. Psychologically speaking, all these traits may be referred to an intellectual attitude on the part of the American, which is not indeed unknown in Europe, but is found in a purer form in America, and this attitude may be described as the rationalization of the soul. By rationalization I mean the prevalence of practical thinking, of the concentration of the intellect on the practical, useful, and efficient, and the obverse of this attitude is the repression and suppression of all that is merely agreeable, emotional, and irrational in the personality. This rationality, as a form of thinking and willing, expresses itself in constructions and instruments and machines which impress the purposeful will of humanity, with the aid of the inorganic forces of Nature, on the outer world. The machine is above all the typical creation and manifestation of the utilitarian and practical reason. It is pure practicality, embodied rationality.

Even organic and intellectual life are mechanized in accordance with the ideal of the rationally operating machine. A cow or a pig, which the German peasant will regard as a personality, and for which he often feels affection, is in America a machine for producing meat and leather. How should any personal relation to the animal be possible when animals are "produced" by the thousand? Even man himself is becoming mechanized, is considered solely with regard to his performance. What are the holders of the great athletic records but machines for boxing, playing baseball, or running? And the workers in the factories? They too are machines, which indefatigably exercise the same function, a function rationally acquired, without any personal relation to the thing which they are making. How should the individual worker have any personal relation to his work when he is only one of thousands, who are all co-operating in a task

which he cannot survey as a whole? Strictly speaking, the factory worker is not even a complete machine, but only a portion of a machine, with no more independence than a cog-wheel or driving-belt. Taylorism and Fordism are the systematic accomplishment of this mechanization of the human being.

If we now take a rapid survey of Europe and the rest of the world, we shall find everywhere the same tendency to mechanization and technicalization, even though it is less pronounced. Even in Europe the machine is thrusting itself between the worker and his work; even here it is not only the work that is being mechanized, but the man as well. It is true that the opposing forces are greater, but they are gradually losing their strength. In respect of the tyranny of technique, we are becoming more and more Americanized.

The Standardization of Life

The mathematization and technicalization of life is connected inextricably with a further trait of Americanism —with the *typicalization*, or, to use the American expression, the *standardization* of life. Nowadays one may also call this *Fordization*, since Mr. Ford is regarded as peculiarly representative of his country. Standardization is a consequence of mass-production, mathematization, and mechanization, for it implies the unlimited mass-production—for the most part by mechanical means—of a definite type of product. The most importunate result of this process is the Ford car that rattles along every street.

This standardization will be obvious even to anyone crossing the continent. There are, of course, great differences in different parts of the States, yet they are trifling as compared with the uniformity which exists by their side. As compared with the special characteristics of German or Italian landscapes, in which every village almost, and at all

events every town of any size, has an individuality of its own, the differences between American cities are trifling. At all events, an observant eye will note the conspicuous appearance of the same features everywhere, in spite of obvious differences. This typification will be seen in the most prominent features as well as in the least conspicuous. If you go shopping you will everywhere find the same standard wares in the window. All the men seem to be clothed by the same tailor, and all the women seem to have bought their hats at the same shop. As a matter of fact, they buy the same things in different shops. Everything reaches a most respectable standard, but everywhere this standard has the effect of a levelling, a standardization.

The most remarkable thing is that even the people impress one as having been standardized. All these clean-shaven men, all these girls, with their doll-like faces, which are generally painted, seem to have been produced somewhere in a Ford factory, not by the dozen but by the thousand. In no other country are the individuals reduced to such a dead-level as in the United States, and this appears all the more remarkable when we reflect that nowhere is there such a disorderly mixture of races and peoples as in this Eldorado of the needy and adventurous of all countries. And yet, surprisingly enough, after a few years as a rule, and certainly after a few generations, the immigrant, whether he was English, German, Russian, Syrian, or Greek, has become "an American". And this transformation affects even his features! We can understand that as regards his clothing and other externals he will do his best not to look a "greenhorn"; but it is not so easy to understand that even the member of such a race as the Jewish, which has preserved its type for thousands of years, will after a little while impress one as being not a Jew but an American. And if this transformation affects the features, which would seem to be independent of the will, it is naturally far more perceptible

in the bearing and behaviour, in speech and accent, and in social manners.

As in the case of "quantification" and mechanization, so in that of typification we are confronted by a different valuation. In Europe, time out of mind, people have preferred to maintain a distance, and therefore a difference, between races and classes and other social groups, and even between individuals. Distance, uniqueness, and originality are European values, which are foreign to the American. His values are the very reverse of these: adherence to type, agreement, similarity. In the Middle Ages the classes were divided by dress, custom, and many other characteristics; there was no intercourse between them. Even in Europe time has brought many changes; even in Europe the bourgeois is victorious, and noblemen and peasants alike wear bourgeois clothes. Nevertheless, these differences persist, even though they may not be visible; the spirit of caste still survives; classes and professional groups still regard one another with disfavour; the educated man looks down on the man of the people, and the man of the people is resentful of education; the officer has a special standing, and so forth. In America these differences do not exist. There the only difference that counts is a man's quantitative achievement and success, which in the last resort is expressed in dollars. Here is a marshal's baton which everyone carries in his knapsack. It does not matter how he makes his way; whether he succeeds as a professor, or a merchant, or an artisan, there is only the one method of valuation. There are no insuperable barriers, such as that of noble birth. If a man fails in one calling, he adopts another. No one looks down on a man who fails as a professor and then becomes a hotel-keeper, provided he is successful. This lack of social discrimination impresses the new-comer. People treat one another with a peculiarly equalitarian politeness, which to us often seems an obtrusive cordiality,

but which is an attribute of the type, not of the individual. The American sees in his neighbour not a certain Mr. M—— or Mrs. N——, but simply an impersonal being, with whom he can exchange opinions, or rather the usual phrases, concerning the weather or the last glove-fight. This reduction of all to a dead-level has of course its advantages, but it deprives life of much that is desirable, and, above all, of a perception of personal quality.

Just as the American does not discriminate between the professions, so he has no perception of all those factors that in Europe separate, differentiate, and discriminate. What of the political parties, for example? In Europe they are divided by their social and political ideals. There are, of course, political differences in America, but in the first place they are very few, and in the second they are very slight. The European is surprised to find how little difference there is between the tendencies of the two principal parties, the Republicans and the Democrats. Men change their party without conscientious scruples, and they are not therefore accused of moral weakness. Even religion does not create such radical divisions as in Europe, although the number of sects and confusions is far greater than with us. But there is no "Centre" party, as in Germany; no anti-Semitism as we understand it, no instinctive feeling of enmity against another ethnological species. Even such associations as the Ku-Klux-Klan do not attack any particular group of opponents, but simply wage war on all that is un-American—that is, on all that is not typical. If a thing is untypical it is worthless. Further, the difference between the sexes is not so great as it is—or used to be—with us. Women do not constitute a downtrodden caste; they are so dominant that some Europeans have spoken of gynocracy. Even the young girl behaves with an independence which is startling to the European, and seems to him "unfeminine"; and conversely, he often detects feminine

traits in the American man. In both cases he is mistaken; the sexes have not interchanged their rôles; it is only that the differences are not so extreme. Even age does not constitute a social difference in the States. While with us the relation of adults to children (like that of the husband to the wife) is from the sociological point of view very like that of master and servant, in America youth enjoys much more extensive rights. The result may often be regarded by the European as lack of respect, disobedience, and libertinism, but it is not so regarded in America, since the adult does not ask for respect and subordination. Human typification finds an æsthetic expression in an "ideal beauty", which is propagated daily in a thousand magazines, kinemas, and theatres, and in which all the characteristic differences of race, sex, age, and class have completely disappeared.

This lack of differentiation between individuals, and the resulting exclusiveness of type, naturally manifests itself externally by a sharp discrimination against all that does not belong to this type. And this explains the American attitude to *colour*, which some Europeans find so difficult to understand. This, apparently, is a flat contradiction of the general tolerance and equalitarianism of the American. The coloured person (and the category includes those whose ascendants include a negro even at a distance of three or four generations) is simply and absolutely debarred from absorption into the type, so that in most of the States of the Union marriage between the races is forbidden by law. In theory this harshness is justified on eugenic grounds, since it is assumed that hybrids must naturally inherit the worst qualities of both races. But in actual fact there are other motives at work. Despite the ostensible attitude of the American, the decisive point is the fact that the very visible somatic differences of the two races cannot be overlooked, and are incompatible with unity of type. Unity of type

can only be achieved if all that would destroy it is excluded.

Is this standardization American in the ethnographical sense, or is it "Americanistic": in other words, is it a universal feature? Once again we are compelled to admit that while it is most accentuated in America, it is making its appearance everywhere in Europe. Not only things and industrial products are being standardized, but, in an ever-increasing degree, human beings also, even in Europe. The beardless face of the man, the doll-like face of the woman whose features are made "stylistic" and inorganic by means of rouge and powder and lip-salve: even in Europe these are becoming more and more prevalent. In our great cities, in particular, we have in Europe also a reduction to a dead-level which hardly differs from that to be observed in America.

The "Impersonalization" of the Soul

We have now surveyed the life of America chiefly in its external forms, and in so doing we have constantly found our attention directed to the inner life of the American, to the psyche that corresponds with this exterior. We will now turn our attention wholly to the psychical foundation, and in so doing emphasize a few characteristics which we have already noted.

And first of all, the specific *rationality*, the practical, prosaic nature of the American's thought, which conditions his external success in technicalizing, mechanizing, and standardizing life. But this rationality must not be confused with *intellectuality*, with *spirituality*, in the European sense, if by this one understands absorption in the profounder scientific, artistic, and philosophical problems of existence. In this sense the American is *un*spiritual, *un*intellectual, *un*philosophical. Problems do not interest him. His thought

is more highly schematic than European thought. The conversation of the average American consists in a much higher degree of a mechanical flow of empty locutions than does that of most Europeans. The thoroughness with which the weather is daily discussed is typical of American conversation. It is true that in Europe also we discuss the weather, but even the half-educated man does it, so to speak, with a bad conscience, and endeavours, by a touch of humour or otherwise, to give the conversation a personal turn. In the American we note nothing of this; clattering on as comfortably as a mill-wheel, he rolls out his empty phrases. This peculiarity is not unrelated to his love of catch-words. These too are agreeable to his mechanized brain; these too, as it were, are standardized thoughts. Their forced currency is made possible only by the uncritical nature of American thought. Criticism is something that is indeed regarded as somehow unfair, as a divergence from the track of typical thinking. In proof whereof consider the Press, which—with very few exceptions—is cruelly tedious and empty. The personal "leader" is almost unknown. Hence we have a blind surrender to so-called "facts": that is, to sensational news, more or less "cooked", and sometimes partly or wholly mendacious; news from all countries, but mostly from the States themselves, all of which is swallowed whole. Newspapers, by the way, are almost the only things that are cheap in America. For a few cents one can buy masses of printed paper whose value as wastepaper is little less than the purchase-price. But beware of regarding this cheapness of reading-matter as a proof of a high standard of national culture! On the contrary, it constitutes an intellectual blockade! Even if the American had not already a poor opinion of the value of letterpress, nothing would convince him more surely of its worthlessness than the cheapness at which these wares are offered, The very way in which the advertisements are interspersed in the text robs the latter of

its last remains of dignity. Moreover, the text itself is conceived in meretricious clichés and screaming headlines, and phrased in a telegraphic style which makes reading almost superfluous. As for such fiction as is read, it is, on the average, of an extremely poor quality.

A very singular problem, this schematic intellectuality of the American! In his own calling he may be knowledgeable, shrewd, and cunning; but away from it he is lacking in judgment, uncritical, and stupid. The causes of this remarkable fact lie deeper than the intellect itself; they will be found in the emotional basis of the intellect, which in the American is quite peculiarly *impersonal*. Perhaps this impersonality is really the key to all that we have been considering—to the standardization and mechanization of American life, to the worship of quantity. But what is meant by "impersonality"? It is not easy to define, for it has its roots in the unconscious foundations of the soul, in the vital instincts and emotional reactions, which do not themselves become conscious, but which give the consciousness, the intellect, its individual peculiarity. This subconsciousness is disregarded in America; it is suppressed, and as far as possible subordinated to the rational consciousness. But the consciousness is extroverted, and is subject to the influences of the outer world. Hence the externality and superficiality of the American soul, which seems to be lacking in the ultimate, inner unity and uniqueness to which we give the designation of personality. This is by no means equivalent to saying that the American is emotionally frigid. The European is in error if he regards the American as a mere calculating-machine (and Germany's assessment of the American in the Great War was based on this misconception). On the contrary, even a superficial acquaintance with American life must establish the fact that the emotional life of the American, though it may not be profound, is vivacious, excitable, and even, often enough, remarkably

uncontrolled. The emotional life of every human being has more than one dimension; it cannot be sufficiently described by such adjectives as "feeble" and "intense". It possesses not merely intensity, but *tempo*, cordiality, reserve, depth, and many other qualities.

If we attempt to characterize the emotional life of the Americans, we shall have to say that it is quick, excitable, undiscriminating, not very profound, and in a remarkable degree uncontrolled by the reason; that is, it is ultimately "impersonal", if we may take it that "personal" experience implies a certain depth and individuality, and also a certain correspondence between the emotional and the intellectual life.

As for the proofs of these assertions: we shall find them above all in the extraordinary *suggestibility* of the American. The facility with which he pursues and surrenders himself to every sensation is admitted. One needs only to observe the behaviour of an American crowd at a popular assembly or an athletic meeting, or in the kinema, or at an electoral convention, in order to realize how infinitely suggestible the American is. Though at times he may give one the impression of a phlegmatic and uninterested person, this disappears in a moment if he is influenced by a powerful suggestion. What has been described as the "childlike" or sometimes as the childish nature of the American points in the same direction, for most of the above statements apply also to the emotionality of the child or adolescent. Sensation and sentimentality are equally characteristic of the American soul. Intellectual control seems to be completely eliminated; the reason has very little contact with the emotional life, and moves on quite another plane. Men who are as cold as ice in matters of commerce produce sensational and sentimental films; hard business men listen to pious sermons, and frivolous women of fashion are subject to benevolent and childishly sentimental impulses. But there is no depth in these impulses

and emotions; on the contrary, they change like the weather. And all this is possible only because the American is lacking in the organic unity of personality. These people, whose ideal is the "type", who accept the forms of life from without, are determined from without, not from within, even in their emotional life. Their uncritical character is due not merely to want of intellect; it is due also to a lack of individual independence in the life of emotion and the will.

Everything is on the surface. Even the oft-quoted *optimism* of the American is proof of this. He is undeniably optimistic, and his optimism is cultivated, stimulated, and even forced. He *intends* to be optimistic, because pessimism is regarded as unsporting and ill-bred. He systematically closes his eyes to all that is sad and gloomy and painful in life. "Make the best of it" is a formula which may of course have a stimulating effect, but it tends to produce a certain flatness of sentiment. Pessimism may have its roots in weakness, neurasthenia, and the like, yet it may also be a sign of strength and depth and profound integrity. This the American is unable to understand. That the profoundest joy may be tinged with sorrow, that the supremest happiness may have an undertone of pain, is to him incomprehensible. We shall encounter this peculiarity when we come to consider the typically American form of piety, but we may note it everywhere even in social life; for in spite of all its optimism, there is something joyless about American life. The most it has to offer is "enjoyment", the most superficial form of pleasure, the gratification of the whim of the moment, the skimming of the empty froth from the stream of life. It would be unjust to disregard the pleasanter aspect of the emotional character of the American, for it is due to this pleasanter side of the American temperament that it is spreading like an epidemic, and that the majority of immigrants quickly fall under its spell. This empty optimism is the basis of American politeness, which is, indeed, quite

impersonal in character, but is none the less an indubitable fact. Anyone who has had anything to do with Americans will be familiar with the stereotyped, affable smile (especially on the faces of the women), the desire to see only the agreeable characteristics of other persons, and the rather gushing manner toward even passing acquaintances. It would be wrong to regard this courtesy as dishonest merely because it is superficial and undiscriminating. It is precisely because the average American soul is lacking in foundations and background that it is capable of sympathetic candour, and is neither unreserved nor distrustful, and is free from those complicated inhibitions, that doubt and dissimulation, which are so frequently encountered in Europeans. Malicious gossip and tedious psychological analysis are contrary to the good form of the exalted optimist. It is true that the American often lies when he is polite, but he does not know that he is lying; he is not uncritical of others only, but above all of himself. It could hardly be otherwise in a nation that suppresses the individual self. This impersonal politeness is extended not to the individual, but only to the type; hence the poverty and triviality of American conversation. If you wish to read such dialogue in a pure culture, you have only to turn to the books of such writers as the ironical Sinclair Lewis, preferably to *Babbitt*, in which the typical American is described by an American. Babbitt is a good-natured, superficial, sympathetic average American in all his impersonality.

The morality of the American is of the same character as his politeness. In many respects, no doubt, it is superior to the morality of the European, but, like American politeness, it is lacking in depth; it knows nothing of problems; it has no foundations. It would seem as though these conspicuously civilized people are more highly domesticated than the European, in whom the instincts and passions and animality of primitive man still exist beneath the

civilized surface. The American is more given to judging things from a moral point of view. In this the European may see hypocrisy, where he should see only simplicity. We regarded the moral and edifying speeches of President Wilson as mendacious. They were really only superficial. His simple Yankee mind had no idea of the complexity of the problems of which he babbled. The American sees human beings as they are described in the cheap serial fiction of the newspapers; if they do not fit into the convenient scheme of his optimism, if they are not angels, they must be devils. In the Great War the German was such a devil, black as pitch to the very depths of his soul. The complex æsthetic values which, for the cultured European, exist simultaneously with moral values, and may even be more important than the latter, simply do not exist at all for the average American. He believes his superficial humanitarian morality to be the absolute morality; not for a moment does he doubt its general validity. Even for William James, one of the most brilliant of American thinkers, such a profound moral psychologist as Nietzsche was no more than a pathological fault-finder. Morality is the normal good behaviour of the typical citizen or bourgeois. In the artistic circles of Europe the title of "bourgeois" is almost a term of abuse; on the other side of the Atlantic "citizen" is a title of honour. If one were to say in France or Germany that so-and-so was a "good citizen", *un bon bourgeois*, one would imply that he was something of a Philistine; the term would be employed ironically; but in America it is a commendation that may be heard at every turn. "Morality", in Europe, has become a little problematical, because we know that behaviour which is outwardly moral may conceal motives which are anything but moral; that "external legality", to use a phrase of Kant's, is not necessarily a proof of inner morality, and that real morality may often appear quite unlawful. Such ideas do not occur to the

American. We shall presently show that in his scientific psychology he regards external behaviour as decisive, while the consciousness, or perhaps I should say the subconsciousness, is deliberately disregarded. Here we have the scientific formulation of a form of life which prevails throughout the United States.

In short, what we have described by the formula "the disindividualization of life" may be defined more precisely as the will to suppress all unconscious and individual manifestations of life—as the externalization and evisceration and typification of the psychical life. It is extraordinarily difficult to estimate the value of the result, because every valuation presupposes a point of view. From the standpoint of the American this attitude towards life is a guarantee of easy, convenient, and orderly co-operation, so that he is not only able to overlook its defects, but simply refuses to see them. From the standpoint of any non-American, who prizes the personal values of life, it means a psychological wilderness, an empty and superficial world. Nevertheless, even in Europe the American, or rather the Americanistic spirit, is becoming more and more prevalent, while individual personality is receding; depth and individuality and refined intelligence are disappearing, at all events in the masses. And here we have a psychological explanation of the whole phenomenon which refers us back to our point of departure. Mass and quantity are becoming decisive, and they leave no room for quality. Le Bon, in a brilliant essay, has described the characteristics of the mind of the crowd: it is simple, unintellectual, uncritical, excitable, and suggestible. Are not these the very features which we have noted in America? There are, of course, other co-operating factors, and, above all, technique. "We are actually dependent on our own creations." Machinery is transforming humanity; it is turning out factory-made articles, as Schopenhauer would say. Not only the form of the new human type, but even

its genesis is transparently clear. It is simpler and more easily understood than any "organically" developed human type, because we have here a type that is not organically but mechanically conditioned.

The Americanization of Politics

Let us now try to understand how the "quantifying", technicalized, standardized psychical life manifests itself in those most important departments of culture—politics, art, science, and religion.

And let us begin with *democracy*, which every American regards as the best of all systems of government, and as homogeneous with himself!

We must first of all obtain a clear understanding of the specifically American type of democracy; for there are various types of democracy, and in the judgment of political institutions we must learn to distinguish between the façades of these institutions and what is concealed behind them. There are monarchies which are but historically consecrated façades for democracies; there are democracies which are merely façades for utterly undemocratic institutions. As a rule, there are in every State both aristocratic and democratic institutions, which are variously combined and amalgamated. And while in the majority of European States the façade consists—or used to consist—of aristocratic institutions, in America democracy is in many respects only an historic tradition, behind which a special form of aristocracy, or rather of oligarchy, has developed.

We know that the two principal demands of democracy are liberty and equality (for the third requirement, fraternity, or the famous "rights of man", wherever it may have been preached, has been no more than a phrase). As a matter of fact, liberty and equality are to a great extent mutually contradictory; they are compatible only if equality does

really exist; they are incompatible so long as human beings who are variously gifted demand liberty for themselves; for then they must either sacrifice equality in order to be free, or they must sacrifice liberty in order to be equal.

We may therefore discriminate between democracies which insist on equality and those which insist on liberty, in both of which the ideal which predominates is largely subordinated to the other.

The original American democracy was a democracy of *liberty*. The democratic constitution was a constitution which the nation gave itself, after it had won freedom from external compulsion, as a social order for men of whom many had been drawn to America by their passion for liberty, and who, impelled by this passion for liberty, were fighting their way through the primeval forests and prairies of the West. There was room there for every man to live a free and independent life on his own land, and this intellectual and physical freedom was enjoyed to the full.

And then, as we have seen, a change intervened. In the place of a democracy of liberty a democracy of equality has appeared, which has reconciled itself as best it could with the old liberty. We have already noted the typification and standardization of the whole of human life throughout the Union. This change may be explained in several ways, and we have already mentioned a number of its causes. To these we must add a few more, for only thus can we explain the transition from a libertarian to an equalitarian democracy.

First of all, we have the fact that for some centuries America has been a reservoir for a special human type coming from all parts of Europe. As a rule, only those went to America who *wished* to be Americans—who were, in a certain sense, already Americans. If we exclude those who were driven across the ocean by necessity, and who were long homesick for the Old World, as a general rule only

those persons emigrated who had no sentimental ties to bind them to their home and their native acres. Those who are inclined to emigrate are usually bold but cool-headed men of strong will, who do not surrender to the conservative influences of their native atmosphere, but who therefore bring with them few possessions and little ballast in the shape of sentimental and cultural values. Such men did not become Americans on the journey from New York to 'Frisco; they were Americans before they landed; nevertheless, it was only in their new home that they were able to develop their powers. As compared with this psychical constitution, it mattered little to what race they belonged; whether they were English, Irish, Germans, Jews, or Japanese. The psychological type was stronger than the ethnological.

This selection of human material which is involved in the very fact of "colonization" was continued in America itself; in the first place, by the elimination of those who were not equal to the demands of colonial life. If, as we have suggested, only those became Americans who were really already Americans, we must add that once in America those who did not become Americanized went under. Even if they succeeded, as a result of external circumstances, in reaching America, they could hold their own there only if they became Americans. It comes to this: that "America" was not merely colonized by Europe; it colonized itself also, and, moving westwards, time after time it appropriated fresh colonial territories. You do not find the typical American in Boston and Baltimore, but in the West. Compared with the West, these Eastern cities have to-day the character of a "mother-country". The inhabitant of Chicago or San Francisco already regards the Eastern States as being not quite American.

This continued selection is reinforced by that standardization of the American type to which we have already referred. This half-consciously and half-unconsciously effected assimi-

lation must be regarded as a necessary over-compensation in respect of the chaos that would arise in the absence of standardization. The compulsive force of standardization takes the form of a stupendous mass suggestion which none are able to withstand. Add to this that the foreigner in America is usually a poor man, while the acclimatized Americans, as compared with the immigrants, are successful property-owners who set the tone of society, for which reason the majority of immigrants arrive with the desire to adapt themselves to this sphere of superior values. The Englishman who goes to Germany, or the German who comes to England, does so only for a time, in order to do business abroad, and then returns home. But the man who goes to America has as a rule broken his bridges, and goes thither with the intention of becoming an American. And he becomes an American. Regrettable as it may seem from the German point of view, the "German-Americans" will one day drop the "German" and the hyphen and become "hundred-per-cent. Americans". Herr Schmidt, who becomes a citizen of the United States, will one day be Mr. Smith: whether after a week or a year or a decade makes little difference. The *pathos* of the American Republic is to-day the *pathos* of equality, and this is possible because the Americans are to a very large extent equal. Here is one reason why socialism finds little support in America: the European forms of inequality are absent. While European republics like Switzerland, France, and the new Germany are based on the *pathos* of "liberty", in the America of to-day the conception of liberty is no more than a façade, a traditional phrase. For if by liberty we understand the right to live an individual life, it is incompatible with equality, and is therefore suppressed in America, not so much politically as socially. He who tries to live a "personal" life in the United States will run his head against a brick wall. The Statue of Liberty is a curious survival of a bygone age. Liberty, as a matter

of fact, is completely subordinated to equality. Only thus can we explain the fact that it was possible, for example, to introduce Prohibition, which is the first thing that occurs to us when anyone speaks of the restrictions of liberty in America. But there are thousands of similar restrictions, most of them unwritten. He alone is "free" who submits himself to the scheme of American life. If you wear a hat that is unlike your neighbour's, or prove refractory to the moral cant of America, or express your own ideas, you will be in danger of becoming a social outcast. Liberty in the European sense does not exist in the United States.

And equality too, in a certain sense, is no more than a façade, behind which a new form of inequality lies concealed, which is a different form from that of earlier periods of culture, which in theory, and for individuals in actual practice, did not admit of insuperable barriers, but was nevertheless a very effective inequality: the inequality of possession. In America it is not really the mass of the equalitarian Demos that rules, but an oligarchy of dollars and technique. That man is a ruler in America who possesses money, railways, mines, and a press. This is not felt to be inequality, as a nobility of birth would be, because every American believes that if he had luck he too might one day acquire these means of power. And the oligarchy is cunning enough ever and again to remind Demos, to suggest to him, to hammer it into his brain, that the people governs by means of the vote, whereas in actual fact the vote is controlled by the press and by money.

Thus far, then, the American democracy is simply the adequate organization of the standardized, technicalized, "quantifying", and impersonal type of humanity. And the reason why American conditions are so seductive to the rest of the world, and are even becoming representative, lies in the fact that even in Europe and elsewhere a related

type is emerging, which cherishes the same ideals, or at all events is yielding to the same suggestions.

The Americanization of Art

Let us now ask what kind of art the American has produced, and whether this art confirms the deductions which we have made from other forms of expression.

Some perhaps will say that the best confirmation would be the complete absence of any kind of art, for an atmosphere of pure quantity, of mechanization and impersonality, is on principle inimical to art, since art is always qualitative, organic, and personal. And as a matter of fact it must be admitted that what America has produced in the way of native art, poetry, and music (in the European sense) is little enough in comparison to the size of the country, and that even where people do concern themselves with art an inartistic spirit prevails. At the same time, we must add that even those positive artistic achievements which have made themselves felt beyond the limits of the country bear these tokens of the American spirit.

But let us leave these for further consideration, and examine, first, the dubious art which alone is popular in the United States. So much has been written of this in Europe that it will suffice briefly to remind the reader of its qualities.

To begin with, the artistic impulse, in music, drama, fiction, dancing, architecture, and sculpture, is governed by the endemic principles of quantity, mechanization, and standardization. Art is capitalized, democratized, and standardized. The spirit of the record, of the mensurable best performance, prevails in art as it prevails in industry and sport. We are all familiar with the habit of the American *entrepreneur*, who engages the most expensive artists at enormous salaries and "produces" the operas, plays, and symphonies of Europe, the result being a quite inorganic

ensemble dominated by a few "stars". It is not only the "star" who regards the enormous salary as essential; it is at the same time a "record"; it is good publicity, since the public is intoxicated by figures, and estimates the value of the performance by the amount of the salaries paid. If a very expensive actor is engaged by a theatre, his name will be printed not only in the cast, but in all the announcements, and with an expense of printer's ink far exceeding that allotted to the author, the stage-manager, and the rest of the company. Here the means (the actor) is the principal thing, and not the end (the play). The wholesale character of American art is displayed above all in the revues. The troupes of girl dancers are typical in this respect. Just as the slaughter-houses of Chicago pride themselves on the quantity of pork slaughtered, so the theatre prides itself on the quantity of nude womanhood on exhibition.

The mechanization of art is hardly less striking than its "quantification". The kinema, "radio", and photography are extremely popular. The "movies" are palaces, while the film-city of Hollywood is a centre of interest for the whole continent. Technique is achieved for its own sake. What is offered by means of this refined technique is often, apart from the technical difficulties, an inferior and unwholesome mixture of sensation and sentimentality. As for the typical eccentric comedian, he relies very largely for his humour on the fact that all his physical movements are grotesquely mechanical. Bergson has written of the automatic character of the comic. The American comedians go far to confirm his theory: the public laughs because the comedian behaves like an automaton, a marionette. Even in the ballets and revues the most noticeable thing after the wholesale display of feminine limbs is the mechanical rhythm. The dancers move like marionettes, and it is precisely this that pleases the public. But the technique is as good as it can be, and is impressed on the public by means of figures. The "publicity

sheet" of a monster film gives the most exact information as to the salaries of the players and the cost of the whole production. One learns how long it took to build the scenery, what mechanical and other expedients were employed, etc.

That *impersonality* is prevalent in American art is to some extent implied by the very fact of its "quantification" and mechanization. Personality in the profoundest sense of the word is a little singular and solitary. Do not imagine that the "star system" is a cult of personality! The personality of the actor is as little appreciated as that of the boxer or the champion swimmer. Enthusiasm is aroused only by the muscles or the larynx or some other speciality. The star system is a cult of specialities, not a cult of personality, which always comprises wholeness. In "radio" or the kinema the public is still further removed from the direct influence of the personality, although this is not felt to be a disadvantage. Not the personal, but the technical element is of decisive importance.

In all these respects the artistic life of America (if we may call it so) represents the accentuation of conditions which exist in Europe also. But we must be fair; we must not forget that positive stimuli have reached us from America, that America has the virtues of its defects, and—paradoxical as it may sound—that even the inartistic and anti-artistic factors of its artistic impulses have yielded positive stimuli.

To begin with, even quantity, though it originates in an essentially inartistic spirit, develops positive values which appeal not only to the intellect, but to the emotions. It must be remembered that in Egypt, in Babylon, in Gothic art and other styles, quantity, size, massiveness, were positive factors of art. Undoubtedly this factor is active (whether or not the builders intended it to be so) in the impression produced by the American sky-scraper. It would be unfair to deny that the city front of New York, of which we have tried to pen a description, does possess æsthetic

values; they are, of course, very different to those of Florence, let us say, or Rothenburg; yet only a crude reactionary would shut his eyes to them. And individual buildings, especially the more recent, which are not guilty of borrowing from historic styles, obtain their effects merely by dimensions and proportions.

Even mechanization must not be regarded as purely negative in value. That the comedy of automatism is after all really comical must not be overlooked even by those who find it crude and vulgar. That mechanized rhythm in dance and music may have a stimulating effect even on European artists is becoming more and more evident. One may think the typifying æsthetic, the smooth, saccharine ideal of American beauty, merely "pretty-pretty", but it undoubtedly has a future before it, and it is of no use to shut our eyes to it or condemn it. From the standpoint of European culture as it used to be conceived photography, the kinema, and "wireless" are in themselves inimical to art, and yet, unless appearances are deceptive, new forms of æsthetic activity are shaping themselves in these "inartistic" media.

But as evidence that Americanism is capable of genuinely artistic expression we can name at least one artist whose genius is not denied even in Europe: Walt Whitman. Here, undoubtedly, we have the most significant representative whom America has yet produced in the realm of art, a genius who ranks no lower, as the artistic exponent of his nation, than Hugo, for example, in France, Dürer in Germany, and Tolstoy in Russia.

Whitman is representative, although, or rather because, those qualities of the American which according to European ideas are his inartistic qualities find in him their most emphatic expression. Form, in the qualitative, classic sense of balance and harmony of the parts, as unity in multiplicity, is absent from his work. Measured by the classic standard,

it is formless. The rhythms roll on like the waves of the seas, or the waves of the wind on the endless cornfields of the Mississippi plains, and in this very untamed amplitude there lies a peculiar charm. Whitman has also the typically American sense for technical things; he sings of machines and harbours, railways and workshops. There is no discriminating psychology here, no plastic creation in the old sense of the word! If individual persons are mentioned in his poems, they are mentioned only as types, not as individuals. And he himself, vigorous as he seems, is hardly a personality in Goethe's sense of the word, which implies limitation, finality, harmony. He is conscious only in a typical manner. He sings "The Song of Myself"; it covers many pages, but this "self" is not individualized; it is, with all its intensity, typical and impersonal. In Goethe, despite the universality of his ego, the concept of personality is a clear recognition of its boundaries in respect of the world; he wishes "to remain what he is". In Whitman the boundaries between self and the world completely disappear; the two merge into one another. Whatever we may think of Whitman, we cannot deny that in him a pioneer of *American* art is speaking, of American *art*.

The Americanization of Science

Most Americans, if you discuss their country with them, will admit that art is more highly developed in Europe than in the States, but they are seldom prepared to admit the same of science. And in support of their opinion they point to their universities, tell you how many dollars these cost, and what income they have at their disposal; they mention Rockefeller and Carnegie, and perhaps even some eminent research-worker or inventor. But they rarely ask themselves whether the scientific results are commensurate with these enormous incomes, whether the number of

eminent scientists is commensurate with the size of the population, or whether the science and scholarship of America have evolved organically from the life of the people.

Nevertheless, we can truly say that there is already a science in America, which reflects the American tendency to the quantitative, the efficient, the impersonal. It is true that science and scholarship came to America as a foreign import; schools and universities were founded on German, English, and French models; the teachers in these institutions studied in Europe, and brought European methods back with them. At first this acceptance of European knowledge was external; it was specifically American only in so far as everything that was quantitative was accentuated, while the mechanical and technical side of science was strongly emphasized. For example, if, as a "mass experiment", a psychologist asked a question, he would ask it not of a hundred but of ten thousand persons, although, of course, the value of the replies was not increased by their number. In physics or biology the scientist makes not ten but five hundred experiments in order to confirm an opinion, and sometimes he does so merely because of his delight in large figures, which are regarded as having special evidential value. In the laboratories magnificent apparatus and machinery are installed, whose practical value is often slight, but which as machinery are impressive.

Nevertheless, a genuinely American quality is making its appearance in American science as a result of the radical American attitude towards the *practical*. Americans have little esteem for the research-worker who seeks knowledge for its own sake. They want "facts", by which they mean practical results. This is apparent even in the exact sciences. Even the patriotic American will be forced to admit that the great discoveries in theoretical physics and chemistry are made in Europe. But he would then point to the fact

that many of the most important practical applications of science have originated in America. M. Scheler has recently described "technical" science as the third stage which follows religious and metaphysical science. This technical science is exactly typical of America.

I cannot demonstrate this in detail here. In these pages, since we are dealing with the science of psychology, I will only point to the specifically American manner of approaching the problems of psychology. In American psychology we shall once more find all the characteristics of American life: mechanization, typification, and mathematization. It is true that Europeans, and especially English writers, have paved the way, and the associative psychology of Hobbes, Locke, Hume, Bain, Spencer, and the experimental psychology of the Germans, were tending in this direction. Nevertheless, the majority of the German psychologists have accepted the existence, besides and above the mechanism of the ego, of a non-mechanical factor; liberty, will as a metaphysical agent, "apperception" (Wundt), or the organic "wholeness" of the person or ego (the more recent evolutionists).

The American psychologist believes that he can dispense with non-mechanical factors. The most eminent psychologist of the older generation, William James, though he profits by the work of his European predecessors, makes the reflex mechanism the centre of the whole psychic life. Although he does not entirely sacrifice the concept of freedom, it is an axiom in his psychology that the soul is to be conceived as a machine, which has to transform external impulses into practical behaviour. James, of course, is far removed from the vulgar form of Americanism; nevertheless, he reveals unmistakable Americanistic traits. It is significant that in his great work on psychology he ignores the emotions; the affects are resolved into motor mechanisms, and the will, so far as it exists, is referred to reflex action.

Americanism appears in a much cruder form in the more recent "Behaviourism". Here we have a very widespread tendency, which is to-day regarded all the world over as typically American, and which itself claims to be American. The "behaviourist" does not proceed from an analysis of the consciousness. but from "behaviour", reaction, activity. Such concepts as sensations, emotions, conceptions, etc., play no part in this psychology. For example, according to B. Watson, the first principle of psychology is the pre-determination of human activity and its control by the laws of society. Its principal task is to foretell what reaction will follow a stimulus, or the abreaction of a reaction on the stimulus. If we accept this limitation as characteristic of behaviourism, it comprises, at all events, the typical American hypothesis of the complete mechanization and standardization of the soul, but it very largely excludes all the finer and more complicated conditionalities of the soul. Behaviourism may possibly be of some service, but only in respect of the Americanized psychical life, in which its hypotheses do largely correspond with reality. For all finer psychical processes it is useless.

Within these limits, on the basis of this conception of the soul, practical results have been obtained. "Industrial psychology" is nowhere more advanced than in America, and "Taylorism" is its most characteristic form. Psychology is made to serve the ends of practical life, of technique, of industry. The results are greatly extolled, but the choice of workers by these mechanical methods must result in an ever-increasing mechanization. Scientific method is completing what the practice of American life began.

But apart from pure psychology, America has produced a typical scientific doctrine in the conception of *Pragmatism*. I say "the conception", for pragmatism, as the chief promulgator of this doctrine, William James, announced in the title of his book, is a matter of finding "new names for old

ways of thinking". This is modestly said, and yet to find these new names was no small accomplishment; moreover, the shaping of this conception involved a keener observation of the facts. It had, of course, already been realized that people call every doctrine "true" which is practically useful; but no one had ever thrust this fact into the centre of a whole system, and this was what pragmatism did. That there was something specifically American in this theory, which makes practical success the criterion of truth, was emphasized at once by the first critics of pragmatism, who expressed themselves in the uncivil manner which is habitual in Europeans who discuss America without knowing the country. It was declared that pragmatism based the truth on money-making, that it was the business man's theory of cognition; the truth was dragged down from the heavens and yoked to the spirit of trade. This is a flat misrepresentation, and is very far removed from the spirit of the founder of pragmatism, who was himself anything but a prosaic man of business, but, according to the evidence of all who knew him, a man of the most refined intellectuality, who lived an unusually full life. Here, however, we are attempting to estimate not the true value of this theory of truth from any anti-pragmatic point of view, but only its significance as typical of the people and the age. And this significance must be admitted, even if we doubt the universal validity of the central doctrine of pragmatism.

We will admit that the truth was otherwise embodied for the Hellenistic, or even for the mediæval thinker; but for American and Americanistic humanity the truth resides in action and success. Knowledge is conceived as a means in the service of self-preservation, and its results are valued accordingly. When even the truths of religion are submitted to the pragmatic criterion, the impression produced is a strange one. More specifically American, perhaps, than pragmatism itself is the mechanistic form which it assumes.

Even in Goethe, Nietzsche, and others we may find pragmatic features, but they are organically assimilated or produced; the living ego is behind them, not the mechanism of reflexes. On the other hand, American pragmatism is not sceptical in spirit, as are its European variants—for example, the "as though" philosophy of Vaihinger; it is not a resignation of the possibility of absolute knowledge; it is optimistic, and inspired by action. If the truth is a guarantee of work and creative activity, what more can one desire? Let the world be what it will: the American pragmatist does not doubt that he will be able to shape it as he finds agreeable, to give it the form that he needs, in order that he may labour in it!

What we have noted in the regions of psychology and philosophy may be detected in all other departments of knowledge, and above all in biology and sociology. In all we should find a specifically American manner of thinking, which is in correspondence with the general type of the people, and ultimately with the general type of the technical human being everywhere.

The Americanization of Religion

In conclusion, let me say a few words on American religiosity. We know, of course, that in America religion is a more potent factor than in most of the countries of modern Europe, where it is fighting a rearguard action, in which, in spite of a valiant defence, it is forced to surrender one position after another. It may at first sight seem a contradiction that in America, the land of mechanization, religion should be better defended than in Europe. In explanation we may point to the historical fact that many of the first settlers left their home for religious reasons, and that in some parts of the States religion or sectarianism has been an essential factor in the building up of the political organism.

Still, this would not explain the power of religion in America to-day, were there not psychical circumstances in the structure of the modern American mind which still offer a fruitful soil to the religious life. The principal enemy of religion in Europe—critical intellectuality—is, as we have seen, undeveloped in America, save in thin strata of the population, which do not constitute the leading element. Hence, as a result of defective criticism, the great suggestibility of the masses. Religion has never depended on critical perception for its influence, but always on suggestion. To the above factors we must add the distinctly puerile and even feminine characteristics of the American, for adolescents and women have always been more receptive of religion than men. Lastly, it should be noted that it is precisely in this mechanized and externalized world that religion assumes the significance of a compensation, and even of an over-compensation, wherein the emotional life, which is suppressed by the prosaic struggle for existence, is able to find an outlet. Here, then, we have already a series of facts which explain the apparent contradiction between the over-civilized character of American life and the religiosity which accompanies it.

But the general problem of the persistence of religion in America cannot be more fundamentally explained until we have considered the special nature of American religiosity. Only when we understand what *kind* of religion prevails in America, and in *what manner* the American is religious, do we understand *how* he can still be religious. In this connection the native American forms of religion are of greater interest than the European variants of religion which have been transplanted from Europe.

Most typical of all in this respect is "Christian Science" or "Scientism", which in its cruder form is a mere praying for health, and is widely disseminated, in its more refined form, as "New Thought". What is the meaning of this

movement? It aims at a magical influencing of the soul, and has developed for this purpose a technique of suggestion which in the case of uncritical persons may doubtless be practically effective. It was no chance, but an inner kinship, which drew the leader of the Pragmatists into this movement. The Christian-Scientist professes to rely on "science", but all that he asks of science is the means of suggestion. "Science", in most of the representatives of this religion, is only a cloak for primitive magic practices. In its older forms this movement held fast to the Christian mythology, but in its more recent forms it is rather a mystic pantheism, which retains merely the spiritual framework of the Christian doctrine. Its main purpose is practice: "mental healing". The American optimism has become a religious system. The "scientist" on principle averts his eyes from all that is bad and wicked, and admits only the good and the beautiful to his consciousness, and so creates a spiritual reality in which all evil is simply denied as untruth and delusion. It may decorate itself with mysteries as it will, it is simply a deliberate optimism of the surface. But the method has often proved effectual.

From the same point of view, theosophy likewise must be regarded as a typically American or Americanistic movement, although it may derive its spiritual framework from India or Tibet. But what in Buddhism manifests itself as a profound pessimism is here transformed into an optimistic evolutionism. The idea of reincarnation and Karma is not a way of suffering and atonement, but a path to the light. The attractive power and efficacy of these theories depends not on their "scientific" nature, but on suggestion, on their optimism. Behind all these theories is a technique of the acceptance of life, which—in a truly pragmatic sense—is justified by its results.

Americanization and the Future of Humanity

We have tried to understand Americanism not as a special problem of ethnography, but as an almost universal mutation of the human soul. Do not reply that the re-shaping of the world by technique, and all that is implied therein, is merely an externality, beneath which the soul remains unaffected. "Soul" is not a thing that is hermetically enclosed in the cranium, but a name for the manifold living reciprocal reactions between ego and universe. Technique is to-day included in the soul, just as the bodily organs belong to the soul. If we see with telescopes and microscopes, if we move in railway-trains and aeroplanes, it is only that the soul has created new organs, the use of which reacts on the structure of our thinking, feeling, and willing, and helps them to transform the world.

In American humanity we purposed to describe Americanistic humanity in general, which has applied itself to dominating the world with a success with which nothing in earlier ages can be compared. None of the "world-conquests" recorded by history, whether of Rome or Christendom or the East, can compare with that of Americanism in extent or effectiveness. Its success is apparent, firstly, in the fact that the new type is transforming all the external conditions of life, and is thereby reacting even on the psychical content of life. It is further apparent in this: that it is more and more successfully assimilating all other types to itself, and re-coining them. For, like all conquerors, Americanism is conquering not by external influence alone, but by virtue of internal revolution in the conquered, whereby it finds allies even in the enemy's camp. The Americanization of Europe is not the external action of America on Europe; it is an internal transformation which is taking place in Europe also, and in all the other continents, which would have occurred even without the influence of America, but

which has nevertheless been accelerated and intensified by the example and influence of America. This was shown by the Great War. Not only Germany, but all Europe succumbed to America. America was the victor, and not only externally, not by virtue of her actual achievements, but because of the enfeeblement of the old Europe. That Europe is defeated even internally is shown by the intensified democratization, capitalization, and technicalization of all the countries involved.

Thus, we do not mean to suggest that the Americanistic type of soul is to be attributed solely to the "influence" of America. On the contrary, it is emerging as an autochthonous type wherever the conditions of its existence are present; that is, wherever the soul has succeeded in making use of the new possibilities of controlling the outer world—of technique, mathematical calculation, etc.

Not only in America, but everywhere, we find on the one hand a selection, and on the other a transformation of the leading peoples and classes. While in America the selection is accomplished by the influx of "American" types from all parts of the world—a selection which of course continues within the continent itself, since only such individuals prosper as are adapted to American life—in Europe it is chiefly this internal selection which is to-day bringing to the top the cool-headed calculator, the one-sided specialist, the skilled technician, and is enabling the type to emerge. In the Middle Ages privilege was conditioned by birth and rank, which were always supplemented by training and tradition. Only in rare instances did the son of a burgher or a peasant succeed in making his way by virtue of his intelligence; at most the spiritual vocation offered him possibilities of advancement, although the majority of its dignitaries were nobles. These barriers have fallen since the beginning of the nineteenth century, and since then a social upheaval has slowly but surely been taking place,

inasmuch as a "plutocracy" is forming itself, which has, as a matter of fact, only a restricted right to the title; for although wealth is naturally an important factor in its formation, yet the winning and even the retention of wealth calls for intelligence, energy, and ability. These qualities, however, if exaggerated, are often purchased only at the cost of deficiencies in other respects—deficiencies, above all, in the qualities of the heart and mind, in harmonious development, and "nobility" in the old sense of the word. In politics it is not the noble courtiers who prevail to-day, but the adroit business man and the lawyer; in the arts and sciences the clever technician and the specialist are supreme. The lack of "personalities" which is so often deplored is due not so much to the fact that "personalities" are no longer born, as to the fact that they cannot contend against the Americanistic type, which has known how to adapt itself to the altered conditions of life.

For the conditions of life have altered with us as in America. Technique in a hundred forms pervades every sphere of life, and is mechanizing it. Not only our economic life is technicalized and mechanized, but even our art and science, our social life and our politics. This mechanization is forcing itself upon us, and only those who adapt themselves to it can rise to the top. With us, too, quantity prevails. Only the man who can control the "mass", the human crowd, can succeed, and hence the soul of the leader applies itself to the manipulation of the masses. "Personal" influence is no longer decisive, but mass-psychology, the control of publicity, the Press, and money. All this demands a transformation of the soul, and this transformation is of necessity taking place. It is a transformation in the direction of typification, inasmuch as individual qualities appear to be valueless as compared with adaptation to the "standard". "Leaders" are to-day no longer the men who are qualitatively superior to the crowd, but those who show a quantita-

tive accentuation of the features of the type, and are therefore regarded as its exponents. Men are still born as individuals, but they are subordinating themselves more and more to the type. The "uniformity" which we see and so often deplore in the fashions, in the forms of life, in the dependence on clichés and slogans, and what not, is the result of the predominance of quantity and technique.

It is true that powerful forces are rebelling against this development, but will they succeed? It is true that our schools still uphold in theory the old ideal of the classic education, the ideal of the universal "humanities". But in practice the German universities at all events have long been the homes of extreme specialism, while the gymnasia have to work not in harmony with but in opposition to the interests of their pupils, who feel far more enthusiasm for the latest model of the sports-car than for the battles of Achilles. The gymnasia and public schools of Europe, as being more "distinguished", are still holding their own compared with the secondary schools and high-schools, which are regarded as plebeian. But can it be seriously doubted that they will lose ground more and more rapidly as time goes on? In Europe a noble name or a great artistic talent still enjoys social consideration, but does it receive this consideration if unsupported by influential position or great possessions? Even in Europe, is not success becoming the supreme value?

To some, this picture of the Americanization of the soul may seem anything but pleasing. But even if we rebel against it, we shall do wrong to close our eyes to the facts, or to place too great hopes in the tendencies which are opposing it. It is not an occasion for praise or condemnation, but for perceiving and accepting the reality.

The question whether this future type of humanity really represents a "higher" phase of development cannot be answered by a definite "yes" or "no", because, for one thing, we have no absolute standard. If, with Nietzsche,

we regard the Greek type as the absolute ideal (a type which, for that matter, was only an ideal, not an exactly observed historical type), then *Homo americanus*, as an individual, is a pitiful decline. As an individual he displays unmistakable signs of retrogression; neither in the faculties of artistic expression, nor in the profundity of his religion and philosophy, nor in the harmonious cultivation of his intellectual powers, can he be compared with this ideal type. Yet we have a very different picture if we regard the new type not in individual isolation, but as a social whole. Then we are forced to admit that in respect of the domination of nature and the development of human power the new type is far superior to the classic Athenians or the men of the Renaissance. Not the individual man, indeed, but the whole community, is able to do things that no individual and no community of the earlier type has ever achieved. Considered in his totality, the new type has at his disposal organs of incomparably increased range and acuteness, an incomparably wider and richer body of knowledge, and incomparably greater sources and instruments of power. It is true that the individual member of this community appears backward in culture compared with the individual of earlier ages; he is, by comparison, dull, shallow, and superficial. But we must accept this as a necessity. We must learn to realize that this increased capacity of the community is only possible if the individual subordinates himself, adapts himself more completely, specializes himself; just as the individual cells in the higher animal organisms are far less independent, poorer, and more specialized than the independent unicellular being; and that this subordination is a necessary hypothesis if the collective organism is to reach a higher stage of development.

Meanwhile we need not close our survey of the future with the picture which we have drawn of the Americanized world of to-day. This future is in some degrees already present, and is daily drawing nearer. But it does not only

approach us, it stretches away from us also. The Americanization of the soul need not be a stationary condition; on the contrary, it may and will be, like all historical epochs, a phase of transition to new forms of development, which will build themselves upon it as on a new platform. In which direction they lie we cannot precisely foretell, but we may already be sure that they do not lie in the direction of Nietzsche's superman. This ideal was taken over from the past, from the Hellenic world and the Renaissance, and was no image of the future, but a transfiguration of the past. It had in view always man as an individual, not humanity as a whole. Nietzsche had no sense of social values in this connection. Yet it is to be presumed that the evolution of humanity will be accomplished not so much in individuals as in communities. Assuredly the individual man of to-day is not more intellectual than Aristotle or Liebnitz, but humanity as a whole knows more and can accomplish more than these individuals, or the humanity of their time. Presumably we shall first of all travel still farther on the road of capitalization, specialization, and technicalization—that is, we shall follow a path which leads away from "personality" in the old sense of the word. But when the socialization of the whole of our civilization has been carried still farther, it may be that there will be a reaction, a return to a new cultivation of the personality, which will not repudiate all these social transformations of culture, but will accept them, and therefore transcend them. Whether we must of necessity undergo the process of Americanization is no longer in question, and it is foolish to rebel against it and lament the past; the question is rather how we are to pass through it and transcend it. The Americanization of the soul will not be overcome from without, but only from within; it will be overcome only if it is "uplifted", sublimated in the Hegelian sense; only if the good in it is retained, that new forms of life may be created from it.

THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE

A CHAPTER ON THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGION

God is Spirit, and those who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE

The City Church as a Symbol

In the heart of the great, noisy city, in the midst of an open square, into which lead, from all directions, streets teeming with people, there stands a Christian church. Electric trams run round it from dawn to midnight; the clatter of wagons and hooting of motors beats against its russet brick walls; telegraph and telephone wires enmesh it on every side, like spiders' webs. To-day its pointed spires hardly rise above the giant houses which have shot up all around it. In the evening its dull, inward-looking eyes, its pointed windows, look strangely dead, when the bright lights of the shops and cafés and picture-theatres shed a pale radiance over them, and the coloured advertisements flash out with strident importunity, and life flows past without vouchsafing as much as an upward glance at the spires and buttresses that point stiffly to the heavens.

The church is not a work of art. In an empty, pseudo-historical period a titled official architect, bending over his drawing-board, designed it from ancient models, without a single original idea, and without any sense of its religious function. (Before this, perhaps, on the same drawing-board, he designed a barracks, and after it a shop.) As it stands there to-day it is a hindrance to traffic, an erratic fragment from a vanished world, a sterile imitation of a once great and living style of art.

Strangely lost and alien in this noisy environment, what does it mean to these people who hurry past it on their way to their work or their pleasures? Now and again, to be sure, the iron-studded doors open, a motor-car stops before it, a child is carried in for baptism, a bride and bridegroom go to the altar, or there is a funeral service, and inquisitive idlers stand before the doors and stare. On

Sundays the sound of the bells issues from the towers, hardly audible amidst the jingling of the trams and the hooting of the motors. Then people go to church, mostly children and old men and women, stiff and solemn in their Sunday best, in the fashion of the day before yesterday. (A hundred or two, perhaps, while ten thousand are making their way to the "Sports Palace" round the corner.) They go in and bare their heads, and sing pious words out of black hymn-books to dragging melodies, and listen to the black-coated, white-banded preacher in the gilt pulpit. He speaks of sin and forgiveness, of Christian love and the immortality of the soul. Then they go home, edified and comforted, and the frock-coated sacristan bolts the doors. And outside life flows past, unheeding the tones of the organ which sound faintly from within the church.

We know that all over the world, in all the towns and villages in which men dwell, there are churches like this, or temples of another kind, and in all of them priests officiate, who are paid to speak of godly things and practise ancient rites. Everywhere man has built himself houses in which his soul has hoped to find salvation. He is building them still to-day, although he no longer invents original forms for them, but only imitates ancient models. But beside them rise other buildings, in which he serves other gods or idols, the "Mammon" of the churches, worldly pleasures and earthly joys, and no one can deny that the worshippers of such idols are more numerous than the worshippers of the God whom his adherents honour as the sole and almighty God. And no one can fail to realize that even many of those who call themselves his worshippers sacrifice more zealously to these other divinities than to him. In our great cities it is said that scarcely one person in a hundred attends Divine service. In view of this fact, is it not a lie to call ourselves a Christian people? Are we not sailing under false colours? Is not this church in the midst of the cafés and kinemas a symbol

of religion in general in the midst of a mechanical, technical, capitalistic world? But in this connection we must remember that these importunate things are only the concomitant phenomena and excrescences of a mutation of culture, which may also be regarded as a great and serious change, as a new power over reality, a new form of life and a new spirit.

This problem I will now consider briefly, but with all the earnestness which it merits, and without fanaticism of any kind. It is not my intention wantonly to attack old and hallowed institutions, nor is it my intention artificially to preserve things that are now outworn. Rather I wish to examine these old and hallowed things, and to discover whether life is still flowing in their cells.

Of Religion in General

In discussing religion we must not speak as though Christianity and religion were equivalent. To-day the question is no longer *which* religion is the *best*: it is religion itself that is in question, not merely that special historical form of religion which we know as Christianity. For we are more tolerant than the peoples of past ages, who condemned as irreligion all that was not *their* religion; we are more indulgent even than G. E. Lessing, who, to the amazement of his Christian contemporaries, declared that Christianity, Judaism, and Islam were of equal value. We no longer speak with contempt of the "heathenism" of the Brahman and the Buddhist, nor even of the "idol-worship" of the Bushman or the negro. Just as we no longer thrust aside into our industrial museums the artistic products of primitive peoples, but give them a place of honour in our museums of art—that is, regard them as works of art—so to-day we have learned to regard the myths and cults of these peoples as something more than

grotesque superstitions, and to see religion in them: a religion which differs in its forms from our own, but is still religion.

But this we must do if we are to regard religion as anything more than a growth accidentally implanted in the soul from without. If, on the contrary, religion is a primordial instinct, a primordial impulse, like the instinct of self-preservation, or the sexual instinct, then it cannot make its appearance only in the civilized nations. If religion is really a medicine for all humanity, then its healing virtue must be rooted in the human soul itself, and cannot be dependent on the mere chance that a particular book (however valuable) will fall into the hands of a man or a people. We must look for a common meaning behind the numberless and often absurd myths and cults of our multifid human culture, a meaning which must be perceptible even in grotesque superstitions.

And in order to do so we must of course depart a little from our European point of view, and must take a very broad view of religion. Many things which the European who has grown up in a world of Christian thought may regard as inseparable from the conception of religion must be regarded as special forms of more extensive potentialities; even the doctrines of God, and of immortality, and others. But as in the oak-tree that lifts its boughs to the heavens and the fungus that drags out a precarious existence in the airless dark of a cellar we find common characteristics which enable us to regard them both as plants, so we must look for a common property in the great, philosophically modified religions of civilization and the sorry forms of belief of pigmies or negroes.

But what is this common property? Let us consider, first of all, that which the Occidental regards as the central fact of all religion, although in the beginnings of religion it is not always equally conspicuous: namely, *myth*. In all

human cultures religion has given man an outlook into a spiritual over-world of supreme values, which spanned human life like a lofty dome and rounded it off into a more significant whole. We must of course put aside our modern conceptions on approaching the myths of primitive peoples, which to us may appear absurd fabrications, but which none the less had the value of truth for the narrow brains of those who believed them. Even in the tales of demons and the ancient sagas of the gods there is a vague impulse to explain the inexplicable, and by the aid of a transcendental redintegration to give a meaning to the incoherence of life, to relate humanity to a world in which the individual lives as an alien, and often a helpless alien. Even if the more recent psychology of religion is correct in its assumption that all mythologies have evolved out of magic practices, these myths are so prominent in all these revealed religions that they must be regarded, by reason of their internal significance, as the essence of religion. Men have invented gods to whose superior powers they have ascribed the rational guidance of the world, and to whom they attributed all the supremest virtues. For the most part these divine figures were anthropomorphic creations of supreme omnipotence, in whom we may often detect the memories of super-eminent human beings. But such a personification of the transcendent is not necessary: there are religions in which the religious over-world is not humanized, nor is it "deified" or "idolized" in the anthropomorphic sense, but in which it has an impersonal or supra-personal character. But it is always an interpretation of transcendent mind; it is that even in the Buddhist doctrine of Nirvana, or in the divine Nature or Nature-god of the Pantheists. To the modern man the myths of primitive times and peoples may appear meaningless, because he looks for another meaning in religion; but for those who believed in them these religions had a meaning, or they would not have been religions.

What that meaning was we can understand only if we understand the magical practices of those who professed these religions. For we must not conceive these myths as philosophical interpretations of the world; but it is of the very essence of religion that humanity has the conviction that it is able to enter into relations with the transcendental world, and to influence the powers that rule it. Man seeks more than mere knowledge in religion: above all, it should console and protect and succour. Magic is the means by which it does so, and is therefore one of the most essential supports of religion. It does not matter how man conceives of the gods or demons who have magic power or are subdued or influenced by magic; it does not matter what names he gives them; all forms of religion have this one meaning: that man is able, by magical practices of many kinds—sacrifice or incantation, prayer or ritual purification—to make the beneficent powers his allies, and to banish or appease the evil powers. Above all, primitive man sought by magic to avert sickness and death. Without this magic, religion would have been not religion, but philosophy. Religion is never mere knowledge; it is also practice, whose end is to enter into relations with the transcendent, and this need not necessarily be sought in a spatial "beyond". This is the meaning of all cults and rituals. What in the primitive religions is the mere practice of magic assumes the nobler form, in the religions of civilization, of prayer, of sacrifice, spiritually and morally refined, and other mysteries, the purpose of which, even were they accepted only as symbols, is to place man in touch with the over-world.

At the same time, religion has always been a community-forming influence, and one of its functions has always been to sanction the social relations. Although the French sociologists are certainly wrong in regarding religion as merely one form of community-formation, they have correctly perceived one aspect of religion. To have the

same god means usually to be of the same people. From the obscure beginnings of all tribal formations, when families and individuals were magically related by virtue of a common totem, to the radiant heights of those civilized nations whose gleaming temples were the visible symbols not of faith alone, but of national community, religion has been the strongest of social bonds—stronger than language, or dynastic power, or community of race. Even the God of the Bible, who in later ages was made the God of the whole human race, was in his beginnings only a tribal god, who went before his chosen people as a pillar of fire in the desert. Wherever we find religions, we find them consecrating all the forms of social relation: marriage and parenthood, manhood and blood-brotherhood, lordship and vassalage. And even the universal God of Christendom is at the same time a national god, who goes into the field with every army.

These things that we have considered separately for the sake of greater lucidity—myth, cult, and the consecration of social relations—are inseparably and intimately related. No religion could entirely dispense with any one of these three functions, although any one of them may be more prominent than the others. Cult and consecration have no meaning unless they are related to a mythos, and myths acquire a living value only if they are translated into cult and ritual.

If we conceive religion thus, we are compelled to realize that no people has ever lived upon this earth without a religion. Even the modern positivist, for whom religion is a superseded point of view, must admit that religion has been one of the most potent forces in the history of the world. Even if our only criterion of the value of human institutions were their ability to maintain themselves in the struggle for existence (and indeed precisely then!) we must admit that religion stands very high. Often enough the decline of a

religion is accompanied by the decline of the nation professing that religion. And here there may even be a relation of cause and effect; the decline of religion may have been not merely a concomitant symptom, but the actual reason of a decline of power. Everywhere, as in the Homeric poems, a battle of the gods is raging in the van of the human combatants. No people of the past ever went into battle without supramundane, divine auxiliaries. It is no chance, but a symbol of profound significance, that all that remains of the civilizations of Mesopotamia or Egypt, of the cities of Greece or the Maya peoples, is not the dwellings of the people, and rarely the palaces of the kings, but always the temples of the gods! And the nations themselves, for the most part, ascribed their victories not to their own strength, but to the help of their gods, and erected these temples in their gratitude. Here is a nice problem: were the nations really victorious because their religion proved to be superior, or was the religion and were the gods more powerful because the nation that acknowledged them was the stronger? The problem is assuredly not an easy one to solve, for it really consists of two problems, which are singularly involved with one another. Assuredly a powerful religion can exist only if the nation itself is strong and healthy; but, on the other hand, the religion undoubtedly reacts on the people, ennobling and strengthening it. In the face of such facts, are we really to define religion as a mere aberration, as a superseded phase, or a phase to be superseded, in the evolution of humanity?

Christianity and our Present Civilization

We must discriminate sharply between these two problems: whether religion itself is a necessary condition of human life, and whether a *special form* of religion—in our case Christianity—is a necessary condition of the life of modern humanity.

The first question we believe is to be answered in the affirmative, even though the second leaves us in doubt. History proves, as we have tried to show, that the human soul indubitably feels a profound and inherent need of religion. There may have been individuals who violently attacked religion, but there has scarcely ever been a people that lived entirely without religion. And most of those individuals even who believed that they were making war on religion were actually attacking only a special form of religion, for the best of them fought this battle in consequence of convictions which were themselves of a religious character. Religion itself has constantly been confused with a special form of religion.

Consequently, we may maintain our theory that the need of religion is a necessity deeply rooted in the human soul, even though we must add that as yet none of the historic forms of religion has been of permanent duration. It is true that they all begin with the conviction that they are teaching "eternal" truths. But the longest of their "eternities" are only a few thousand years old. The oldest religions which are still in existence to-day—Judaism, Buddhism, Confucianism—arose in the first millennium before our era. Christianity and Islam are younger. But they are all heirs of earlier religions which have perished, and they themselves have often suffered such changes that one may doubt—and most of all in the case of Christianity—whether they are still the same religions. All of them to-day, at all events, are passing through difficult crises.

The situation is unduly complicated by the fact that people often speak—and especially Christian theologians—of general irreligion, when the truth is simply that the special form of Christianity has lost its power of conviction. Perhaps the greatest of all dangers to religion is the fact that people should so vehemently assert that Christianity is religion itself—absolute religion.

This position is of course untenable. We see too clearly, in our survey of history, that Christianity took shape gradually in the first centuries of our era, and how it took shape; we perceive the evasions and errors of its doctrines too clearly to be able to believe in its absolute value. We could regard it as absolute if the truths of Christianity were of necessity innate in every human soul, as the faculties of speech and sight are inborn and are gradually developed. But the doctrine of *anima naturaliter christiana* is false. Never would a child, even of Christian parents, arrive of its own accord at the doctrine of the sacrificial death of Jesus, or justification by faith. And that an absolute religion should be supposed to have "come into existence" in a particular year is such an absurdity that even certain of the early Christians were scandalized by the idea, and racked their brains to determine what had become of the noble Greeks and Romans who were prevented from hearing the doctrine of salvation simply because they happened to be born too early. One may perhaps try to prove that Christianity is ethically the highest of religions, but this does not prove that it is absolute, quite apart from the fact that Buddhism and other religions would earnestly dispute their inferiority.

And there is yet another reason why we cannot lightly agree that Christianity is the right religion for modern humanity. For we are confronted by a further question: *which* is the true Christianity? Is it not the fact that in Europe alone—to say nothing of the Armenians, Copts, and Abyssinians—there are at least three great varieties of Christianity, each of which asserts itself to be the true religion? And are there not also innumerable sects which are trying to get to heaven along their own paths, away from the broad highways of the great confessions? And these are only external forms of Christianity! If we examine the forms of Christian belief as psychologists, we find even more numerous divergences; less visible, but for that reason all the more profound. We

see that the monotheism of Christianity is only apparent; that even the doctrine of the Trinity is inconsistent with it; and that the worship of the Virgin and the Saints, and still more the doctrine of the Devil and his angels, merges into sheer polytheism; and, indeed, within the most dissimilar confessions we find, in the worship of holy images and pictures, a scarcely veiled fetishism. It is true that the more intelligent Christians are opposed to this fetishism; but we have only to observe the actual practice of the faithful, who make pilgrimages to images of the Virgin which possess the power of working miracles, and believe in the miraculous virtues of relics, in order to obtain tangible evidence of the crudest fetishism! Moreover, there are manifold schisms even among the cultivated believers in Christianity; there are, besides Theists, Panentheists, Pantheists, and Deists, and adherents of a vast number of other special forms of belief. In short, "Christianity" is really a collective term, which comprises, beneath certain externally congruous formulæ of belief, a countless variety of religions which, psychologically considered, are quite dissimilar, ranging from the lowest fetishism to the subtle conceptions of philosophical thinkers.

But by what criterion can we judge whether a religion is fulfilling its purpose or is superannuated? The priests of every confession declare that there is no such criterion, but that religion, on the other hand, is itself the standard by which all the rest of life must be judged; that Christianity is not outworn, but that the rest of civilization is decadent, and is therefore incapable of estimating the value of Christianity. This is a standpoint which is in theory unassailable, but it involves the repudiation of all recent science and philosophy, all recent social tendencies and changes of morality.

If we are unwilling to dismiss all these as the phenomena of a hopeless decadence, we may still hold the opinion that

religion may be judged by its congruity with the other departments of culture which we have named. That is what we propose to do. We propose to inquire into the relation of the central dogmas of Christianity to the other developments of civilization—that is, to science and philosophy, to social and moral tendencies.

In so doing we shall not enter into the mutual disputes of the confessions—which are often petty enough. Our intention is merely to subject the central doctrines of Christianity —those which are accepted by *all* Christians—to objective criticism. Assuredly we feel no hostility towards Christianity, whose historic importance we do not deny, even though we are obliged, with regret, to declare that in its official forms, at all events, it no longer suffices the religious requirements of the age.

The Mythology of Christianity

Let us begin with the *mythology* of Christianity, the doctrine of the God of Christianity, which to those who have grown up under its influence seems so fundamental to all other doctrines that a Christian can hardly imagine a religion without a personal god.

We know the early history of the Christian God. He is the heir of the Hebrew Jahve, who was himself the heir of the ancient Semitic notions of the gods, the vestiges of which are still dimly apparent in the books of the Old Testament, which were revised on strictly monotheistic principles. The name "Elohim", a plural, is very significant! The earthly model of this deity of the Old Testament is the Oriental despot, who exacts unconditional reverence, and as a rule is just and benevolent; but from time to time, with incalculable caprice, he afflicts his adherents, and to his enemies he is a terrible god, who visits the sins of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation.

But the might of Jahve is greater than that of any earthly ruler, since by incantations he called the earth and the heavens out of chaos. This Old Testament divinity has been remodelled in Christianity. Not externally, for he retains the sole lordship of heaven and earth, which is only slightly restricted by the opposition of Hell. But the character of Jahve has altered. The capricious despotism is less conspicuous, though it has to be reckoned with from time to time. The Christian God is essentially a kindly father, who rules the world in patriarchal fashion, as a herdsman tends his flock. No longer, like Jahve, does he demand blood-sacrifices and burnt offerings, but the signs of spiritual submissiveness: prayer, upright behaviour, and love. While his rule is not always intelligible to man, yet at man's request he will intervene in man's earthly destiny; he comforts the afflicted, and punishes the wicked, and rewards the virtuous beyond the grave. In this form he is to-day worshipped in all the churches.

But now we must consider the doctrine of the Christian God in connection with the psychical doctrine of Christianity. The two doctrines are inseparably intervolved, since the deity is always the macrocosmic projection of what man thinks of himself as a microcosm. The relation of God to the world is that of the "soul" to the body; the soul is the divine in the body; the deity is the soul in the world. The macrocosmic and microcosmic doctrines of Christianity are both dualistic, and dualistic in the last resort in the sense of a primitive animism. Attempts to transform Christianity in a pantheistic or otherwise monistic sense have always been the work of individual philosophers. The official Christianity of all confessions holds fast to the opposition of God and Universe, Soul and Body.

Christian dogmatics, therefore, has always endeavoured to diminish and bridge over the antithesis between God and the individual soul. It has been represented as being merely

a temporary antithesis, a period of transition, after which the soul will be united with God in "Heaven"—that is, in a transcendental condition—without quite losing its earthly individuality. The Christian dogma of the immortality of the individual soul, though by no means lucidly conceived, teaches, on the one hand, the return of the human soul to God, but, on the other hand, the retention of the individuality after this union. Apart from a few individual Christian philosophers, these notions of God and his relation to the human soul are to be regarded as the canonical doctrine. In this form, of course, they are irreconcilably opposed to modern science, for science is forced to regard this doctrine as a very primitive anthropomorphism, which is in flat contradiction to all the findings of recent natural and physical science.

On the other hand, it is suggested by Christian philosophers that even if the belief in God cannot be intellectually defended, it finds a still stronger support in the moral sense of humanity; and undoubtedly many people cling to the belief in God because they hope he will give them immortality. This has been most lucidly expressed by Kant, who surrendered the ontological, cosmological, and other evidences of God as insufficient in the forum of mere reason, but retained immortality, and with it the idea of God, only as a postulate of practical reason. The highest good in the world is possible only "in so far as a supreme cause of Nature is accepted, which possesses a causality in conformity with moral conviction". Here, in fact, Kant has revealed the fact that the Christian idea of God depends not on intellectual but only on emotional reasons, of which, as a matter of fact, he takes a partial and moralistic view, without sufficiently appreciating the accompanying striving for happiness.

In actual fact, it is the conviction of Christianity that the will to immortality is innate in the individual soul of

every human being, and that consequently this conviction cannot be a delusion. Kant—although this was not his principal aim—laid bare the psychological roots of the dogmatics of God, inasmuch as he revealed them as demands of the heart. He forgot to examine whether this postulate is really present in *every* human soul, and whether the same conceptions of God proceed everywhere from these elements. If he had examined it, he would have realized that the will to immortality is not by any means present in every people, and still less a conception of God which guarantees immortality. On the contrary, if we examine it we are forced to recognize that it was Christianity which first planted these claims in the human soul, then promising its adherents the felicity of their subsequent fulfilment; and further, we are obliged to realize that the foundation of these hopes of immortality is not merely moral, but simply hedonistic.

To begin with, it may be demonstrated that by no means all peoples and ages have cherished a belief in the immortality of the soul; on the contrary, this is feared rather than hoped for. Even those peoples who presume immortality to be a fact do not by any means always regard it as a consoling fact. In the Hindu religion, on the contrary, the profoundest problem of religion is the means by which the soul can be released from its entanglement with life. Even in the Old Testament, which Christianity, so greedy for immortality, reveres as a holy book, there is scarcely a word about immortality. And to other peoples, who, like the Greeks, believed in the shadowy survival of the soul in death, the myth of immortality was no consolation, but a cause of terror.

Some perhaps will say that the fear of death is one of the profoundest and most general characteristics of the human soul, and therefore immortality *must* be a consolation. Psychologically speaking, there is here a certain obscurity. The fear of *death* is confused with the fear of *dying*. The two

fears are not identical. Dying is the transition from life to death, but death is the permanent dissolution of the individual consciousness. That most people fear dying is undeniable, if only because dying is accompanied in most cases by great physical suffering. The fear of dying is one of the most powerful motives of life, and one which often calls forth the supremest effort of all our powers. But let us suppose that Nature were to replace the painful process of dying by an experience accompanied by an intoxicating sensation of pleasure, such as is afforded, let us say, by the sexual union of man and woman, the world would quickly be depopulated, as is proved indeed by the fact that although the consequences of the sexual act are often fatal to the woman, she does not on that account avoid this experience, but desires it hardly less than the man.

On the other hand, man does not fear death as the cessation of the individual consciousness. This is proved by the fact that he does not fear dreamless sleep—which is in this sense a temporary death, even as death is a lasting sleep—but regards it as a blessing. That man should fear death as the cessation of the personal consciousness is not a natural circumstance, but the product of a cunning priestly doctrine, which has been doing its work for thousands of years, and which has adroitly allied itself with the natural fear of dying.

Man has made death, the dissolution of the personal consciousness, the spiritual corner-stone of a highly complex and ostensibly ethical mythology. Accepting the tradition of primitive animism, that the half-corporeal soul survives the death of the body, he has constructed a Beyond which is divided into two spheres: Heaven and Hell. Heaven is the Kingdom of God, where the good souls continue to exist in eternal blessedness, united with the Deity, and yet not wholly deprived of their individuality. Hell, on the other hand, is the place of wailing and the gnashing of teeth, where

the wicked souls are tormented to all eternity. And this twofold dogma is the principal support of the throne of the Christian God.

For on this is based the "moral evidence" of the existence of God, though its "morality", if closely regarded, is so primitive that to a finer ethical sense it must appear absolutely immoral. That it may, in a purely external manner, spur people on to do good and scare them away from evil may be granted; but the intention behind their goodness is not, as Kant believed, a will to righteousness, but a hedonistic impulse, an egoism transcending the grave. By the promise of reward moral behaviour is deprived of its intrinsic value, and if a man avoids evil because he fears punishment he is not, in the profounder sense, moral. The doctrine of the Beyond has amalgamated the ethic of intention as taught by Jesus with an ethic of success, which is no longer a pure ethic, but a business transaction with the Deity, a transcendental life-insurance, the policy of which is paid in good works and faith. Instead of abolishing egoism, the doctrine of the "life to come" has only masked it, and has indeed perpetuated and sanctioned it.

In short, the Christian doctrine of God, joined with the Christian doctrine of the soul, is not only illogical, it is also ethically indefensible. And its psychological basis, the fear of death, is, if we abstract the fear of dying, not a "natural" instinct, but one artificially engendered by centuries of priestcraft.

The Magic of Christianity

Let us pass on to the second main function of all religions: their magical power, their power of delivering humanity in its need by help vouchsafed from a transcendental world. Christianity would not be a religion in the full sense of the word if it renounced this magic power.

As a matter of fact, Christianity, in every one of its separate forms, does promise miracles, though in different ways and of different kinds. Magic powers were ascribed not only to its founder, but also to later saints, inasmuch as they could heal the sick, drive out devils, and raise the dead. To this day the Catholic Church, and other confessions also, conjure the weather by means of "rain processions", heal the sick by the influence of wonder-working pictures of the Virgin or relics of the Saints, and even, on occasion, exorcise devils.

For the moment, however, we do not wish to examine such vestiges of primitive forms of faith, but only those forms of worship which are common to all the Christian confessions: the Sacraments. These are, psychologically considered, acts of magic by which man is cleansed of sin. Baptism is an act of lustration, by which the child baptized is cleansed of "original" or inherited sin; communion is an act of magic, by virtue of which man, by eating the flesh and drinking the blood of Christ, effects union with the Deity, and is thereby released from his sins.

The doctrine of *sin* is indubitably one of the central dogmas of all the Christian confessions. Even those believers who have abandoned the above-mentioned primitive acts of magic insist that the highest earthly task of their religion consists in redeeming man from his tormenting consciousness of sin. But a necessary hypothesis of this doctrine is the acceptance of the belief that such a consciousness of sin is present in every human soul, and that this gives rise to profound suffering, which can be abolished only by Christian magic.

If we examine this doctrine from the standpoint of modern psychology, we must not allow the venerable patina which the piety of thousands of years has laid upon it to deter us from testing the genuineness of its kernel.

And first, the mythology which lies at the root of this doctrine of the sinfulness of man! This doctrine, we shall

find, is an amalgamation of two doctrines: the first, which derives from the Old Testament, but was taken over by the New Testament, is the doctrine of the *Fall of Man* and the *inherited sin* proceeding therefrom; the second is the New Testament doctrine of the propitiatory death of Jesus, the *Atonement*. If we consider these dispassionately from the modern standpoint, we can but regard them as crude and singular fairy-tales.

Consider the story of the Fall of Man. An almighty God, who must have known how weak the human beings whom he had made would be in respect of the desires implanted in them at the time of their creation, imposes a veto whose meaning the inmates of Paradise could not understand, an apparently trivial prohibition: they were not to eat the apples of a certain tree. Observe that their attitude in respect of this prohibition was not malevolent; Eve ate of the tree because she was persuaded that she would be as the gods and know what was good and what evil. This may be described as presumptuous, but from the Christian point of view in particular it ought *not* to be so regarded, for in the New Testament the desire to raise oneself to God, to resemble Jesus—that is, God Himself—is regarded as a fulfilment of the highest commandment. A human father who imposed on his youthful son a prohibition which the latter could not understand, and at the same time excited his curiosity, with other instincts, and then severely punished him, would scarcely be regarded as behaving in a Christian manner. Not unjustly has the "fall of man" been described as a "pitfall". We know what happened: Eve, without evil intentions, fell into the trap, and Adam imitated her, likewise without evil intentions. The consequence was—expulsion from Paradise, and the infliction of a terrible curse not on the culprits alone, but on the myriads of human beings who were to be born of their seed. If that is not sheer, crude despotism, what can be so described?

It may be that the authors of the New Testament scriptures realized that this primitive action on the part of the deity of the Old Testament could not possibly be reconciled with the goodness and mercy which Jesus taught were attributes of God. They did not, however, surrender the old tradition, but invented a new myth, to the effect that God —rather tardily, indeed—wished subsequently to correct his error: the doctrine of the Atonement. One day, after countless generations of men had lived and died in guilt and sin, God resolved to send his only son into the world, to allow him to live on earth for thirty years in the form of a sinless man, and then to deliver him to an unjust and senselessly cruel death. Just as the sin of all humanity was supposed to have originated in one human being, so it was now to be expiated by another. If we impartially consider the behaviour of the Deity as described in this myth, we are obliged to declare that it is even crueller than that of the Old Testament Jahve. We condemn the worship of Moloch, in which the fathers are forced to deliver their sons to hideous death, as a brutal barbarism, and even in the Old Testament story of the sacrifice of Isaac the harshness of Jahve seems excessive, although in this case he finally showed mercy. The God of the New Testament, however, is inexorable, and his portrait contains traits of the old Oriental Moloch. Jesus himself did not create this myth: it was the outcome of the Rabbinism of Paul, and his passionate eloquence so impressed it on humanity that for over a thousand years they did not venture to examine its ethical content. But even if it were true, its results would have been quite inadequate, for humanity continued to sin after this act of Jesus' just as they did before; so that for earthly life, at all events, his cruel death was a vain sacrifice.

And here those sacraments intervene which in a sense continually renew the expiatory sacrifice of Christ. We must admit that as suggestion they may have brought consolation

to many; nevertheless, considered from a purely logical point of view, they are simply primitive acts of magic, which, like baptism and the eating of a divine substance, are by no means purely Christian, but have their precedents and parallels in many heathen religions.

Christian believers, of course, if one ventures to analyse their myths, will declare that ultimately it is not the myths themselves that matter, but the fact which they present in symbolic form. But what is this presumptive fact? That guilt and sin exist in every human soul, and can be removed by religious means.

But is it a fact that every human soul is by nature sinful? Surely this is too harsh a judgment. Man as a purely natural being could no more be called sinful than a butterfly or a singing-bird. Sin is to offend against a commandment, and can only exist if commandments and prohibitions are imposed. Even though Kant's categorical imperative were innate in every human being (a doctrine to which there are many psychological objections), it is by no means the fact that every human being has a tendency to offend against it. Kant, however, following the Christian precedent, constructed a doctrine of radical evil. Yet there are surely human beings—Schiller and his contemporaries used to call them "the beautiful souls"—whose natural inclination it is to live free from sin. If they sin, they do so only against their will, out of weakness, so that strictly speaking one must hold not them but God responsible. But these are precisely the people who suffer from their consciousness of sin.

The Christian doctrine, however, asserts that all men suffer in their consciousness of sin, and indeed that ultimately all suffering is the consequence of sin. Both assertions are false. In the first place, it is precisely the really wicked people who suffer least from their sins, and secondly, they are often the very people who prosper in life. But for reasons

which we shall presently consider, the consciousness of sin is necessary to the Christian Churches, and so for two thousand years the Christian priesthoods have staked everything on engendering in mankind such a consciousness of sin. Hence the cruel doctrine of original sin, and the obscure allusions to the unforgivable sin. Even from an ethical standpoint, which holds humanity itself responsible for its deeds, such dogmas must be utterly repudiated. Neither logically nor ethically can they be justified. If anyone is responsible for these sins, it is not man, but the God who permitted such absurdities as original sin. If an earthly judge were to inflict a terrible punishment on a child because of his father's actions, we should certainly not describe his behaviour as ethical or "Christian".

Like the myth of the fall of man, the myth of the sacrificial death of Christ is represented as being only symbolical the moment we venture to comprehend it in its crude reality. The actual form of the myth is surrendered, and emphasis is laid on the fact that it merely expresses, in a mythological fashion, the truth that the Christian doctrine promises man salvation and liberation from his sins, a truth which also finds an essentially symbolical expression in the Christian sacraments. And yet such an interpretation is a flat contradiction of the doctrines both of the Papal and the Protestant Churches. For both Churches insist upon the magical power of the Sacraments; both insist that in baptism and communion, and according to the Catholic Church in other sacraments also, a divine miracle is accomplished, the actual liberation of the soul from sin.

Undeniably, Christianity in its ecclesiastical form stands and falls by the magical efficacy of the sacrificial death of Christ and the magical effect of the sacraments. If we take this away, what remains? Not a religion, but a moral doctrine. We must not regard the doctrines of the Atonement as external symbolism, but as religious realities, as

actual magic operations, by which man is redeemed from his sins. And now we understand why the Church *needed* the doctrine of the sinfulness of humanity! The *redemption* from sin could not be known as a conscious experience unless it were preceded by a painful consciousness of sin. It was therefore necessary, as a preliminary, to produce this consciousness of sin and guilt. But that this consciousness makes its appearance is due not to Nature, but to priestcraft. Like the fear of death, the consciousness of sin is artificially engendered, and the Church's offer of salvation may be compared with the action of a physician who causes a malady in order to treat the patient.

Naturally, we have no intention of eliminating humanity's sense of good and evil. But any pure ethic will lay the responsibility of the distinction on man himself. The entire mythology of original sin and an atonement through the sacrifice of others or by the operation of magic is incapable of logical and ethical justification, and has long lost all meaning for enlightened thinkers.

The Social Doctrine of Christianity

Like all religions, Christianity has a social function, inasmuch as it undertakes to consecrate the forms of human community by sacral rites. The entry into the world is consecrated by baptism, and the entry into the adult community by confirmation; the bond of marriage is blessed by the priest, and other social relations also receive ecclesiastical sanction. But these are external forms, which are known to almost all religions. What is new in Christianity is the requirement of a special, religiously engendered sentiment which Christianity claims as its own special value: *love*, the Christian *caritas*, which is ultimately to be extended to all humanity, and should be applied directly as a special affection for the poor and lowly.

It must not, of course, be supposed that this "love" did not exist before Christianity. Even to-day compassion for all creatures is one of the most important requirements of religions which are older than Christianity—for example, Buddhism; and even in pre-Christian Judaism the giving of alms played a prominent part. Nevertheless, we may say that with Christ's insistence on love and compassion, and with the subsequent promotion of love to one of the cardinal virtues, a new note was sounded in the world, or at all events a new formula was given for the changes that were announcing themselves in the consciousness of social relations. In the community-life of the primitive Christians we find a lyrical sentiment of reciprocity, such as had hardly been known before in the history of the world; an ideal consciousness of union, which found its economic expression in communistic forms of life. For this mentality poverty, sickness, and sorrow are not repulsive and contemptible, as they are to all aristocratic moralities, but become the object of sympathy, of compassion, and are therefore regarded in an almost mystical light. We may appreciate the genuine sentiment which is required of the believer, even if we think that its practical importance is not so great as it seems, and that other ethical doctrines have recently emerged which compel us to consider *caritas* less favourably.

To begin with, the external objection to the Christian *caritas* is that the sentiment which it demands is of less practical importance than the Christian priesthood asserts. History shows that only a few took the appeal to heart, and that these were people who stood aloof from the life of the world: monks, nuns, and individual men and women of the world have at all times really lived a life of Christian *caritas*. But the life of the world has gone its own way as though Christian love had never been preached. Slavery, in the old sense of the word, may from time to time have been

abolished by Christianity, yet it was introduced again by later "Christians"; the pious Spaniards, who in the name of Christ exterminated the unbelievers of Central America with unprecedented cruelty, and the no less devout white inhabitants of the southern States of North America, shipped thousands of black slaves across the ocean; and if we look back on our own German history, the period of serfdom and the oppression of the peasants, against which Christianity never protested, can hardly be cited as evidence that Christian love had entered very deeply into men's hearts. And if we think of the zeal with which heretics were burned, and witches executed, and the Jews oppressed, and unbelievers persecuted, for century after century, and all in the name of one who laid down his life in his love for the suffering, the history of Christianity appears in reality as something very different from what it was in theory.

It will perhaps be objected that this was due to the sinfulness of human nature, which closed its ears to the noble teaching of Christ. But in return it may be alleged that the reason for this failure may be found in the doctrine itself; that this ideal demand is too difficult for humanity; that it has been powerless against the forces that rule the world, and has not the power to transform humanity as the noblest representatives of Christianity hoped. Neither justice nor the life of the State could be maintained if men, when smitten on the left cheek, should turn the right. This would encourage wickedness and evil, not disarm them.

Still more serious is another possible objection to Christian love. Pure and noble as this emotion may have been in many cases, if we analyse it psychologically we find all sorts of dubious foundations under the pious surface. And this is especially true of those who give and receive alms. Christianity itself, by its doctrine of a future reward, has done much, although unconsciously, to ensure that alms should not always be given in a spirit of disinterested kindliness;

and, as Nietzsche has observed, there is presumption in the mere fact that one ventures to offer alms to another. Conversely, of course, there is something humiliating in receiving alms, and the reception of alms is even more undesirable if it is *not* felt to be humiliating. They are by no means the more ignoble characters who are too proud to accept sympathy and charity, who would rather endure their poverty in silence than stretch out their hands to beg. If the habitual reception of alms is demoralizing, the giving of alms is hardly less so, although in another respect. Anyone who has ever seen the distribution of Christmas presents at a meeting of a "Christian Women's Union" or the like, when aristocratic ladies distribute gifts to the poor, gifts obtained by means of bazaars and charity balls, often in a most questionable manner, knows how much idle self-satisfaction is displayed on the one side, and how much hypocrisy and ignoble servility on the other. It is precisely the nobler natures who will be critical of this kind of love.

To-day, indeed, we are mostly of a different way of thinking, even as regards the love of God for humanity, which used to be lauded as "mercy". Susceptibility to "mercy" was rooted in a social sentiment which is alien to us to-day. He who believes in the autonomy of morality, and who therefore of his own accord endeavours to lead an upright life, will be suspicious of compassion and mercy, especially on the part of a God who is primarily responsible for the world as it is. The attitude of humility, of childish submission to the so often unintelligible will of a deity, must seem especially servile and ignoble to all who strive for inner moral dignity.

In view of these facts, we are bound to ask ourselves the question, whether the preaching of Christian charity, however noble its intention may have been, is not now superannuated; whether, in the changes of the times, it has not lost much of

its lustre. To-day our hearing is more sensitive to the secondary tones of psychical life; we detect in all pity the vain and selfish motives, and it is not to be wondered at that socialism, the conscious organization of the lower classes, should repudiate the charitable activities of Christianity. Instead of asking for pity and charity, it is advancing towards *justice*. And every doctrine which gives a religious sanction to pity and the giving of alms thereby sanctions the injustice of the "way of the world". More congruous with modern feeling is the demand that instead of giving alms and looking for Heaven to thank us we should co-operate in the creation of conditions in which pity and charity are no longer necessary. The modern mind connects these things with certain fundamental dogmas of the Christian mythology, and it perceives the contradictory nature of the theory that an almighty God should first have created a world which his worshippers themselves delight in calling a vale of tears, and should then allow his Son to die in order that this world should be set right again—though, we must admit, very unsuccessfully—and should still take pleasure in hearing men praise this transaction in their prayers and hymns. The ethical requirement of charity is the earthly copy of this mythology; people do not earnestly ask themselves how they can remedy the fundamental evil of the world; they allow social contrasts and conflicts to continue, but they declare that it is virtuous to do just a little to alleviate the painful results of these improper social conditions. That Christianity and the Christian Churches are far from social at heart is proved by the fact that their attitude towards socialism has been substantially hostile, while socialism has for the most part regarded the Churches as hostile powers, which do not desire social equality, because thereby the foundation of their dogma of *caritas* would be abolished.

We do not deny the genuine *ethos* in the preaching of

Christian love, but we must not overlook the fact that changes have taken place in the general mentality of civilization, changes to which Christianity has, of course, contributed, but which are leading us directly away from the Christian *caritas*. It is not true that every ethic must have this sentiment for its foundation. If the morality of the civilized peoples of antiquity—in many respects as admirable as that of Christianity—if the magnificent ethic of Kung-fu-tse, which has been operative for thousands of years, was able, without the doctrine of charity, to build up States and train the people to a moral life, this proves that the Christian morality is only *one* form of ethics, and not ethics itself. And if without prejudice we consider the life of our communities and their system of justice, we shall see that they are built upon quite other psychical foundations.

To sum up: we find ourselves compelled to declare that there are serious psychological, social, and even ethical objections to the Christian *caritas*. There are psychological objections, inasmuch as the sentiment is seldom quite pure, and in reality is often mingled with other and questionable motives; and this cannot be averted merely by ethical requisitions. There are social objections, inasmuch as the whole sense of community of modern humanity is distrustful of every form of "mercy". There is the ethical objection that the effect of pity and benevolence is often in some degree humiliating and demoralizing, and this is contrary to the requirement that man should be morally independent.

And then there is the gulf that yawns between the ideal and the reality. For man's religion is not what he teaches or confesses, but only that which he lives. Even to-day there are still many who preach the vanity of all earthly things, and see the true meaning of all life in the kingdom of God; but where are those who live this religion? Life alone can decide whether a faith is more than fine words. In the early Middle Ages there were people who were earnest in

their faith, who went out into the wilderness, or shut themselves up in the solitude of a cloister cell, in order to put away all earthly things and live wholly in the Christian sense. But where are such people in our days? Are they the popes and bishops who even to-day are lamenting the loss of that wretched little bit of territory, the States of the Church? Are they the consistorial councillors or superintendents, who are highly honoured when their worldly office is adorned by titles or orders, and who would vigorously refuse to give their possessions to the poor, as Christ demanded of his followers? Are they those Christians—and there are still many such—who go to church on Sundays, but of whom none would ever think of offering the left cheek if he were smitten on the right, or of refraining from sowing and harvesting because he trusted God? Merely to ask such questions is to answer them in the negative; it is to admit that there is hardly such a person as a Christian in the sense of Christ's teaching; that Christianity is taught indeed, but not lived—not even by those who confess it as their faith.

Conservatism and Liberalism in Modern Christianity

In view of the threatening gulf which exists—in moral, intellectual, and social beliefs—between Christianity and the rest of civilization, a twofold attitude is possible for the Christian Churches. It either regards Christianity as the stationary pole in the flux of phenomena, and challenges the rest of civilization to submit itself to the Cross, or it attempts to reconstruct Christianity in a modern fashion, and to bring the values created by the rest of civilization into harmony with teachings of Christ. The parties which here confront one another are Christian *conservatism* and Christian *liberalism*.

And first let us consider conservatism, orthodoxy. This is the point of view represented by the Papal Church, but

it also approximates to that of the Protestant "right". We must at least give this attitude credit for consistency. If a man is really convinced that Christianity is the epitome of the highest truth, morality, and beauty, and that it has been revealed to man by God himself in a perfect form, then it is only consistent that he should radically repulse any attempt to shake this fabric. Therefore he will not abate a jot or tittle of the Biblical mythos, despite all intellectual objections, he will maintain the miraculous efficacy of the sacraments, and he will offer the City of God on earth as the solution of all social troubles.

But what has he thereby achieved? However convinced the representatives of ecclesiastical conservatism may be of the truth of their doctrines, an unprejudiced examination of the facts must tell them that the last few centuries have by no means witnessed the triumph of the Church; that only a small fraction of humanity adheres to the so-called absolute religion, and that for hundreds of years orthodox Christianity, even where it has believed itself to be supreme, has actually been fighting a rearguard action. Here and there it may have won fresh adherents; but what is this against the fact that the leading intellects of all nations have either wholly turned away from Christianity, or have compromised with modern forces which are hostile at least to the traditional form of conservative Christianity? If we consider the flocks that confess Christianity to-day in its authoritative form, they are, apart from the priests, people who live apart from the highways in which civilized life is striving towards the future. They are chiefly peasants and people of the lower middle class, who even to-day are clinging to mediæval forms of life, while the more intellectually active classes in all nations, and also the more intelligent individuals among the working-classes, are lost to Christianity in its traditional form. Nothing is proved by the fact that here and there a neurotic artist, or some over-sensitive person of

fashion, returns to the bosom of the Church. Orthodox Christianity is more and more playing the part which was played by the religion of Olympus in late antiquity: it is retreating from the cities, where the people of the present are dwelling, into the fields and highways and villages, so that it is becoming a "heathenism", a paganism, in the primitive sense of the word.

Side by side with religious conservatism there is to-day a religious liberalism which is hostile to it. If conservatism seeks to be timeless or super-temporal, liberalism seeks to be in accordance with the times. Its ideal is to absorb the wealth of recent culture and ennoble it by the Christian spirit.

We find this tendency at its strongest in Protestantism. Here it constitutes the left wing; but there is also a "Modernism" at work, though very tamely, in the Papal Church. The champions of liberal ideas are not, as a rule, the dignitaries of religion, but the scholars of the universities. It is this that gives religious liberalism its character. It is predominantly a scientific movement, and its aim is the reconciliation of faith and knowledge. Its leaders endeavour to keep in touch with their colleagues in other faculties; but this does not alter the fact that the theological faculty, which of old had the foremost place, is to-day only tolerated, and indeed no longer finds a place in our newer colleges. Religion has failed in its attempt to ally itself with the rest of our modern culture, still less has it become the leading influence. It is true that certain circles whose theology is "liberal" have tried to make a pact with socialism, but without success. Their prosaic sobriety alone would prevent them from exerting any influence on modern art or literature. Manners and morals are changing independently of theological erudition. Even in the political world the liberal theologian is at most tolerated.

But the most characteristic thing about this movement

is its relation to science. The problem was to bring the mythos of Christianity into harmony with natural and psychical science. The attempts to do so have been pitiful, and often absolutely insincere. Whether the theologian tries to rescue the story of the Creation by comparing the seven "days" with the geological periods, or to explain the Christian myth by Hegelian dialectics, his attempts are feeble compromises. Hence the main activity of the liberal theologians has been in another direction. Instead of inspiring science with the religious spirit, they have tried to make religion scientific, inasmuch as they have applied the methods of modern historical research to the Christian revelation and tradition. Thereby, without intending it, they have contributed to undermine the belief in a religious over-world. The "higher criticism" has made an end of "revelation". The Old Testament is regarded simply as a conglomerate of fairy-tales, poems, and unreliable historical records, which can make no pretension to divine inspiration. The New Testament, the life of Jesus, has likewise been dissected by the critics. The Gospel according to St. John is rejected as a source, and the credibility of the other three Gospels is severely shaken. Jesus himself is robbed of his divine glory.

Owing to its emphatically scientific nature, liberalism can have no sympathy for the magic side of religion. It accepts from science the scientist's requirements of exclusive natural causality, and at most it cautiously asserts that there may be things in heaven and earth which are not known to modern philosophy. (Harnach.) Hence the miracles of the Gospels are surrendered, or are explained as "natural" hypnotic phenomena. As regards the supernatural birth and resurrection of Jesus, the liberal theologians, as a rule, shrink from taking up a definite position; like most of the adherents of the liberal movement, they tack about between their credulous congregations and the sceptical critics, whom they

would like to join. They try to be modern and scientific, but they do not exceed certain limits. They declare the sacraments to be symbolic rites without real magic potency, but they hold fast to prayer, although they cannot really justify it.

That liberalism may perhaps bear the criticism of science better than conservatism, but for this reason is of infinitely less religious importance, is manifested above all in the matter of its social significance. If the priests of religion no longer believe that the "binding and loosing" of the Church has a magic power, their blessings or anathemas are mere decorative accessories of mundane transactions, mere attempts to evoke a state of mind without inherent power.

On the whole, the attempts of ecclesiastical liberalism to reconcile Christianity with modern culture have undermined it as a religion. We may appreciate the charitable activities of the movement, and the honourable intentions of many of its adherents, but they have not achieved their aim, which was to modernize Christianity, to bridge over the gulf between its superannuated dogmatics and modern culture.

What we have said here has often been expressed in much harsher terms by personalities and sects which have in recent years come forward both in the churches and outside them, but without having achieved any widespread influence. They all feel that official Christianity, as it presents itself to-day, is rather a danger than a means of salvation to those who long for a religion, inasmuch as many people think that if Christianity is out of date, religion itself is superannuated.

The Mythos of the Religion of the Future

Let us once more outline, in a few brief strokes, the religious situation of the present day!

Most assuredly it is not true that the need of religion has passed away. Some still cling to Christianity, though they cannot really accept it with a clear intellectual conscience. Some seek religion outside the churches, in sects and separate movements, in theosophy and anthroposophy, in occultism and astrology. Religious belief is even imported into movements which in themselves are quite alien to religion. For the masses, communism and socialism, nationalism and pacifism, incorporate the religious ideals which they used to find in Christianity. It is no accident that such men as Comte, Haeckel, Ostwald, and others have tried to provide, in their positivism or monism, at least a substitute for religion.

We do not believe it to be impossible that, subject, of course, to radical transformations, a new religion should evolve out of Christianity, as Christianity itself evolved out of Judaism. But apart from this possibility, we will attempt briefly to outline a perspective view of the religion of the future, as it must develop from the psychical constellation of the present day.

If, indeed, religion is to have a future, it will not, in false piety, burden itself with the past, and seek by artificial means to give dead things the appearance of life. It will have a future only if it adapts itself to the cultural situation of the present. For even if we grant that religion has to do with the superactual, with the "eternal", yet it looks towards the "eternal" with the spiritual eyes of perishable human beings, and it perceives the superactual with the vision of the present. And it is bad for religion when it seeks to retain the point of view of a bygone period, for then the image is distorted. And here we must clearly understand that we cannot conceive of the infinite and the eternal save in the form of images. Even if we ponder over the absolute, we perceive it only from the standpoint of our relativity. Our knowledge of the absolute will never

be absolute, but only a relative knowledge: an image, a simile, a myth.

Inasmuch as we are attempting, not indeed to trace the outlines of a new mythology, but, on the basis of given data, to sound the possibilities of such a mythology, we must be clear in our own minds as to what we mean by *myth*. A myth is often regarded as equivalent to a product of the imagination, as the antithesis of truth; but myths have this appearance only for those who do not believe in them, for detached observers, and especially for the scientific observer. For those to whom the myth, on the other hand, is the expression of their faith and knowledge, myth is not the antithesis of truth, but is truth itself. For the Greeks of the religious period the myths of Olympus were not products of the imagination, but truth and science and metaphysics; for the devout Christian the mythology of God and Jesus was the profoundest truth. The scientific observer, if he would not completely misunderstand the nature of the myth, even in the case of those myths which from his point of view are erroneous must at least recognize their symbolic content of truth, secretly resigned to the fact that even that which he himself holds to be the truth can never be the entire truth, but, taken as a whole, and referred to the totality of the universe, can only be a symbol, an image, an approximation. If we have realized that myth is knowledge for him who believes it, we shall understand also that the *mythos* of the present must not be opposed to the knowledge of the present, but must absorb that knowledge into itself, and indeed that we must admit the mythical character of all our knowledge in so far as it relates to the universe as a whole.

As for any period of the past its mythos was its knowledge, so the mythos of our own age must be our knowledge; in other words, our knowledge must be our mythos. We must surrender the delusive belief—a belief which has never been held by

intelligent thinkers—that our science is "absolute" knowledge; we must realize that even our science, in relation to its object, the universe, is only symbol, image, mythos. So long as we are dealing with individual problems of science, so long as we are solving equations, or deciphering Egyptian inscriptions, or describing a new species of annelid, these limitations need not be conscious; but so soon as we survey science as a whole, and consider the problem of its relation to the universe as a whole, the inadequacy and the approximate character of all knowledge must become apparent. We are obliged to recognize the limits of our knowledge, and thereby to realize that the limits of the universe do not coincide with the limits of our knowledge, as an impossible panlogism has asserted. It is true that the progress of our science depends on our constantly increasing the area within these limits, on our thrusting back the frontiers of ignorance, and it is our pride to survey the vast province which we have wrested from the unknown; but we are forced to realize that as the frontiers are thrust backwards the universe itself grows vaster, and that behind every problem that we solve new problems make their appearance. The universe is like that Hydra which grew two heads in place of every one that Hercules struck off. But we need not therefore be discouraged; on the contrary, the very infinity of the universe—which is not merely a quantitative infinity —must fill us with reverent wonder.

And here we perceive the possibility that science itself may become the basis of a new religious sentiment, that a new religious mythology may be won from science, and with the aid and not the opposition of the scientist. Naturally, science or philosophy, if by this we understand the attempt to comprehend the whole universe by scientific means, must not be understood in the narrow sense of the technical mastery of details; rather it must be extended until it knows its own limits, and with reverent wonder becomes

aware that beyond these frontiers there is not "nothingness", but the solution of such problems as cannot be solved within its frontiers. Plato and Aristotle taught that wonder, *thaumazein*, lay at the beginning of all philosophy; and it lies not only at the beginning of science, but also, and above all, at its temporary end, and it must become profounder and more exalted the further these frontiers are thrust backwards in the progress of knowledge. In all genuine science and philosophy, the noblest *pathos* is rooted not in the satisfied dwelling on results, but—in Goethe's words—in quiet adoration of the Unknowable.

Hence the mythos of the coming religion will not be a mythos of ill-founded and deceptive knowledge, but a mythos of a well-founded and discerning *ignorance*: neither dogma nor mysticism, but a *docta ignorantia*, in the words of Nicolaus Cusanus. It will not be a theology or a theosophy, a knowledge of divine things, but a reverence before the unknown, the unknowable, the mystery of the universe. Men will not build altars for this and the other god whom they have made in their own image, but to the unknown and for ever unknowable god; by which primitive word one will denote not an anthropomorphic being, but that ultimate great enigma of existence, the *Tao*, "which cannot be named". We will glance only briefly at this order of facts, which have indeed been described by modern science and philosophy, but have not been elucidated, and which lead him who seeks to explain them into those profound and remote regions which have in all times been the dwelling-place of religious faith and religious reverence. Religious thought will not repudiate the findings of science, but will transpose the knowledge of them into another key, will give them another orientation, and will seek to obtain from them a new perspective.

Here we are considering only the most fundamental problems of science, all of which possess a twofold aspect, a

countenance that is known to us and one that faces the unknown: the problems of natural law, of life and consciousness.

And firstly, natural law, order, the Cosmos, on which the mediæval theologians founded a proof of the existence of God! It exists; it has been described by science, and submitted to mathematical calculation. It is absurd to imagine that the order of our universe can have emerged from chaos as the result of chance. But how did this order come about? What is its meaning? We ask these questions, and are confronted by the unexplained, by that which cannot for the present be explained. We see that order exists, we see that the circling of the suns, the falling of a stone, the activities of the atoms are accomplished in rigid order. More than this we do not know. Here is a frontier from which we gaze into that darkness before which religious apprehension must bow in silence.

And secondly, *life*! We do not know to-day whether it will ever be possible to resolve it completely into definite laws. It is true that even in living process mechanical causalities are at work which can be calculated; but it is not yet possible, and perhaps it will never be possible, to find a mathematical formula for a blade of grass or an earthworm. We describe the forms of life, we know a great deal about many of the facts of its ebb and flow and its evolution, but of life as a whole, of its origin and its meaning, we know nothing. Once more we stand before a frontier beyond which the inexplicable begins, which we can only regard with quiet adoration.

And lastly, *consciousness*, the fact that within the being of the universe centres form themselves in which this very being becomes a second, spiritual being, inasmuch as it becomes "conscious". It may, of course, be shown that for animated beings possessed of consciousness this consciousness is first and foremost a means of self-preservation; but does

this exhaust the meaning of consciousness in the universe? Does not a new universe come into existence within this consciousness, a world of the spirit, by which unconscious being enters upon a new form of existence? Indeed, would there be any sense in speaking of a "being" if by this we did not mean a conscious being? And here we are thinking not of the consciousness of the individual human being, but only of the fact that there should be consciousness in the universe at all, and perhaps, on other planets, or in the later stages of our own planet, a far more comprehensive, deeper, and richer consciousness. Seen as a whole, at all events, the universe is not completely unconscious; there is consciousness in the universe, the universe possesses consciousness, and it would be absurd to assume that just we human inhabitants of the earth possessed the completest form of consciousness. Only through consciousness does the universe acquire a meaning for us, although we can only feel this meaning; we cannot completely perceive it. But it is assuredly not completed in humanity; this too points to remoter ends, which we may and should acknowledge and revere.

Because an outworn faith has been opposed to modern science, many have believed that there is an insuperable antithesis between religion and science. The truth is that all science is shot through with faith, and it should and must acknowledge this faith. Every thinker who has delved deeply into science has arrived at a religious outlook, has felt that science is not merely knowledge; it is *mythos*. The mythos of the future cannot evolve in opposition to science; it must grow out of science, and beyond it. Whether this is possible is not a problem of logic, but a problem of life and energy.

The Magic of the Religion of the Future

Thus, although the religion of the future must not oppose itself to science, yet it must not itself become a science.

If it undertakes to create a philosophy or a conception of the universe, it will of necessity bring the individual man into relation with this universal or ethical whole, for which purpose the earlier religions offered magic and sacrifice, sacraments and other mysteries. It will be the principal task of the religion of the future to discover those "mysteries of the godless" which Leopold Ziegler has demanded, a thinker who has already spoken, though in other terms than ours, of the "atheistic mythos of science".

The mysteries of the future will differ in many respects from those of the past, even though they may be given the same names. It may even be that the religion of the future will be served by "miracles", but the conception of a "miracle" will be other than that of the old miracles. Miracles will be sought not as negations, but as affirmations of the laws of Nature. It is not a miracle if the sun should once stand still, or if a man should for once escape death; but the miracle, in the sense that it moves the mind to reverence and awe, is precisely the iron regularity of the sun's movement in space, and of the movements, in obedience to the same laws, of all the myriads of other stars. Not less miraculous is it that every individual forms itself from a fertilized ovum, grows, and perishes, while through it the stream of life flows onwards to unknown ends. These events will be regarded with that profound reverence of which we have spoken, and this reverence may be given a ritual expression. They may even be employed in the service of religion, and assume the form of "magic". But this word "magic" must be understood in a profounder sense. To-day, like the word "myth", it conveys an implication of unbelief. In connection with the word "myth" we think not of truth but of falsehood; and similarly, in connection with the word "magic" we think of deception and imposture. This, however, is the primitive meaning of the word, for the genuine shaman *believes* in his ability to compel mysterious powers to serve

him; and thus the magic and the mysteries of the future religion will be not deceptions, but transactions in which the actors will *believe*. And lastly: have we really any knowledge of the essential nature of the things that we call laws of Nature, forms of energy, and life? As with myth, so with magic! If, indeed, the new religion has its mysteries, they will not exist in despite of science, but because of science.

What they will be no one can guess to-day. But already, perhaps, there are possibilities that may be dimly perceived on the horizon. What is to-day known as "Christian Science" may be childish and delusive, and so may all the attempts that are being made, in America and elsewhere, to give a religious colour to auto-hypnosis and suggestion; and yet here, it may be, we have the beginnings of a new cult, a cult whose ultimate aim will be the control of the body and of matter by the mind. Prayer may perhaps assume a different character; may be no longer the prayer of request, by which one hopes to obtain something, but the prayer of resignation, through which man sacrifices his own ego to the world as a whole; such as the prayer which Jesus uttered in his profoundest hour: "Not my will, but Thine be done".

But this prayer will at the same time be a form of sacrifice—of sacrifice not in the sense of the surrender of material values, but in the more spiritual form of the surrender of the individual self. And here the new religion will almost be treading in the path followed by Christianity, inasmuch as he who loses his life will save it. He will win it, that is, not as the continuance of his conscious individuality, but as a merging into the super-individual creation of values. For the new religion will not aim at a mummification of the individual soul—a process which was paralleled by the mummification of the individual body in other religions—but will seek to conquer self in a more consistent fashion than was proposed by Christianity. After all, the so-called immortality of the Christian was only a translation

of the earthly into the transcendental; whereas the new religion will demand the inclusion of the transcendental in the earthly, so that man will perceive in this life the delusive nature of his individuality; so that he will no longer speak of "his" soul, but of the universal soul which manifests itself in him, and unfolds itself in him as in all other creatures, and will endure even though this illusion of individuality perishes.

But man will not sacrifice himself only in death; above all, he will regard his life as a sacrifice; not in the sense of a sacrifice made against his will, in which sense, absurdly enough, we understand the word to-day, but in the sense of a sacrifice offered in joy and gratitude; he will live his life as "life", that is, as self-realization and self-completion, with the consciousness that it is not merely his own self that is being realized and perfected, but the universe, the deity, of whom this apparent self is a part. For it is not *we* that live our life, but rather the infinite life lives us, kindles in us the miraculous light of the conscious, that is not merely personal consciousness, but also universal consciousness, in which the ego becomes conscious of the universe and the universe becomes conscious as the ego.

Perhaps the mysteries will not be such individual transactions as we may experience; it may be that life itself will be exalted to a mystery, and that death will be conceived as a part of life, as the final cadence of a piece of music belongs to the work itself and gives it its form.

Of Communion and of Values in the Future Religion

Furthermore, the religion of the future will have to solve, though perhaps in new ways, the third problem which the religions of the past have attempted to solve, in order that it may constitute the cementing-bond of the social communities to which it gives its spiritual consecration.

It will, of course, have to find forms more comprehensive than the bonds which have been created by the religions of the past and present. A tribal totem will not unite humanity, nor a national god like the deity of Judaism, nor even the Christian love of one's neighbour, but only a love that surmounts time and place, which knows itself to be akin to all living things; a reverence for the great continuity that flows through all creatures, a profounder sense of the truth that man must not flee the world nor despise it, but that he is himself a piece of the world, and that he is pledged, is "bound", to the rest of the world, which consists of men like himself, in the sense that they are pledged to common work upon a common world. This feeling need not even halt at the frontiers of humanity; already, indeed, in the new feeling for Nature which has developed in the Western world during the last century, we may perceive the beginnings of a profounder sense of community, which is able to include even animals and plants, and even territories, even mountains and seas. This attitude will not imply the annihilation of all boundaries, such as is sought by the mysticism of the East, but a knowledge of the relation between the microcosm and the macrocosm, a knowledge of the fact that the individual life is a ripple in the stream of infinite being, but that conversely an infinity is contained in every ripple; that we are able to understand the universe, and come into contact with it, only because we ourselves are universe; not in the sense of a reduced image, but in the sense of a germ in which incalculable pasts are concentrated, and which bears within itself incalculable futures.

This feeling of oneness with the universe will not be quite the equivalent of the Christian "love". We have already seen that in this "love", whether as the "mercy" of God to men, or as "forgiveness" and "charity" between men, there inheres a downward tendency which must sooner or later be fatal. Even in the saying—which indeed oversteps

the limits of purely Christian sentiment—that "to understand all is to forgive all", the conviction is implied that it is one's right and one's duty to "forgive". But forgiveness, however nobly it may be conceived, is a renunciation of a right which one actually possesses of punishing or judging, for which there can be no place in the new cosmogony.

The new sense of human community with the universe will indeed be more comprehensive than the Christian love for one's neighbour, but it need not therefore refrain from the differentiation of values. In other respects it will be less comprehensive than an unqualifying sense of compassion or sympathy. It will lay greater emphasis on the appreciation that resides in all genuine love. For true love is never a mere mechanical attraction to another, an unintelligent mutual gravitation and cohabitation; but always it sees in the other something higher than itself, a goal of perfection and completion. The decisive problem of the future will be whether such values can be discovered as will evoke a common exaltation and a common love, and so uplift humanity. And this problem will not be solved in despite of knowledge, but because of knowledge, though assuredly not *only* because of knowledge and understanding. It will be also a problem of the whole life of man, a problem of *virtue*, in the old sense of the word.

The Realization of the New Religion

Far be it from me to prophesy, although I have sought to achieve an outlook into the future on the basis of our present situation. We have tried to understand whence and whither that wind is blowing which is faintly but surely making itself felt in the stagnant or restlessly eddying atmosphere of the present. Whether it will increase to a tempest that will sweep all old things away, whether it will bring with it the seed of things wholly new, this we

cannot foresee, nor is there anything which will tell us which way the wind is setting.

This is a problem, not of science, but of action; a question not of knowledge, but of power. It would be decided if one should come who would give the new religion a form and structure, and preach it in such a fashion that the deaf could hear and the blind see. But its coming is less a matter of preaching than a question of a new form of life. Words alone will never suffice; religion must be experienced and lived. But it is likely that there will be not one religion, but many, and it is possible that we have not to wait their coming, that they have been and are already in our midst, but that we shall not perceive the meaning and the final direction of their influence until the movement in which they have been working assumes a definite form.

The pathfinders have had many forerunners. We shall scarcely find them in the ranks of the theologians and scholars, who to-day, as always, are hostile to the new religious sentiment, because it is their function to support the old religion.

The new religions have always been brought by outsiders. Neither Jesus, nor Buddha, nor Mahomet was a theological expert, and their followers came from circles in which students and doctors of theology were unknown.

But such outsiders have been long at work, preparing the way for the coming religion. It is an error to suppose that Luther completed the work of the Reformation. He accomplished this work at most for his own time, and even so he did not accomplish it wholly. For he was no true reformer in the sense of being a creator of *new* forms; he was a good deal of a reactionary, who would have liked to go back from his own age, back to Paul and Augustine. He knew little of the fact that Cusanus and Copernicus had already unlocked the doors of infinite space, and that a new sense of life, whose sources lay in Italy, was opening up new paths

in art and science; and he did not understand the social movements of his age. He began the Reformation, but he did not complete it, and the theologians who followed him did not endeavour to continue his work, but remained at the point where he left them.

The true protestants and reformers have been, not the theologians, but poets and artists, social reformers and thinkers, who often had little or no relation to Luther's work. In Eckhart and Boehme, in Bruno and Leibnitz, in Rousseau and Goethe, in Beethoven and Wagner, and to some extent inside Christianity itself, religious paths have been opened up which lead beyond Christianity as our fathers understood it. And those whom we have named are only a few among many other pioneers. That they all found an echo, that they all had their disciples, shows that the soil is already prepared for the grain of seed. Much of it falls by the wayside and among thorns, but much of it has sprung up and will subsequently bear fruit. Yet the co-operation of generations will be necessary before that can appear for which we long, and which we can dimly descry. This is the most important problem of the future: whether it will be possible to give religious depth and consecration to a civilization which is in danger of becoming shallow and sterile.

It is a false belief, and one that arises from our present divided and dismembered condition, that religion must necessarily be opposed to science and the other forces of culture. Where religion has been genuine and vigorous, it has always absorbed the rest of contemporary culture; it has been the synthesis of culture, and its vital and creative force. It may and must be so to-day and in the future. God, whatever we may mean by this infinite Name, is assuredly not "spirit" in the sense of the animistic *pneuma* or shade; but he is spirit in the sense of creative activity, a spark of which is glowing in every creature, a spark which

in man may become a radiant and warming flame. That it does become such a flame is religion. He has religion in whom this light, though it be but a little light when measured by the whole, has yet become a flame, which does not indeed completely illumine the infinity of the universe, but which yet enables him to become conscious of it as infinity—as infinity not merely of space and time, but also of mind and creative power. So to-day must we interpret the saying that God is spirit, and that those who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

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